McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXV SEPTEMBER, 1910 No. 5

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY

No: One

THE ADVENTURE ON A PORTUGUESE TRADER

by Perceval Gibbon.

Illustrated by W: Hatherell

MISS GREGORY had at least one attribute of the born traveler: she was easily led aside into a by-path. "At fifty," she was wont to say, "one knows the uselessness of making plans; the thing is to keep one's eyes open." Her own eyes had been open to some purpose in several parts of the world. From Shanghai to Sierra Leone she had multiplied friends and enemies, and never, in all her travels, had she bound herself down to a route or destination. People who saw her off on a Union Castle boat for Cape Town heard of her next from Pernambuco; and her book, "The Saharan Solitudes," contains far too much information about the Sudan to be valuable as an authority on the Sahara.

She was one of those disconcerting women who combine a mannish charm with an entirely feminine strength of personality. She was short and strongly made; her handsome gray hair was drawn away from a keen, enterprising face; and below her smooth brows her eyes were humorous and assured. She carried with her to the ends of the earth a certain manner of authority — just the least touch of the arrogance of the high-caste; it was not the least potent of her

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weapons. Composed, shrewd, and friendly, she had been present at the making of history in both hemispheres; and history was not the poorer for her presence.

It was at Bandero, on the East Coast of Africa, that she embarked aboard the *Henriqueta*. How she came to be at Bandero matters nothing; she was probably on her way elsewhere and stepped aside. Her idea was to wait there, among the palms and the slaves, till the big German mail-boat arrived to carry her southward in state; but, within an hour of the time when the little Portuguese steamer laid her rust-scarred plates alongside the tremulous bamboo jetty, she was on board inquiring for a passage. It was a shabby little vessel, a mere scavenger of the coastwise trade; from the jetty, where she stood serene among the sweating black cargo hands, Miss Gregory could see her rail forward lined with brown and black deck passengers, sleek and splendid under the vehement sun. It was a picture that she could appreciate, and she was awake, too, to the picturesque aloofness of the one European among them, a gaunt, somber man, who looked at her once without curiosity, and then gazed away over her head at the clustering roofs of Bandero.

"That's an Englishman," Miss Gregory told herself; "he knows how to administer the cut direct."

On her way aboard, she passed through a group of saloon passengers going ashore to spend the hot afternoon. Two or three furtive men accompanied a woman, a tall, slender creature with a thin, vivid face, and weary eyes that grew acute as they fell on Miss Gregory. A less tolerant observer would have dismissed them with a shrug; they had a certain quality of disreputability, an appearance of social and moral flimsiness, that would have justified it. But Miss Gregory was a traveler. She knew that such ships as the *Henriqueta* carry the light tragedians and the heavy soubrettes of life, and it was a world that she desired to explore more than any other place. She returned the woman's stare calmly, noting her thin, dangerous quality and the hard courage of her face, and passed on about her business. Behind her back, the tall woman smiled slowly.

The captain was a stout, swarthy Portuguese, who breathed noisily, as she stood before him, and scratched his unshaven jowl with a blunt forefinger.

"We not gotta no stewardess," he warned her. "You come—you take-a de chance. You notta like—you stop ashore."

He had the manner of resenting her; he spoke harshly, and stared without intermission. But Miss Gregory was quite clear that she required a passage to Beira. In face of his warnings and objections, her voice took on a certain peremptoriness, and he turned from her, with a snort, to make out her ticket. And when it was done he thrust it at her rudely, for the Portuguese of the Coast hate the English as an ugly woman hates an ugly man. But Miss Gregory was returning her purse to her pocket at that moment, and left him to hold it at arm's length till she was ready. Then she read it through carefully, and invited him to correct an error in addition. He snorted again, a snort of defiance; but this time he returned the ticket to her with a bow. He had learned already that it saved time to treat Miss Gregory with consideration.

In this manner Miss Gregory was installed as the occupant of a cabin on board the *Henriqueta*. From the poop, that evening, she watched Bandero sink back against the sunset as the little steamer turned her humble nose south toward the Mozambique Channel, while her fellow passengers, in whispering groups, watched her as cattle watch a trespassing dog. She saw them all under the lamplight in the saloon at the meal that was described as dinner, and tried to take account of them. Only one of them, it seemed, was English—the tall woman she had encountered on the gangway. She sat at some distance from Miss Gregory, and at intervals talked in a slow, languid voice. The rest were Germans and Portuguese, and those nondescripts who make up the bulk of the population of the Coast. They talked little, and then in hushed tones; they seemed to have in common a quality of secrecy and caution. They looked about them with sidelong glances and quick gleams of white eyeballs, and observed toward one another that strict formality of politeness which goes with hidden weapons. In their midst, the stout captain, with his clumsiness of movement and harsh throaty voice, took on a grosser quality; Miss Gregory found herself comparing him to a bludgeon in an armory of stilettos.

It was after dinner that she first had word with one of them. She was watching the wonder of moonlight which comes to redeem those latitudes, the soft radiance that touches the world to tender, ephemeral shades of color. A step sounded behind her, and the tall woman lounged against the rail at her side.

"Good evening," said Miss Gregory.

The other nodded impatiently. "Say," she said, "you're a fool to be here."

The rich tones in her voice fulfilled the promise of her lithe figure and small, darkling face.

"Am I?" said Miss Gregory. "Why?"

"You ought to know," said the other. "I saw you takin' stock of us all at dinner. We're not your kind. Perhaps we don't want to be, either;

"SHE SAW ALL HER FELLOW PASSENGERS UNDER THE LAMPLIGHT IN THE SALOON AT DINNER"

but there it is. Your place is a cabin on a German boat, with stewardesses and a drawing-room."

Miss Gregory smiled patiently. "You're very kind," she said. "But I think I can manage without the drawing-room, at a pinch."

The tall woman laughed. "That's one for me, I suppose?" she answered. "Still, if anything happens to you, don't say I didn't tell you. This Coast ain't like any other place. You can go blunderin' about the world for years as safe as if you were in jail, and then find trouble waitin' for you here. What do you think of the lot you saw at dinner?"

"I was interested," said Miss Gregory. "It was rather curious."

"Curious!" She stared. "Curious. Yes. They don't look much, I suppose, to a stranger. Lord! it's pleasant to meet a real lady now and again, but it's like talkin' to a baby. There isn't one of those men that wouldn't screw himself up to murder you, if it was worth his while. You can believe me; I know."

"Do you? You live on the Coast?"

The tall woman nodded. "I don't run to visiting cards," she said; "but my name's Ducane—Miss Ducane." She paused. "I'm an actress," she added. "Everybody knows me."

Miss Gregory, as it happened, did run to cards, and the introduction was completed in form.

"Well," said Miss Ducane, "you don't lose by this. I'll see you're not bothered. Those fellows don't take any chances with me."

She looked over her shoulder at a group of them on the other side of the deck. It was easy to understand her boast. She moved like a whip-lash; she had all the trenchant menace of a naked blade. She seemed to personify the Coast of which she had spoken, its tropical opulence, its tradition of violence, its quality of a lost soul.

"'HERE THEY COME!'"

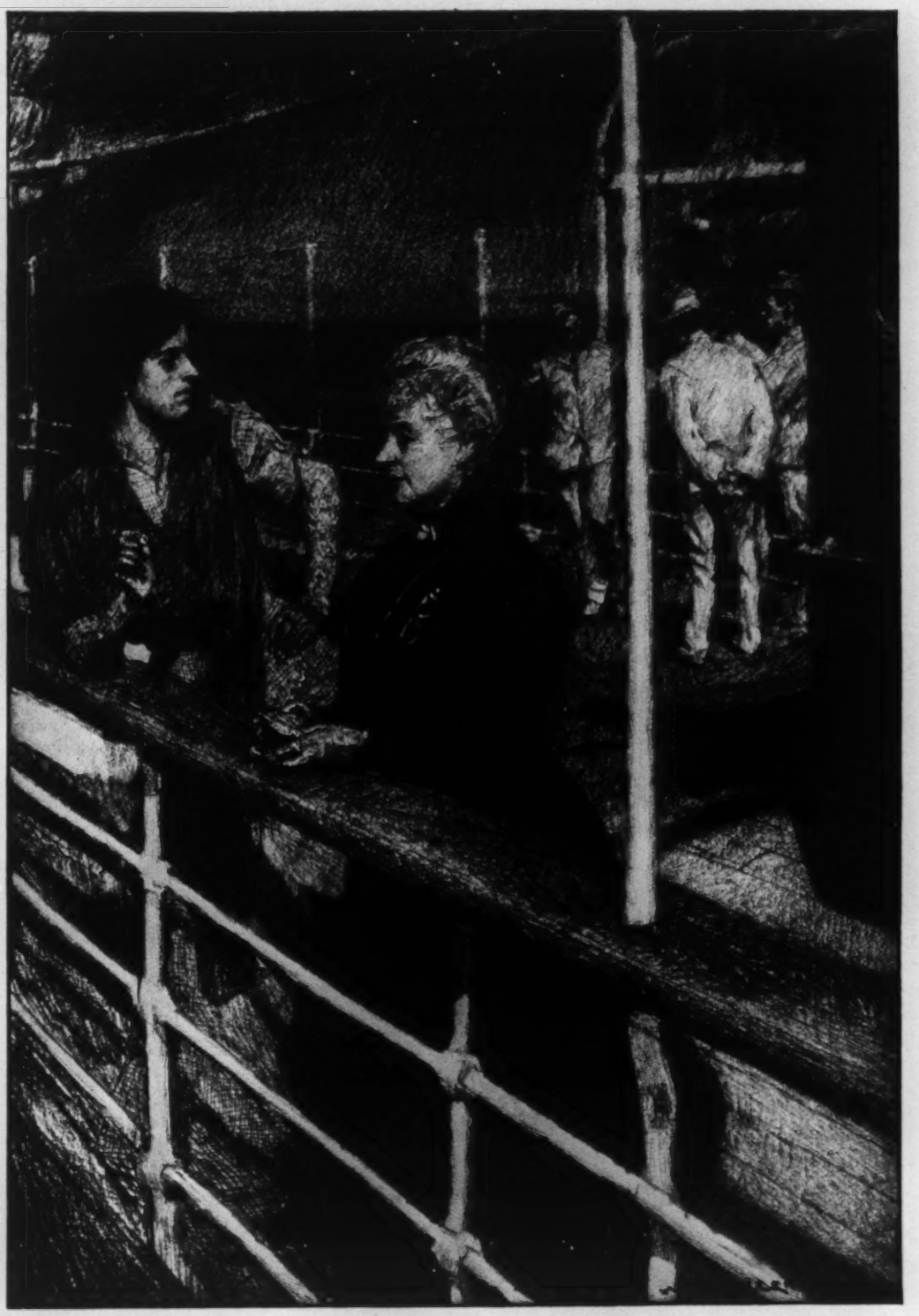
"I believe," said Miss Gregory, "that there's a man forward who is English. I saw him this afternoon. He looked rather——"

"Him!" Miss Ducane interrupted scornfully. "That deck passenger, you mean? You don't want to have anything to do with him. When a man travels among the niggers, he's dead."

"Is he English?" persisted Miss Gregory.

"Oh, he might be—goodness knows." Miss Ducane declined to be interested in the matter. "He keeps where he belongs, at the other end of the ship," she said. "Let him stop there."

She yawned luxuriously. "I'll be going below," she said. "This is when I get my

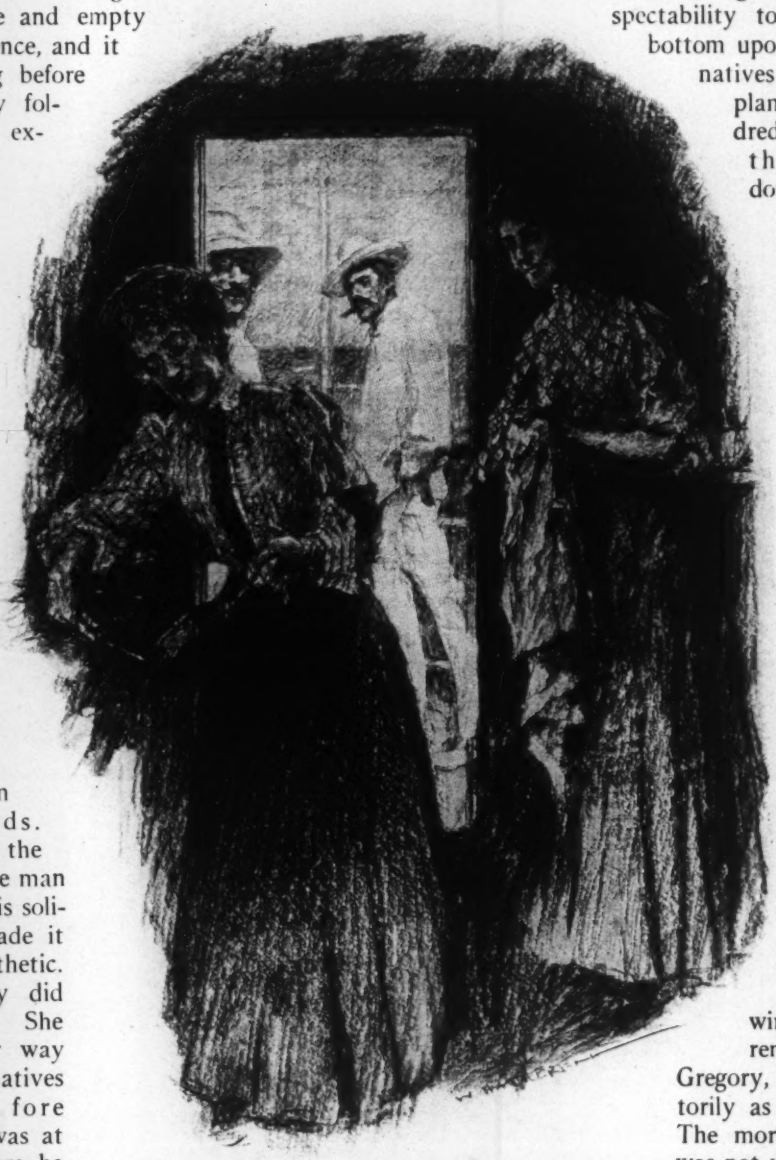


"SHE LOOKED OVER HER SHOULDER AT A GROUP OF THEM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DECK"

sleep. Ashore I don't seem to get much. Good night."

Miss Gregory bade her good night, and saw her stride across to the companion-stairs like a gaunt wraith. The group of men turned to watch her go. The night seemed tame and empty for her absence, and it was not long before Miss Gregory followed her example.

She made an attempt next morning upon the white man forward. From the poop, where she walked before breakfast, she could see him seated on the forecastle-head. He was gazing seaward, with his chin in his hands. Something in the attitude of the man heightened his solitude and made it suddenly pathetic. Miss Gregory did not hesitate. She picked her way among the natives about the fore hatch, and was at his side before he heard her coming. He looked up at her with a start of annoyance, but rose to his feet and lifted his shabby hat in grudging salute.



"THE MEN SEEMED OCCUPIED IN FINDING PRETEXTS FOR STROLLING PAST THE GALLEY"

"It's a fine morning," said Miss Gregory.

"Yes," he replied.

He was tall and lean. His sharp face was graven with the lines of hard living; a pallor that was eloquent of fevers showed through the tan upon it. He wore the thin white clothes which all Europeans affect in those parts, even those who travel with natives; but he was English to the finger-tips, with the voice and accent of the cleanly bred. Stranger things may happen to a man on the Coast than to fall through the shifting levels of respectability to the stable bottom upon which the natives have their plane. A hundred things may thrust him down: a tender conscience may be as heavy a burden as drink; a fastidious temper may ruin a man as effectually as gambling. But the bottom is always the bottom, and his brows knitted in a scowl as she looked him over.

"You get the wind here," remarked Miss Gregory, as perfunctorily as she could. The morning breeze was not yet stilled by the sun; it blew freshly on her face.

"Yes," he said again; "it's a good place to be alone in. I won't interrupt your pleasure in it."

He swung about forthwith, but Miss Gregory cried out: "Oh, please!"

He turned. He really was a master of the art of declining an acquaintance. There was a chill directness about him which Miss Gregory recognized as part of the armory of the higher

civilization. The brutality of indifference is the crown of the age.

"Nor my own, then," he said briefly. His nod was a bow, in its way — the equivalent of a bow, anyway. And then Miss Gregory saw his back as he descended the ladder and disappeared from her sight. From the bridge, the officer of the watch surveyed the transaction with eyes of interest.

Miss Gregory laughed. She was getting her money's worth. Introduced to Miss Ducane, and snubbed, cut, flattened, by a deck passenger, all within twenty-four hours.

"I ought to be able to get some character into my next book," was her reflection.

It occurred to her at intervals in the next few days, while the *Henriqueta* lumbered on her way. Little by little, Miss Gregory began to make acquaintances among her companions, and found character enough to dramatize a dictionary. Those sunburnt, still men, with the stealthy eyes, had no word to say that was not an illumination. One of them professed himself concerned with the ivory trade; he was difficult to understand till it flashed upon her that his ivory was black, and alive. A great, blond German, with a manner of almost imbecile good humor, bored her for a while, until, at one small port where they called, a platoon of dusty little soldiers boarded the *Henriqueta* and took him ashore to answer a charge of murder. Miss Gregory saw him go down the ladder to the boat with his hands chained behind him, and noted that his features still wore the foolish smile that had irritated her. It began to be bewildering. At her side, Miss Ducane, pale and nonchalant, pointed the moral.

"They'll never be able to keep him," she assured Miss Gregory, in her tired voice. "Max is worth ten of 'em; he'll escape in a day or two. And you and he was talkin' poetry, eh?"

"He seemed fond of it," admitted Miss Gregory. "He knew fathoms by heart."

"Did he?" Miss Ducane seemed impressed. "And he's one of the cleanest shots you ever saw. Who'd have thought of old Max goin' in for poetry?"

Miss Gregory agreed with her. "Who indeed?" she echoed.

"It only shows you," pursued Miss Ducane, "it's not safe to judge by appearances. That's what you've got to remember, my dear. A knife in your stocking isn't ladylike, perhaps; but sometimes it's a great comfort."

"Have — have you got one there?" demanded Miss Gregory.

Miss Ducane shook her head composedly. "A knife's no use to me," she replied; "I've got a weak wrist."

Miss Gregory blinked and swallowed; character was accumulating a little too rapidly. Miss Ducane continued to gaze tranquilly after the boat in which the fat, amiable face of Max was still discernible amid a huddle of shabby uniforms.

It was two nights later that Miss Gregory was awaked by her bed bouncing under her. The *Henriqueta* was not fitted with electric lights; she leaped from the edge of her bunk to the unsteady deck in darkness. Her nerves were good, but it took some moments to command them. She had gone to sleep in silent weather; now there was a thrashing of water in her ears, and other noises thereto — a roaring jar from the engine-room, and queer, shrill voices joined in a Babel of panic. She was thrown to the floor the next minute by a shock that seemed to wrench the whole ship. She crawled on hands and knees to the matches, and made a light; then, with deft haste and all the quick skill of an old campaigner, she slipped into such clothes as came to hand. Through the partition she could hear a man blubbering; even in the urgency of that moment, she frowned disapproval of the weakness of it. Then she thrust her door open, and hurried down the alleyway.

She was nearly knocked off her feet by a man who charged past her. She had time, as she reeled, to recognize the stout captain, clutching papers in both hands, his face convulsed and writhing. Then he was gone, and a chill jet of spray, curling inboard, stung her into self-possession. Everybody else seemed to be on deck. From the companion, her eyes yet futile in the darkness, she perceived heaving groups of them here and there; the wind — it was more wonderful than anything else to find such a wind — whipped their voices past her in shreds of sound. All was tumult and chaos, when suddenly her arm was grasped, and she looked up into the face of the deck passenger.

"The niggers will be aft in a minute," he said.

Miss Gregory thrilled. "What has happened?" she cried. "I was asleep."

"We're aground," he said. "We've bumped on a reef. And the captain and crew have got away in a boat and left us."

He had the air of a man hurried beyond endurance, yet he did not move as he spoke. Out of the darkness behind him Miss Ducane suddenly emerged, fully dressed, with her damp hair plastered about her head. She ran to the shelter of the companion, breathing gaspingly.

"Is it the niggers?" she cried. "Is it the niggers?"

The deck passenger gave her but the one look.

"Yes," he said. "You run and hide, Polly."

It was passing strange, in that environment

— his cool tone of ironic patronage, her swift, resentful cock of the head.

"And why ain't you with them?" she asked acidly.

He had a retort shaped on his lips, when he jumped back.

"Here they come!" he cried.

It was as if the darkness precipitated itself into velvet-footed shapes. Of a sudden, the night about them was peopled with black men from forward, negroes naked and showing white teeth in a cold fury of murder. It was for fear of these that the captain had shown that face of emasculate terror — negroes armed with desperation. The deck passenger's shoulder thrust Miss Gregory aside as he squared himself in the doorway. Miss Ducane had already stepped clear. In the flurry of that moment, Miss Gregory had but one clear impression — the long black leg of Miss Ducane as she snatched her skirt up and dragged at her crimson garter. Then she was seemly again, and her slim hand reached forward with a revolver, miraculously materialized, and thrust it into the hand of the deck passenger. At once the noise of it began to make its effect — two shots, a rush, and two more. It was all too like a trick to be imposing, and far too swift in its happening. Miss Gregory had hardly realized it, when the deck passenger was back again. It had only needed proof that the white man still possessed resources of mastery to drive the natives forward.

"I'll have to leave you," he was saying. "They'll need watching." And he was gone again.

There was a settee in the companion, and Miss Gregory sat down upon it. She was placid enough outwardly, but inwardly the spate of events had left her a little bewildered. Through her thoughts there penetrated the calm, rather weary voice of Miss Ducane.

"It makes a bulge, I grant," she was saying; "but it's a handy thing to have about you. I'd as soon go without my shoes — sooner, in fact."

As the sky grew pale with the foreknowledge of dawn, the sharp wind abated. It had been no more than a heavy squall at its worst, that sudden mood of tempest which the tropics know. In ones and twos the saloon passengers appeared, shivering, from their hiding-places. Nobody had been killed. They gathered to leeward of the companion, restoring themselves with low talk. At the rail which overlooked the fore deck, the deck passenger leaned with folded arms, an efficient sentry. Miss Gregory groped her way to her cabin and completed her toilet; she was her every-day self when she stepped forth to inspect the situation.

She made sure of the deck passenger first.

"I suppose we may consider ourselves introduced now?" she suggested, pausing at his side.

He smiled shortly. "It is for you to say."

"Well, then," she said, "what is happening?"

He straightened his back and slipped Miss Ducane's revolver into a pocket of his jacket.

"Nothing very dreadful," he said. "These Portuguese *will* go to sea without an Englishman to look after them, and they managed to bump us on as convenient a reef as you could wish to see. Look at it."

Miss Gregory's eyes followed his pointing finger. The edge of the sun was above the hills; daylight had arrived. They lay on an even keel within three miles of the shore, whence a string of white water ran out to them.

"That's the reef," he explained. "There's a lot of coral hereabouts. We're jammed hard upon it. And as soon as we struck, the niggers raised a yell, and the captain and his men got away in the first boat they could lay hands on. As likely as not they were swamped in the squall and the lot of them drowned."

"But what about us?" inquired Miss Gregory.

"Oh, we're all right," he said easily. "Plenty of boats left, you know. But we mustn't be in too much of a hurry. It's easier to keep those niggers in hand here than it would be ashore."

They were sleeping under the forecastle-head at that moment, it appeared; a white man with a pistol had been a sight to soothe their fears. Occasionally a smooth black head thrust out to watch their interview, and then withdrew, as if reassured that affairs were still in strong hands.

"They're the real danger, I suppose?" asked Miss Gregory.

He shrugged his shoulders. "They're not dangerous when they know their master," he said. "All the same, the revolver came in handy."

"Yes," agreed Miss Gregory; "if it hadn't been for Miss Ducane ——"

He laughed. "Is that what she calls herself?" he asked. "That kind usually have rather magnificent names."

"What kind?" asked Miss Gregory.

He gave her a hard, level look. "Madam," he said, "you look as if you knew the world, and yet you let that woman make a friend of you. Think of any word you like to describe a woman — a woman of your own country — who lives and holds her own on the Coast, and has friends among that crowd of passengers aft here, and carries weapons in her stocking, at that. Any word you like — that's the kind I mean."

"I see," said Miss Gregory, and sighed. She remembered Miss Ducane's words, "You don't want to have anything to do with him." In the face of social prejudices there is nothing useful

to be said; so she was silent. The deck passenger shrugged the subject from him.

"Well," he said, "we've got to make the best of it. There's a mail-boat behind us, somewhere. She'll take us off when she comes. We've simply got to sit tight and wait for her. She might be along to-morrow."

"Well, that's not much to worry about," agreed Miss Gregory.

But, as the day wore on, new factors in the situation presented themselves. The cautious men reassured themselves by comparing data as to the mail-boat's dates from port to port, and, being relieved of anxiety on that head, broke open the little bar for the materials of forgetfulness. Even in their cups, they were not loud; drink seemed to have no power to unlock their caution; but there was, none the less, some quarreling. Lunch was a meal from biscuit-tins and preserve-boxes — and bottles; after it, Miss Gregory betook herself willingly to the deck. The company of her fellow passengers was not pleasant. To her arrived Miss Ducane.

"There's one thing about those fellows I don't like," she observed, as she dragged her seat to Miss Gregory's side. "They drink, but it never makes them laugh. Have you noticed that?"

Miss Gregory had not noticed it, but it was true.

"They want to be made to toe the line," Miss Ducane complained. "They're on their own — like the niggers last night. Only shooting wouldn't quiet them."

"What would, then?" inquired Miss Gregory.

"Oh, anything smart," answered Miss Ducane. "They're not so bad, you know; it's just that being all free and easy like this don't suit them. If there was anything to do, they'd straighten up in a minute."

Miss Gregory mused. "I wonder," she said.

"Have you got a dodge?" asked Miss Ducane.

"Well, I half thought of something," said Miss Gregory. "That scrap lunch was enough to demoralize a congregation of saints. And I learned to cook a little when I was a girl."

Miss Ducane sat up and opened her fine eyes.

"Were you thinking — were you dreaming — of getting dinner for them?"

Miss Gregory nodded, and Miss Ducane sprang to her feet with a spurt of laughter.

"Why," she cried, "if that isn't the very thing! The very thing. Cook! You ought to see me with pancakes. I've made pancakes from Lourenço Marquez to Zanzibar. Let's get at it right away. You remind me of that poetry about the mouths of babies and ducklings. Here's me thinking of guns and all that stuff, and you come right out with the one thing to do the trick. Come along and let's get at it."

The good news was not long in spreading: Miss Gregory had done the trick. Throughout the afternoon, the men seemed occupied in finding pretexts for strolling past the galley, where Miss Gregory, nervous at last, perspired before the fire, and Miss Ducane, a marvelous vision with her sleeves rolled back from her slim arms and a new flush in her cheeks, prepared the pancakes of her life, the crucial pancakes of an illustrious career, for her famous frying-pan trick.

Great are the uses of formality. It was as if decorum dwelt in the white table-cloth and returned with it to the saloon in the evening. From among the natives forward there had been recruited emergency waiters, negroes who had at some time or other been house-boys in the service of Europeans. There was a little delay in the beginning; the men were ready for a quarter of an hour before Miss Gregory arrived.

When she came in at the door, with Miss Ducane at her heels, the hum of talk ceased as on a signal. Somebody, prompted by a forgotten instinct of courtliness, rose; one by one, they all stood after him, and their eyes testified an almost resentful astonishment. Miss Gregory was in evening dress. It was the most modest evening frock that ever left the hands of a famous modiste — black and plain, with no more than a prudish little V of décolletége. But for them, who had seen her only in her garb of travel,— the flannel jacket, felt hat, and short skirt that she imposed upon the world,— it transformed her. It identified her, it was a badge of caste; it set her forth as a citizen of that remote and desirable world where strength is not violence, where people write home and are answered by return of post, and everybody goes by his right name. She took her place at the head of the table, smiling the general smile of the hostess, and they waited for her to sit before they seated themselves.

The deck passenger was at Miss Gregory's left; he had come as her guest, protesting none the less. Miss Ducane scowled at the sight of him.

"Well," she said in a clear voice, "since we're shipwrecked, I suppose we're all on a level, niggers an' all. It isn't for long, anyhow."

The deck passenger looked up with an expressionless face.

"Ah," he said, "your revolver — I forgot. You must feel uncomfortable without it. Thanks."

He passed it across to her, and for a moment she looked as if she were about to use it. It lay beside her plate while dinner lasted, a blot upon the feast.

Miss Gregory has since placed it on record that, of all the dinners she ever ate, that was the stiffest. She had the conscience of a good hostess; she did her best to talk, to make con-

versation travel, to be amused, to be trivial, to sparkle. It was all of no avail. A rigidity of demeanor that nothing could thaw into festivity governed the table. It was like dining with some very ceremonial order of monks. They were striving to exalt their manners to the level of her evening gown, and they ate and drank and passed each other the salt with a somber magnificence of bearing and gesture which was more murderous to the social spirit than any mere constraint of embarrassment.

"And to-morrow night we may all be dining together on the mail-boat," remarked Miss Gregory innocently, at one point.

The deck passenger laughed. "Not all of us." He was looking at Miss Ducane; that lady flushed.

"Why not?" asked Miss Gregory. "I thought you said ——"

He nodded. "Oh, I think she'll be here to-morrow," he said; "that part's all right. But" — his eye still on Miss Ducane — "the Germans know this Coast. *You'll* be in the first saloon; and I'll be in the third, according to my ticket. And the rest, they'll travel second-class. You'll see!"

"But why?" asked Miss Gregory, and bit her lip as the question escaped her.

He smiled with slow malice. "They've their other passengers to think of," he said. "They'd never stand these people."

Miss Ducane put her glass down with a jolt. The deck passenger returned to the food before him with an air of quiet triumph.

Dinner came to an end at last. Miss Gregory felt that another ten minutes of it would be beyond human endurance. She finally found herself on deck again, with the swish of water on the reef for company and a sense of duty performed to warm her. The ship was as still as a hospital ward; the people had not yet come out of their trance. A noise of labored breathing startled her, and Miss Ducane flopped on the deck at her feet.

"He had to say it," she was repeating. "He had to say it!"

Miss Gregory sat up in haste. The tall girl was weeping. The sight of it was horrible to her — horrible and heartbreaking.

"Why, what's the matter?" she cried. "My dear, what's the matter?"

Miss Ducane leaned her forehead on the edge of the chair, and spoke through sobs:

"If it hadn't been — for that revolver — we'd ha' had trouble. I — I — had to fetch it out. I — I couldn't help it. And I've no pockets — an' where else could I carry it?"

Miss Gregory had an impulse to laugh, but she laid a hand on the bowed head. "Come," she said. "Thank goodness you had it. It was splendid. It was the only thing to save us."

"Bub-bub-but —" began Miss Ducane.

"I only wish I had one," said Miss Gregory. "I'll have to see about it when I get ashore."

"You've got pockets," said Miss Ducane.

Miss Gregory smiled over her head. "They're not big enough," she said,—"not nearly big enough."

Miss Ducane sat up and wiped her eyes, frankly and without pretense, on her sleeve.

"Well," she said, "if you don't tell the truth, nobody does! I'm a fool, after all; I don't seem to grow out of it, but I've got my modesty, like other people. That's what that feller was hitting at, at dinner-time."

Miss Gregory made soft noises of consolation.

"And it's true enough I'll have to go second-class on the mail-boat," said Miss Ducane; "I know that well enough. But there's one thing you can't go back from, Miss Gregory. We was introduced, and you gave me your card."

"I did," said Miss Gregory. "Have you lost it? Do you want another?"

"Lost it!" Miss Ducane uttered a short bark of laughter. "Lost it? Not me. I've got it safe enough — safe as a bank."

"Where?" asked Miss Gregory, with some curiosity.

"In my stock —" Miss Ducane stopped short.

There was no help for it — Miss Gregory had to laugh; the girl's involuntary movement of the hand had betrayed her. She sat motionless till Miss Gregory was silent again.

"Well, it's safe, anyhow," she said, then. "I won't lose it. It'll remind me I met a lady and was friends with her."

Miss Gregory was touched. She was not given to easy emotions, but she leaned forward now.

"It has my address on it, too," she said, "and I always answer letters." The girl's brow was close to her face, and she kissed it.

Miss Ducane sat still for a space of seconds, then rose to her feet. She was very straight and slender in the moonlight; a quality of austerity seemed to enhance the lines of her tall figure.

"If anybody tries to kiss me after this," she said thoughtfully, "God help him."

She went away forthwith, gliding into the darkness of the companion like a tall ghost.

Miss Gregory's diary, of the following day's date, testifies thus:

It is pleasant to get a warm bath again, but the German cooking tries one hard at times. Miss Ducane was hailed, on arriving on board, by an acquaintance in the third-class; I notice she cuts her dead. My friend the deck passenger, who remains nameless, has dropped his acquaintance with me. What a hermit he would have made in an age better suited to his principles than this! *Memorandum:* To have a pistol-pocket arranged in my tweed skirt.

PARADISIO

BY

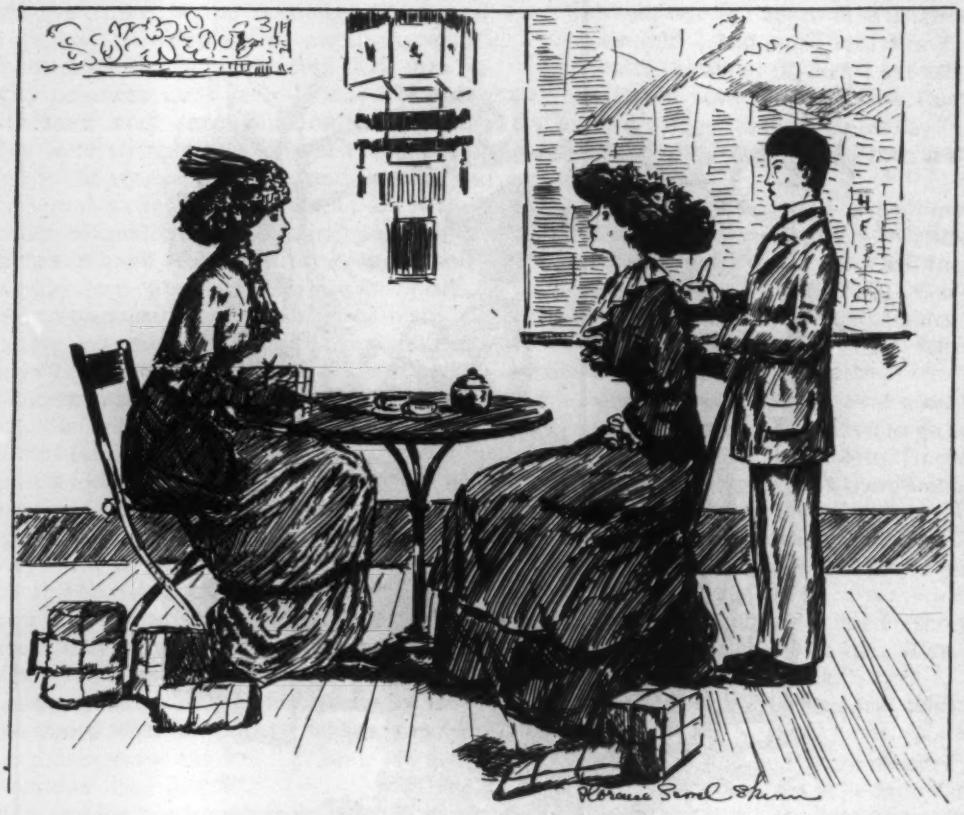
OCTAVIA ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "FOR THE SAKE OF HER CHILDREN," "NEIGHBORS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

THE village of Chippewa Beach owed its existence to the summer tourists who each season poured from sweltering cities to the shores of the loveliest of the five sister lakes. At the return of summer the village awoke from its winter sleep and prepared for their coming. Hotels and restaurants sprang up like puffballs, graphophones and picture shows brayed and twinkled; ice-cream cones and popcorn were on sale at every corner; fortune-tellers peeped from their tents. A horde of the parasites of leisure clamored for shops, where they auctioned rugs, and exhibited arts and crafts, embroideries, corals, and tortoise-shell. The straggling village street lately lined with ruminating farmers was once again filled with fashionably dressed women and children strolling from shop to shop to kill time.

Mr. Tsuda, bustling about his little curio



"'I BRING MY FRIEND TO YOUR KIND ATTENTIONS'"

shop and Japanese tea-room, thought the days all too short. That morning he had unpacked great boxes of china, lacquered trays, and vases, prepared his own food in the little room back of the shop, and waited on customers; and now, in the late afternoon, he was attempting single-handed to serve tea and rice cakes to ten impatient ladies. If it had not been for the auctions on the street below, his business might have warranted an assistant. As it was, he could not consider one; his profits rested almost solely on this new venture of afternoon tea. He would have felt more hopeful of success if he had not known that the rush always came at one time.

"I s'all come as possible as I can," he said, anxiously and politely, to two ladies near the door who showed signs of leaving.

"See that you do," said one of them, with scant courtesy. "We have to make a train."

She turned to her guest, a dreamy-eyed woman with the long, powerful fingers of a pianist. "Doesn't it make you wild to wait, Mrs. Merrill?"

"I'm so glad of the prospect of being served well that I can't say I mind the delay," the lady smiled. "You know, I am trying to keep house this summer. I have a cottage, and"—she sighed—"it's been very difficult. I think I thought that it would take care of itself. My concert tour last winter kept me in the most abominable hotels; and in my longing for a home I engaged a cottage for the summer."

"Where is it? I supposed you were at the Beach View."

"It's delightfully situated amid deep woods, on the shore, about three miles beyond the hotel. I was so enchanted with the spot that I actually sent up a baby grand, christened the place 'Paradisio,' and thought my troubles were over."

The other was quick to find the point of difficulty. "Of course you can't get a servant in that remote spot, you poor dear. I suppose *you* never thought of that." She swept her packages off the table as Mr. Tsuda approached, at last, with the tea.

"No, I didn't," the lady admitted. "The maid I brought with me left at the end of the first week. She said she couldn't stand a place where there was nothing to be heard but 'owls a-hootin'.' She actually paid her own way back to the city. Then I managed to get an American citizen from one of the farms, who calls herself 'Miss' Wilson, and says she works in the summer 'for accommodation.' Mrs.

Downing is visiting me. Only imagine! She's lived in England ten years. Her demands on Miss Wilson are the cause of great friction. Really, when one needs rest, and asks for nothing more than a chance to practise programs for next winter and enjoy nature, it's very trying. I wish I hadn't asked Mrs. Downing. She's a delightful traveling companion, but for every day in a cottage — I wish, too, I hadn't named it Paradisio. The name is over the gate in rustic letters — such a mockery!"

"I bring my friend to your kind attentions."

Mrs. Merrill started. The voice was at her ear, and came from little Mr. Tsuda, tray in hand.

"I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed.

"I bring my friend to your kind attentions. Earnestly I desire you will employ him."

The ladies exchanged rapid glances. A look of relief flitted over Mrs. Merrill's face. "Your friend wishes a position as household servant?"

"'Es, ma'am. He is anxious to give farewell to the city. If you adopt him, he s'all give satisfactions."

"Is he in the city now? Would he expect me to pay his fare up here?"

"'Es, ma'am. In a meantime we can make little proposition."

"I might not like your friend, Mr. Tsuda."

"He very good butler and habits as man. He born in Christian family. I have a good confidence you like."

"Can he cook?"

"'Es, ma'am. He have an experience for cooking; he make what you lak, show him only one example."

"What wage does he ask?"

Mr. Tsuda perceptibly hesitated while with his little beady eyes he swept every portion of the lady's dress, including her watch and rings.

"Sixty dollars!" he said, tilting his head backward and half closing his eyes.

"Oh, that's dreadful, Mr. Tsuda! I only pay Miss Wilson thirty."

"Japanese work much and better than any other girls."

The lady laughed, but shook her head. "I might not like him, nor he me. He might not stay."

"If you have him work for you, I promise he stay more than one year and half."

The lady laughed again. "Two or three months will be long enough; I close my cottage then. Can he take care of a garden and chickens?"

"'Es, ma'am; he can do all t'ings."

The lady hesitated.

"I believe I'll send for him, Mrs. Green. I'm desperate. I can't live another day with Miss Wilson and Mrs. Downing."

She retired to the desk and made arrangements with Mr. Tsuda.

At the conclusion, the ladies, carrying their bundles, rushed for the train that pounded noisily between the resorts.

"You didn't give that Tsuda the traveling money without any receipt or written agreement!" Mrs. Green exclaimed, as they parted.

"I did. Do you think it a risk?"

"A risk! Rather. My dear, you're a very great musician; as a housekeeper you're too funny! Good-by. Good luck to Paradisio!"

An hour later, when Mrs. Merrill opened her rustic gate and passed up the long cedar path that led to her cottage among the hemlocks, she experienced for one brief moment a sensation of overwhelming joy in the thought that this pretty nest was her own. The thought of the views of lake and forest, the solitude, the sunsets and starlight, had fortified her all the preceding winter for the hard concert tour.

"'SHE WAS VERY IMPUDENT'"

The spell was broken, however, by Mrs. Downing, a refined-looking elderly woman with an accusing manner:

"I'm glad you're home, Eileen. Such an afternoon! That dreadful creature has been singing hymns for the last hour. Such a voice! The way she rises on the high notes is perfectly dreadful. I took occasion to speak to her, and she was very impudent. I don't know why I ever returned to America. If it weren't for leaving you alone, I should go back to-morrow. You know, Eileen, I told you, when that girl appeared and asked you if you wanted 'help,' that you should have sent her about her business. If you had said firmly then, 'No; I wish a

servant,' you would have spared yourself much trouble."

Smiling patiently, Mrs. Merrill drew her arm through her friend's. "Come, Mrs. Downing, let us watch the sun set; the great fiery thing has just touched the water."

She led the way to a rustic seat on the bluff, from which they looked far, far over the wonderful body of fresh water to the rim where the sun's red disk was rapidly slipping into the rosy depths. Here, away from Miss Wilson and her caroling, Mrs. Merrill related the adventures of the afternoon. Before they withdrew from their sequestered seat, a freshly painted rowboat, drawn up on the sands, caught Mrs. Merrill's eye.

"Did the painter come?" she exclaimed joyously. "The boat leaked so that I couldn't use it."

"No; that's the work of — Miss Wilson (I wish I knew her Christian name — bold creature!). She walked to the village to get the paint, dragged the boat out of the water, and painted it, during which time *I* was left to answer the door. When I protested, she said, in that free way of hers, 'Why, Mis' Downing, it's nearly always *for* you; I shouldn't think you'd mind opening it'; and off she went down the road."

"ON HIS FLAT NOSE RESTED AN IMMENSE PAIR OF SPECTACLES RIMMED WITH TORTOISE-SHELL"

"It was kind of her, though, to get the paint, wasn't it?" Mrs. Merrill pleaded. "There's something human about that girl. I can't help liking her. The other day she walked after me a mile in the rain because I had forgotten my rubbers." She thought to herself that, left alone, she and Miss Wilson might have agreed.

At that moment a stalwart young country girl came to the edge of the cottage veranda, put her hands about her mouth to make a trumpet of them, and shouted lustily, "Din-n-e-r-r!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Mrs. Downing, holding her tortured ears. "Can we never for a moment forget that creature? Tell her to-night that Fugiwara will be here Wednesday, or, if you wish, I'll take pleasure in telling her for you."

During the evening meal Mrs. Merrill found herself thinking kindly of the country girl, and half regretting her approaching departure. She had been touched more than once by the girl's manifest good will, of which the painting of the boat was a typical incident. It was apparent that her maid liked her, and, to a woman whose lot had fallen for years among strange faces, the fact was touching. On the other hand, Mrs. Downing, by discreet coughs, kept drawing her attention to Miss Wilson's blunders, and these blunders were indeed trying; for Miss Wilson laughed loudly at any conversation that struck her sense of humor, and she removed the dishes by throwing herself almost bodily across the table, saying as she grazed Mrs. Downing's pince-nez, "Excuse me, Mis' Downing; I didn't quite make it that time." It must be admitted that Fugiwara was needed.

The ordeal of dining over, Mrs. Merrill gathered courage to call Miss Wilson to the veranda for dismissal — wishing, as she did so, that Mrs. Downing would not feel it incumbent upon herself to listen from the living-room. At the

"HIS DEFERENCE TO MRS. DOWNING'S YEARS WAS BEAUTIFUL TO SEE"

conclusion of her gentle explanation, Miss Wilson sighed:

"Wull, I'm sorry to go for some reasons. I like it here fine. You are a perfect lady, Mis' Merrill, and I will say I never hope to hear any one play the pianner any better. Of course, your friend is awful cranky, nosing around in what don't concern her; but I got to remember, I keep a-telling myself, that she ain't as young as she used to be."

At this instant the glass doors of the living-room were swung open and Mrs. Downing appeared. "I think it well to tell you a few truths myself," she began. Mrs. Merrill waited to hear no more, but ignominiously fled down the path in the moonlight to the very edge of her grounds, where she paused, panting, leaning on the gate. From the direction of the house came angry shouts from her employee and sarcastic laughter from her guest.

"In Europe," Mrs. Downing's voice floated to her, "you'd be taught your place in a week."

"Ef you liked it so well, why didn't you stay?" came from the girl. "You take a sight of waiting on, as fur as I can see, and don't do nothin' yourself. It seems to me this country could do better without you than it could me, ef it come to a show-down."

At this point, Mrs. Merrill, tremulous from nervous exhaustion, began to laugh hysterically. The moon, emerging from a tiny cloud that for a moment had veiled its splendor, shone full upon her graceful figure cowering by the gate, and upon the rustic letters above the arch, where a fortnight before she had had inscribed the word "Paradisio."

Early in the morning of the following Wednesday Mr. Tsuda appeared, escorting a diminutive Japanese boy, whom he presented as Junzo Fugiwara. Mrs. Merrill rustled forward to meet them, trying to read the strange yellow face with its half closed, slanting eyes. She towered over them both commandingly.

"I'm glad you're here, Fugiwara; my maid has just gone. I'll show you the kitchen. Mr. Tsuda tells me that you like to do your own marketing. I'm glad of that. There's enough in the house for to-day, and the farmers drive by every morning with provisions." She started to lead the way to the kitchen, thinking lightly that her troubles were over.

Fugiwara shot a quick glance at Tsuda. Tsuda spoke:

"First of all, let us know one little informations about your work, so we can make little propositions in a meantime."

"Proposition! I thought he was to do everything — cooking, waiting, gardening, and all — for sixty dollars a month. It's a frightful sum, but I do wish to be free from care."

"What kind of room I have on your family?"

began Fugiwara. His voice was flat and metallic. "Is it room of full sunshine?"

Mrs. Merrill threw open a door to a well lighted room.

With incredible swiftness, Fugiwara opened the closet door and bureau drawers. "Can I have large lamp for prosecute my studies?"

Mrs. Merrill stared about vaguely. "We haven't any larger lamp, Fugiwara,"— she hesitated,—"except my own."

Fugiwara stood firm. "Can I take for prosecute my studies?"

The lady sighed. "Yes, yes — why not? I won't try to read at night."

For the next hour Tsuda and Fugiwara examined every nook and cranny of the house and grounds. They rained questions at bewildered Mrs. Merrill. Was Fugi to do this, that, and the other? Could he have more pans and clothes-lines? Must he take the boat out of the water? Would he ever be asked to go on errands? How many fires must he build? If the fire burned low, who was to replenish its flames? Mrs. Merrill drooped with fatigue under the catechism. She watched with amazement little Tsuda draw up a contract; in a kind of daze she took the pen from his hand and signed after Fugiwara. She remembered afterward that she had begun the conversation towering commandingly over the little men, but that at its conclusion she was sunk in a chair, pen in hand, while they, from their respective scant four feet ten and eleven, looked down at her and dictated terms.

The next few days served to prove to both Mrs. Merrill and Mrs. Downing the wisdom of engaging a competent servant. Fugi pattered about the house like some useful little pixy. The table was charming with woodland flora; the food appealed to both eye and palate. Mrs. Downing relinquished her post of mischief-maker, and sat all day in the beautiful veranda, writing letters indifferently in all the modern languages to accomplished friends scattered over the world. Mrs. Merrill practised technique all morning, lay under sun-baked balsams whole afternoons, and played magnificently on the baby grand in the long twilights.

One evening, as her fingers lingered over a nocturne, she was startled by a cough outside the window. Parting the curtains, she stared out on Miss Wilson. The girl laughed.

"I just come over to hear you play a spell. You don't care, do you? It seems like I can't hardly get enough of music. That's why I work in the summer. I've got a friend in Lake Side that gives me lessons winters fer fifty cents on the melodeon. It seems like I couldn't hardly stand the snow fer so many months without an instrument. Don't let me disturb you, Mis' Merrill, and don't tell that awful old lady I'm here; me and her never make it."

After that more than once Mrs. Merrill was conscious of the girl's presence, and sometimes she good-naturedly concluded her concert, to Mrs. Downing's perplexity, with a simple ballad or a national air. When it chanced to be "America," Mrs. Downing, in a high, quavering voice, followed throughout with "God Save the King." Remembering Miss Wilson in the shrubbery, Mrs. Merrill prudently dropped "America" from her repertoire. Whatever her faults, lack of patriotism could not be charged against the girl.

It was natural, after her winter's work, that Mrs. Merrill should prize solitude; it was a harder matter to secure it. The news of her whereabouts soon spread, and friends and acquaintances in the near-by hotels drove out in the wonderful evenings to beg for her music. On one of these occasions Mrs. Downing felt it incumbent upon herself to propose supper.

"I'll call Fugi," she said hospitably; "we'll have a punch."

At her call, Fugi's black head appeared from his bedroom door. His table was littered with papers. On his flat nose rested an immense pair of spectacles rimmed with tortoise-shell. Thus guarded, his face was harder to read than ever. Mrs. Downing gave her orders, and waited for the little man's obedient patter down the stairs; but Fugi did not move.

In some agitation the lady repeated her words.

"I not said punch on evenings," said Fugi politely. He drew forth from his pocket the contract, rapidly pointing out the agreement.

"Fugi," said Mrs. Downing, in suppressed fury, "they're waiting for punch — six of them. You must make it; do you hear?"

Fugi's silence was not consent. Mrs. Downing, in her embarrassment, stooped to persuade.

"Fugi, I don't know your arrangements with Mrs. Merrill, but I refuse to be mortified in this manner. Make the punch, bring in the tray, and I'll make it up to you. I'll pay you for your time."

"I lak little information *what* you pay?"

"What do you want, you grasping boy?"

"Make little proposition in a meantime."

They bargained, finally agreed, and Fugi at last pattered down the stairs.

A quarter of an hour later the tinkle of ice against glass announced to the little group Fugi and the punch. In addition to the ruby beverage, his tray was laden with delicious sandwiches, curiously cut, placed upon the broad leaves of the wild grape that grew at his door. Modestly, almost reverently, he stole from guest to guest. His deference to Mrs. Downing's

years was beautiful to see. At his exit, the guests were loud in his praise.

"What a treasure! Do you put him in a lacquered box at night? These sandwiches of minced chicken are so delicious. I wonder if they taught him at the Tsuda tea-shop."

"Does Tsuda serve them?"

"Yes, indeed; he's making a specialty of them two or three times a week, and salad also. His place is crowded to the doors. Come over with us to-morrow; it's quite the thing to do."

But Mrs. Merrill pleaded indisposition for the excursion, either the afternoons on the ground or the evenings by the open window having resulted in a heavy cold hard to shake off.

In the morning the cold was little better. In her lassitude the lady forsook her work and lay on the loggia in unwonted idleness. In the garden below she could see Fugi darting to and fro where a few dozen chickens clucked among the beds. Suddenly he emerged from a shed, a feathered form limp in his hand. Catching his mistress' eye, he held it aloft.

"A very sad thing am happen, lady. Chicken die on the night."

"Dead?"

"'Es, ma'am. S'all I cook?"

"Oh, no; we don't eat chickens that die a natural death, Fugi."

"You no want?"

"No."

"S'all I go for t'row away?"

"Yes; dispose of him in any way you think best. Are the other hens sick, too? All my lovely chickens?"

Fugi looked them over critically. "There are many sicks, 'es, ma'am. By and by maybe they get well; I have an experience for chickens."

He disappeared in the barn with the dead fowl, carrying it gingerly by one leg, as one who fears infection.

"How capable Fugi is!" the mistress thought gratefully.

For the remainder of the morning Fugi was busy in his pantry. So forehanded was he in his preparations that the ladies' luncheon was ready half an hour earlier than usual.

"Fugi, it's so early!" Mrs. Merrill protested. His eyes were mere slits.

"'Es, ma'am. Because you sick, lak to eat quick and much for get recover. 'Es, ma'am."

In spite of their protests, he proceeded to serve them without delay, whirling the dishes almost from under their astonished eyes.

A quarter of an hour had not elapsed after this repast when Mrs. Downing reported, "There goes Fugi down the road with a basket." She shouted in her thin treble: "Fu-u-u-gi!"

The little man stopped.

"Where are you going, Fugi?"

"Flower. I go get him for sick lady like example on table." He pointed to the arethusa some one had brought from the swamp. "She say she like." And he disappeared with incredible fleetness down the road.

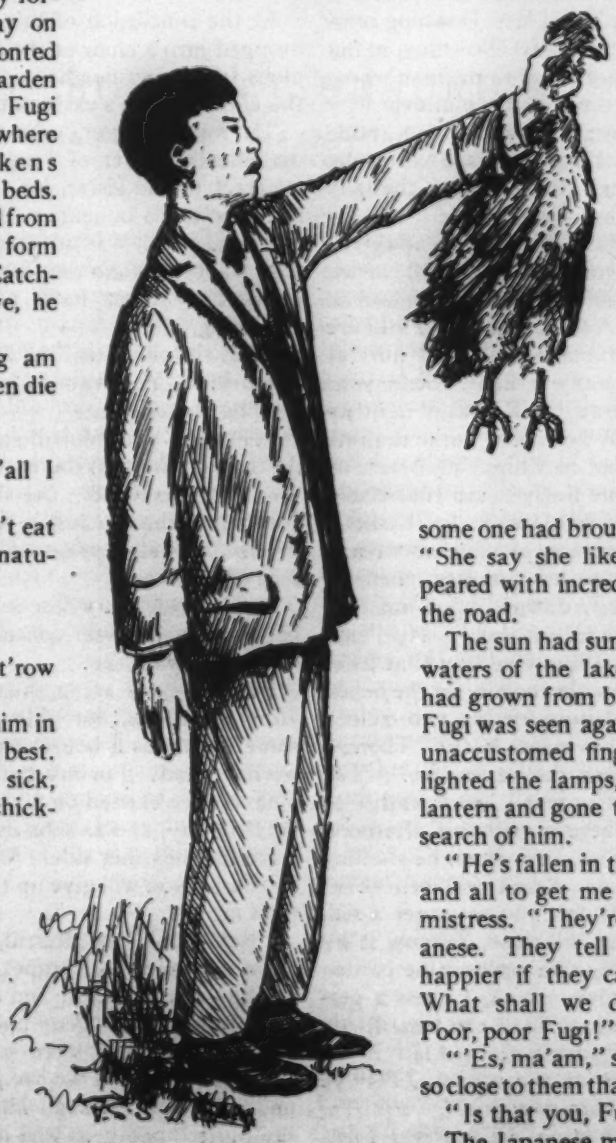
The sun had sunk in splendor in the waters of the lake, the long twilight had grown from blue to black, before Fugi was seen again. With trembling, unaccustomed fingers, the ladies had lighted the lamps, had even found a lantern and gone to the rustic gate in search of him.

"He's fallen in the swamp, poor boy, and all to get me a flower!" said his mistress. "They're so artistic, the Japanese. They tell me the soldiers die happier if they can hold a blossom. What shall we do, Mrs. Downing? Poor, poor Fugi!"

"'Es, ma'am," said a metallic voice, so close to them that the ladies shrieked.

"Is that you, Fugi?"

The Japanese mopped his forehead; he was panting. "'Es, ma'am."



"'A VERY SAD THING AM HAPPEN, LADY'"

"Did you get lost in the swamp?"

"'Es, ma'am. I lak if you pleez excuse." He bowed profoundly, and an hour later, still bowing in shamefaced apology, served a belated dinner.

The strange thing about a boy as clever as Fugi was that he never learned the forest paths. Twice a week at least, basket on arm, he darted into the woods, only to lose his way, apparently, for not until night had fallen did he appear again. In vain the ladies urged him not to leave the place. But his excuses for wandering were many: he had promised a farmer to see his poultry (their own died, one by one, until but two thin hens clucked disconsolately in the lettuce); he must "get advices about the sicks"; sometimes he went for extra milk; at any rate, go he would, and return on time he never did.

"I shall follow him," said Mrs. Downing resolutely, one afternoon; but Mrs. Downing, in her beaded slippers, was not equal to the man whose broad feet had sometimes borne him over fifty miles a day in his own land, and whose ancestors had sprung from village to village with equal agility for generations. In her haste, the lady fell, sharply turning her ankle.

It was Farmer Wilson, thundering along the road in his empty wagon, who found and carried her back to Paradisio and its frightened mistress.

"Now, Mis' Merrill," he said heartily, "there's no need to worry; the lady ain't bad hurt at all; only turned her ankle a little. Send your hired boy for Doc' Gray; he'll bind it right up for you. Ain't the boy here? No; come to think of it, I seen him going to Chippewa Beach on the dummy — I p'sume likely to sell your chickens for you; I see he had two in his basket."

Mrs. Merrill's expression of amazement and incredulity first excited his curiosity, then his mirth, as Fugi's perfidy dawned upon him.

"By gum! Tol' ye he got lost!" His laugh awoke the echoes. "Why, I've seen that feller a dozen times this summer roostin' on the bench outside the deepo, waiting for the two o'clock train. What time does he get back? There, I knew it! He ketches the seven-two. (The trains all lay up for supper.) If I wasn't so drove, I'd go over there myself this afternoon and see what he's up to. Anyway, he's selling your chickens. Dead? Don't you believe it; they weren't sick. Didn't you never see a sick hen? Well, they was all right; I know it by the way they was scratchin' around the garden no more than yesterday. Well, I guess a person, no matter how drove he is, can't hardly do less than go for the doctor for an old lady. I'll fetch him right over in the wagon. Tol' ye he got lost! I'll be corn-swiggled!"

The reproaches awaiting the faithless Fugiwara were needlessly prepared, for night passed and morning dawned without the patter of his quick feet. Mrs. Merrill clumsily prepared a bitter, groundy draught of coffee for her ailing friend. As she held up her draperies with two burned fingers, and bore the tray up the stairs, she noticed Fugi's door ajar. Investigation showed an empty room, and in the mirror a note that ran as follows:

> Lady, my wish of leaving is not that I do not like, but there is some trouble about me because in a meantime I enter into business partnership in tea-shop. Therefore my responsibility get heavy on my shoulder with mingling so many kind of work. I pay you a thousand thank to your kind sympathy and morality to me. I would like to appreciate it but I'm very sorry I couldn't as I can't miss steps to life success. FUGIWARA.

At the conclusion of this epistle Mrs. Merrill dropped into a chair at the bedside of her querulous friend and laughed until she wept, deaf to the elder woman's exclamations of indignation.

"It was so clever," she kept repeating, "so diabolically clever of Fugi! He has kept his contract to the letter, for there wasn't a word in it about his obligations to stay out the season; and yet, it was my chickens and my butler that went to make the Tsuda tea-room a success. They must have planned it from the beginning."

"But the chickens," said Mrs. Downing, with severity. "You can have him arrested for stealing the chickens."

"No, no!" Mrs. Merrill gasped; "I can't even do that, for he told me each time, in turn, that the fowl was dead. As their heads were on, I leaped to the conclusion that they had died of disease, and so I presented them to Fugi myself, one by one."

Mrs. Downing, whose severity increased as her hostess' laughter continued, now said with marked displeasure:

"Eileen, you are a great pianist; stick to your profession, for 'life success' will never come to you as a housekeeper. Such weeks as we have had! For my part, I am through; if I have to be carried on a litter, I shall go to the hotel to-day, and as soon as I have recuperated I sail for the other side. America is impossible. Of course, you will give up the cottage and come with me."

"No," said Mrs. Merrill, shaking her head; "I'm not going to Europe. I'm going straight up the hill to the farm, and ask that girl to come back. She's intelligent and human and trustworthy; we each have something the other needs. I feel sure we are going to come to an understanding. I shall knock on the door, and say quite humbly, as one democrat to another, 'Miss Wilson, come back; I need — help.'"

GOVERNOR HUGHES AND THE ALBANY GANG

A STUDY OF THE DEGRADATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN NEW YORK STATE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

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IN January of the present year the Republican organization at Albany elected one Jotham P. Allds the temporary president and Republican majority leader of the Senate. Three months later, the Senate, after a long and impartial investigation, convicted this same Allds of having accepted, while a member of the Assembly, a bribe of $1,000 to suppress legislation. The fact that the Republican majority should have given its highest honor to the very man whom, soon afterward, it was called upon to brand publicly as a blackmailer, sufficiently indicates the moral strength of the forces which now control the Republican organization in New York State.

The whole proceeding also emphasizes the importance of the struggle in which Governor Hughes has now been engaged for four years. Above all, the Governor is an organization man; and one of his leading ambitions in his two terms has been to restore, in some measure, the ancient usefulness of the Republican party in his native State.

Republican Party Originally a Party of Principle

A brief historical review of New York Republicanism will clearly show the extent of its present degradation. In the last fifty years there have been three different ideas for which the organization has stood. The first was the Republican party of Seward, Greeley, and Thurlow Weed — the three men who organized the party in New York. These men were thoroughly seasoned politicians; they understood and practised the arts of political manipulation, and did not hesitate to build up a political organization by using political patronage. In spite of this fact, the Republican party which they organized was essentially a party of principle. Anti-slavery and the preservation of the Union represented the height of patriotic idealism, and these principles were abiding enthusiasms in the political careers of Seward, Greeley, and, in a smaller degree, in that of Thurlow Weed. The Republican party in New York State had real purposes beyond serving the personal ambitions of its leaders. It did not exist primarily to make particular individuals presidents or governors or United States senators; it existed to make vital certain principles essential to national salvation. In other words, the Republican party of New York was a real party; it fulfilled the highest definition of a political organization — that is, a large group of men working unselfishly for a great common cause.

Party Under Conkling — Merely a Scramble for Offices

This era of political idealism lasted until about 1870, when new leaders gained the ascendancy. The political motives of Roscoe Conkling were markedly lower than were those of Seward and Greeley. In natural ability Conkling was a leader worthy of almost any cause;

a man of great physical beauty and power, an orator of moving, fiery eloquence, a living, vital, human soul, with an unlimited capacity to love and hate, and an almost Homeric passion for the fray. With all of his talents, however, Conkling's name is not associated with any great cause. Personally incorrupt, in that he would never accept money in exchange for political services, his career nevertheless had a most corrupting influence upon his party. In his view, a political organization existed, not to nourish great causes, but chiefly to divide the offices. A political campaign was merely a wild scramble for cabinet positions, collectorships, postmasterships, and other personal prizes. Apart from his famous squabble with Garfield over the New York patronage, he is remembered mainly for his violent warfare upon civil service reform and upon certain high-thinking men, like George William Curtis, who had dedicated their lives to this cause.

Debasing as was Conkling's conception of a political party, it was almost idealistic compared with that which followed it. For Thomas C. Platt represented a political theory radically different from those of Seward or Conkling, and that was corporation control. Under him the party not only ceased to represent popular causes: it became simply the intermediary through which the corporations assumed the functions of government. Platt himself was a singularly uninspiring figure; though he had spent a few years at college, he was essentially an ignorant man, with no knowledge of the history or institutions of his country and no real interest in public affairs. Nor had he any of the qualities of leadership; he was incapable of making a speech and could not even discuss matters in conference. His power was the heavy and persuasive power of the money-bag. Economic conditions furnished the opportunity for him to develop his peculiar type of leadership. His reign, which extended from about 1883 to 1903, comprised the period of great corporate expansion. It was the time when, on a scale hitherto unknown, great public-service corporations were organized — railroads, street railways, gas and electric light companies, trust companies, banks, and the like. New York, the Empire State, both in population and finance, had become the natural headquarters of these interests.

Republicanism Under Platt — a Machine for Corporate Control

And these corporations came more closely in contact with the State government than did the average citizen. They were constantly in touch with the legislative and the administrative departments. To protect the people against injustice, the State had created certain important agencies for the supervision of corporations. Thus the Insurance Department had been organized to supervise the insurance companies in the interest of policy-holders; the Banking Department to watch financial institutions in the interest of depositors; the Railroad Commission to keep a close eye upon the railroads in the interests of the traveling and shipping public. Unfortunately, many of these corporations had fallen into the hands of dishonest and rapacious managers. And, in order to make the agencies which had been created to control them serve the corporations at the expense of the public, it was necessary for these exploiters to sweep away or control this elaborate administrative machinery.

From this situation the political party as Platt ultimately organized it was developed. The so-called Republican party became merely the instrument by which the State government, in both the legislative and administrative branches, was handed over to the corporations. Platt's plan was simplicity itself: he established a governmental triangle, with himself at one corner, the corporations at another, and the State departments and Legislature at the third. At the beginning of each election the corporations handed over to Platt generous supplies of money — sums commonly ranging into the hundreds of thousands. He distributed the cash, in varying sums, in the Assembly and Senatorial districts, where it was used to elect his creatures to the Legislature. When these men reached Albany, they knew who sent them there, and recognized the obligation. In effect, they abdicated their powers over legislation. The corporations regularly signified to Platt the laws that they wished passed or "killed," and Platt passed the instructions on to the Legislature, which acted accordingly. In exchange for party contributions the corporations also controlled the State departments. The insurance companies named the Insurance Superintendent; the banks the Superintendent of Banking; the railroads the members of the Railroad Commission.

Deterioration in Character of Legislators

From the standpoint of the corporations this system was ideal. It saved time and money. Its most unfortunate effect, as far as the public welfare was concerned, was that it necessarily caused a deterioration in the quality of the men sent to Albany. Under these conditions a senatorship or a seat in the Assembly meant simply

a deliverable vote for Platt, and men of real independence and ambition could hardly be expected to seek election to the Legislature. Occasionally an able and honest man would stray in; but he seldom remained longer than a single session; for his manhood would compel him to be "insubordinate," and he suffered the invariable penalty — the organization would "turn him down" for renomination. Under the Platt system, therefore, the average legislator at his best was weak, and at his worst dishonest. For the corruption of the system necessarily bred corruption in the rank and file. Thus there came into existence the type of legislator who, while ordinarily following Platt's instructions, was also attempting to do a little business on his own account. Occasionally there arose little legislative cabals, which, while working in unison with Platt, had their own way of turning an honest penny now and then.

The Criminal Corporation

The Allds proceeding illustrates this legislative system in all its details. Here we have all the essential factors — the criminal corporation, the subservient Legislature, the party boss engaged in merchandising legislation, the inner legislative cabal. The fifteen bridge companies amalgamated under the head of the American Bridge Company — a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation — represent the dishonest business interests in search of legislative favors. Their methods of doing business had subjected them to criminal indictments, to which, in several States, they had pleaded guilty. By entering into an agreement for fictitious bidding on public contracts, they practically controlled the business of bridge-building in the Eastern States. As far as one can judge, a considerable part of this business, at least in the smaller country towns, was not legitimate; that is, these companies did not sell their merchandise — the building of new bridges and the repairing of old ones — in accordance with any law of supply and demand. In the small towns in which they operated so extensively, the contracts for new bridges were regularly let by the local highway officers. These officers had apparently acquired the habit of ordering new bridges indiscriminately — of destroying serviceable structures and building new ones simply for the sake of giving contracts to the bridge companies. These corporations could continue this system only by "standing in" with the Legislature, for the Legislature, by passing proper laws, could end the practices at a stroke. To forestall "hostile" legislation, the bridge companies established relations with Platt and the Republican organization. They contributed to the Republican campaign fund regularly, and for many years received "protection." They not only secured immunity against legislation which would "ruin" their business, but actually secured the passage of laws facilitating it.

Allds — the Ideal Platt Legislator

But at this point the third party steps in — the grafting legislative cabal. Manifestly such a coterie would find fair game in corporations which, like these bridge companies, were so openly defying the public interest. And, at the time when the Platt idea reached its fullest flower, a legislative inner circle at Albany had likewise arrived at complete maturity. It was a close corporation, confined to perhaps half a dozen men in the Assembly. This legislative body was organized then, as it is now, in the way that best facilitated an autocratic control by a few men. The Speaker, having the appointment of all committees, virtually dominated legislation. He was himself the chairman of the rules committee — the committee which, a week or two before adjournment, took charge of all legislation and thus practically decided what bills were to become laws. Speaker Nixon, at the time in question, was the head of a corrupt clique which made a business of selling legislation. His chief lieutenant was the leader of the Republican majority, Jotham P. Allds. Allds was an ideal representative of the type of public man who came to the front under Platt's system. Neither the man's character nor talents justified the political favors that were showered upon him. He was a heavy man physically and mentally, slow to move and to think and lacking in the personal charm generally regarded as essential to leadership. He was a useful legislator for Platt's purposes — that was all. He was the assemblyman who, at critical periods, passed the word, "The old man wants this," and whom the rest of his associates recognized as speaking *ex cathedra*. But Allds, while transmitting Platt's orders, let slip no opportunity to make money on the side.

The Machinery in Operation

This was the situation when a measure was introduced in both the Assembly and the Senate aimed directly at this American Bridge monopoly. It took from the town highway commissioners the power to make contracts for building and repairing bridges, and required that such contracts, when they involved a certain expenditure, should be approved by a popular

vote. The bridge companies at once appealed to Platt; this sort of thing would "ruin" their business. They had been contributing to Platt's campaign funds for many years, according to the system, and now demanded that he carry out his side of the bargain. And Platt, of course, immediately saw the justice of the appeal. He sent the following telegram to his legislative agent, Jotham P. Allds:

> Please hold in Assembly committee on rules Senate Bill No. 292, introductory No. 273, amending the highway law relative to extraordinary repairs of highways and bridges; also, Assembly Bill No. 491, introductory No. 458, of similar purport, until you receive a letter which I am writing to you.
>
> T. C. PLATT.

Had the Platt system worked flawlessly, that telegram would have ended the matter. Platt's peremptory message, of course, did kill the bill, but it did not end the grafting. Nixon, Allds, and their associates did not propose to let the bridge legislation die peaceably without getting something from it for themselves. In the popular mind, the bribe-taking legislator is more or less of a weak, shrinking, vacillating person, a man who is seduced by the blandishments of corrupt corporation agents and forced into evil by his own pressing needs. This description, however, did not fit Allds; he went boldly into the field, and openly solicited attempts upon his own virtue. One day he met in the Assembly lobby Assemblyman Benn Conger, whose brother Frank, as vice-president of the American Bridge Company, was working hard to kill this highway bill. "Benn," said Allds, "you think you've got that legislation bottled up, but, remember, the rules committee takes hold in a few days and you'll have to take care of us." Soon afterward Conger appeared by appointment in the Capitol, with one Deacon Hiram G. Moe, for many years a retainer of the Conger family. Deacon Moe, on this occasion, quietly slipped into Allds' hands an envelop containing $1,000 in bills. Speaker Nixon presently received $1,000 from the same source; and Jean Burnett, one of the members of the same crowd, $4,000—presumably for division among others of the faithful.

"Guess it's all right, Conger," remarked Allds, placing the envelop in his inside pocket. "It feels good."

A System that Nullifies Popular Government

Such were the practical workings of the party system in New York State as developed by Thomas C. Platt. Carried to its logical conclusion, it simply nullified popular government. In its place we had a corporation autocracy thinly masking in the guise of Republican institutions. Under this system real party leaders were unknown. We simply had, at the head, a collector of campaign contributions, who acted as an intermediary between the corporations and the law-making powers; and, in the Legislature, a gang of freebooters, who, while adhering to the general system, were all the time levying tribute of their own. Again, there were really no political parties; instead, we had a passive rank and file, which clung to the old party alignment as to a fetich. The party voters had virtually nothing to do with the party organizations; their only duty was annually to go through the form of electing the men who were arbitrarily chosen by those in control of the machinery.

But times are rapidly changing; and significant of the change is the fact that Allds' depredations became known, and that the accused legislator was haled to the bar of the Senate and convicted. Two influences made this possible, both illustrating the better forces that are working in our public life: an honest and courageous senator and an honest and courageous newspaper. When Allds' name as Republican leader was broached in the Senate, it brought to their feet a group of seven senators who refused to support him — seven insurgents who, while the party caucus was assembling to elect Allds, held a protesting meeting of their own. Among these seven senators was this same Conger, who, nine years before, had played his part in bribing Allds. Conger's presence in the "bolters'" conference somewhat surprised his associates, for he had never shown any political independence, and had regularly worked with the machine. But his participation was soon explained, for, in giving his reasons for opposing Allds, Conger made a complete breast of the misdoings of nine years before. Quietly, seriously, he told the whole story as set forth above.

Confession Extracted from Conger

Clearly this confession laid a heavy responsibility upon the six men who heard it. One of the number did not hesitate to act. Senator Josiah T. Newcomb had no absurd ideas about "confidence" in a matter of this kind. He had heard a voluntary admission of what practically amounted to a crime. He was no more morally obliged to regard the story as "confidential" than he would have been had a murderer come to him and confessed his guilt. To obtain advice upon this subject Senator Newcomb laid the facts before his friend, Oswald Garrison Villard, the president of the company that publishes the New York *Evening Post*. The *Evening Post* for three generations has

GOVERNOR HUGHES ON A CAMPING TRIP

represented the highest journalistic ideals in this country; years ago, when it took more courage than it does now, it had persistently fought the Platt system in politics. Mr. Villard has brave and enterprising blood in his veins; his father was Henry Villard, the builder of the Northern Pacific Railway, and his mother is a daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist. Senator Newcomb laid the case before Mr. Villard, not as a newspaper man, but as a personal friend and a citizen; it was not the wish of either to make a newspaper sensation, but to bring out the facts in the way that would best promote decent government.

The editorial staff of the *Evening Post* decided to publish the facts, if they could get them in a shape that would practically amount to legal evidence. Mr. Villard himself took charge of the matter. Allds at once attempted to suppress the publication; he himself came into the office of the *Evening Post*, denounced Conger and his bridge companies, and begged piteously for mercy—he had a mother, he said, ninety years old, who knew that he was innocent. These methods failing, Allds had his lawyers write letters to the *Evening Post* threatening all kinds of libel suits should the bribery story be published. But the great stumbling-block was Senator Conger. Was it conceivable that he would make a public statement of this shady transaction? Conger thoroughly realized his situation, and knew that if the facts were published it would mean his political ruin.

When Mr. Villard first met Conger, the Senator absolutely refused to commit himself. The meeting was a picturesque one. Mr. Villard reached Conger's home town, Groton, early one evening, only to learn that Conger was away at a prayer meeting. The newspaper man waited outside the church until the meeting was over, and then, at his home, requested that the Senator tell in the columns of the *Evening Post* the complete story of the bribery that had taken place nine years before. Conger at first positively refused to do this. As the interview proceeded the Senator weakened somewhat; he would not say that he had paid money to Allds, but admitted that money had been paid as a campaign contribution to the Republican State Committee. The next morning he dictated for Mr. Villard's use a statement containing these facts. Mr. Villard, considerably disappointed, accepted this document as the best that could be obtained at the time. Others, however, now made personal appeals to Conger that he should come out into the open; and, when Senator Conger and Mr. Villard got together again at Albany, Conger admitted the whole story and agreed to make it public. When it came actually to putting the thing

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GOVERNOR HUGHES AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER

down on paper, however, he still hesitated. A few evenings later Mr. Villard again met Conger in the Ten Eyck Hotel by special appointment. An hour or two before this meeting Conger had sat at the little table in his room, with several of the bolting senators near by, and had written out with his own hand the story of the Allds corruption of 1901. As he handed this to Senator Newcomb to read, he said, "This is the end of me."

Senator Conger now gave this statement to Mr. Villard. The poor Senator, however, still tried to wriggle out of his difficulty, for when Mr. Villard asked him point-blank to sign the paper, he refused to do so. "You are asking me to go to my political death," he declared. "This will blow out of political life several good fellows. You talk as if I were doing you a favor, but I don't see where the favor comes in." Besides, his counsel had advised him not to sign any paper. Mr. Villard still insisted that Conger had a duty that it was useless to shirk. Finally, after several hours' backing and filling, Conger took a pen and signed the document. Whatever we may think of his previous conduct, the credit must certainly be given him of having deliberately sacrificed himself in the public interest.

It has been worth while to describe in detail the Platt system and this Allds illustration of it because these facts emphasize the chief significance of Mr. Hughes' career as Governor. His most energetic efforts have been directed toward the abolition of this type of political organization. He has sought to take the party out of the hands of its discredited leaders and their business allies and restore it to the rank and file. He would make government in the largest American State republican not only in form but in fact. He has proposed to bring about this change, not by destroying existing political parties, but by giving these parties principles to strive for, and by placing the actual control in the hands of their members. His party conception is largely the conception of Seward and Greeley — a party that serves itself by serving the State, a party that is justified in controlling public affairs because such a control means the welfare of all the people.

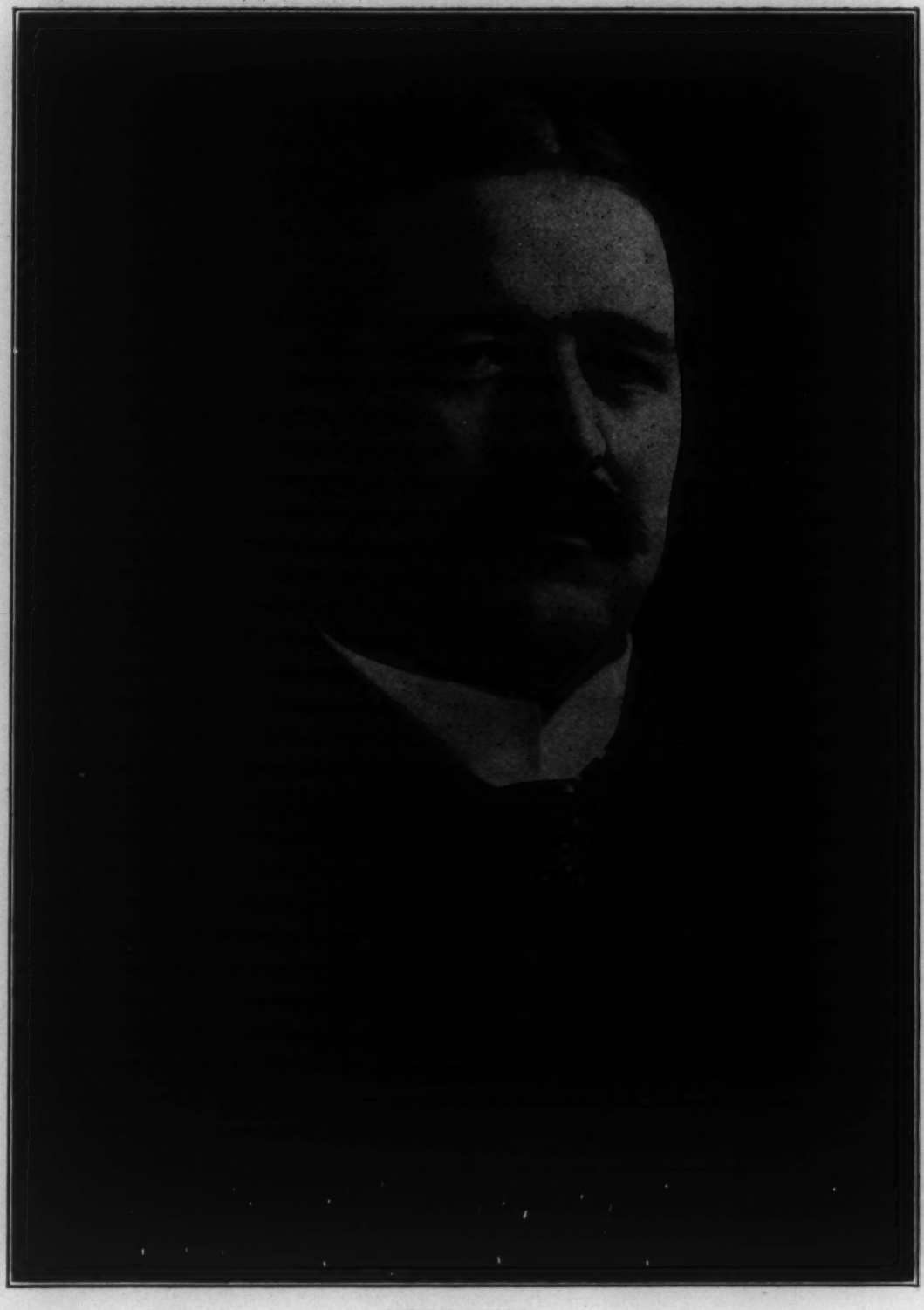
Governor Hughes Cleans Out the State Departments

Mr. Hughes came to Albany at an opportune time. Three or four years before his inauguration Platt had lost control and had found no successor. There were several reasons for this. In the first place, there had been no man with Platt's peculiar abilities and relations to the corporations. More important, however, had been the change in public sentiment. Roosevelt's career had aroused the public conscience to a conception of many things that they had only faintly understood before. Mr. Hughes himself had been a powerful factor in giving emphasis to this new thinking. The historian, in writing of the great political awakening in America in the early years of the twentieth century, will assign an enormous influence to the great insurance investigation of 1905. That irrefutably disclosed the corrupting forces that for a generation had been working in American public life. Platt himself, in that investigation, had been compelled to go upon the stand and to describe his political system as it has been set forth above. As a result, laws have been placed upon the statute-books — laws framed by Mr. Hughes himself — which made the Platt custom of corporation contributions for political campaigns a State prison offense.

Mr. Hughes, as Governor, was able to give direction to this growing sentiment and to make it crystallize in definite, far-reaching reforms. The honest men in the Legislature now realized that they had the strongest possible support in the Governor's room. With things thus generally working in his favor, Governor Hughes, in his first three years, accomplished a revolution in the administrative functions of the State. For the first time in a generation, the great State departments ceased to be instruments of corporations and became the safeguards of the people. The era of government by railroads, banks, and insurance companies passed, probably never to return. Governor Hughes had already placed upon the books a great insurance code, and he now cleaned up the Insurance Department, replacing the weak and the willing tools of the insurance companies with capable, high-minded officials. He did the same thing with the Banking Department — a branch of government that had for years been practically owned by Wall Street. He turned out the political hacks that had long made the Railroad Commission a by-word, and secured the passage of a comprehensive law under which were organized two commissions having the widest possible jurisdiction and control over the public utilities of the State.*

Reforming the administrative machinery, however, was only half the battle; the ultimate headquarters of corruption had been, not the executive departments, but the Legislature. In the last ten years reform movements in this

* These great reforms have already been described in detail by the present writer in McClure's Magazine for March and April, 1908.



JOTHAM P. ALLDS

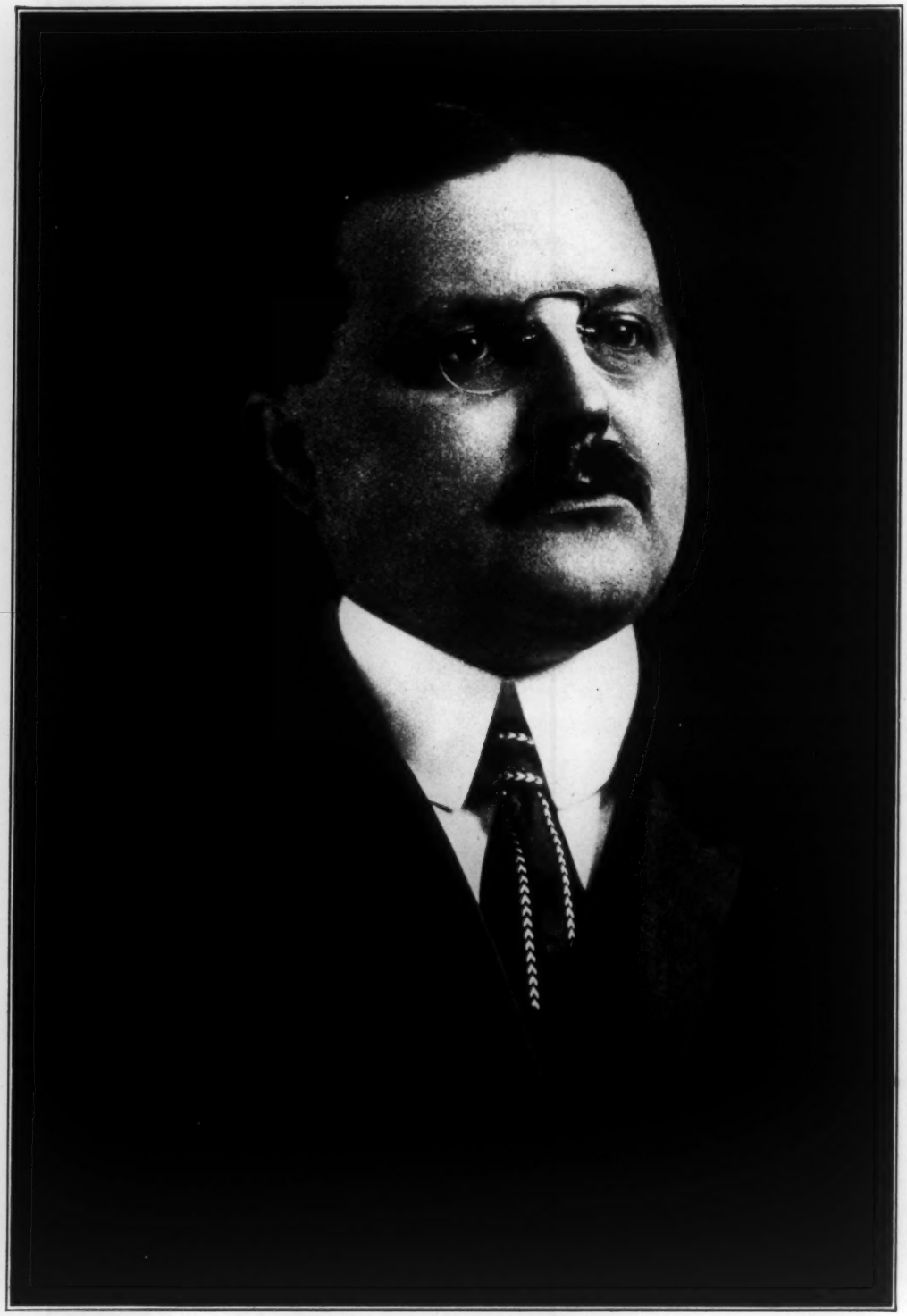
WHOM THE REPUBLICAN MAJORITY IN THE NEW YORK SENATE ELECTED ITS LEADER, AND SOON AFTERWARD FOUND GUILTY OF HAVING ACCEPTED, SEVERAL YEARS BEFORE, BRIBES TO SUPPRESS LEGISLATION

WILLIAM BARNES

A GRANDSON OF THURLOW WEED, AND A HARVARD GRADUATE, WHO HAS LED THE OPPOSITION TO GOVERNOR HUGHES

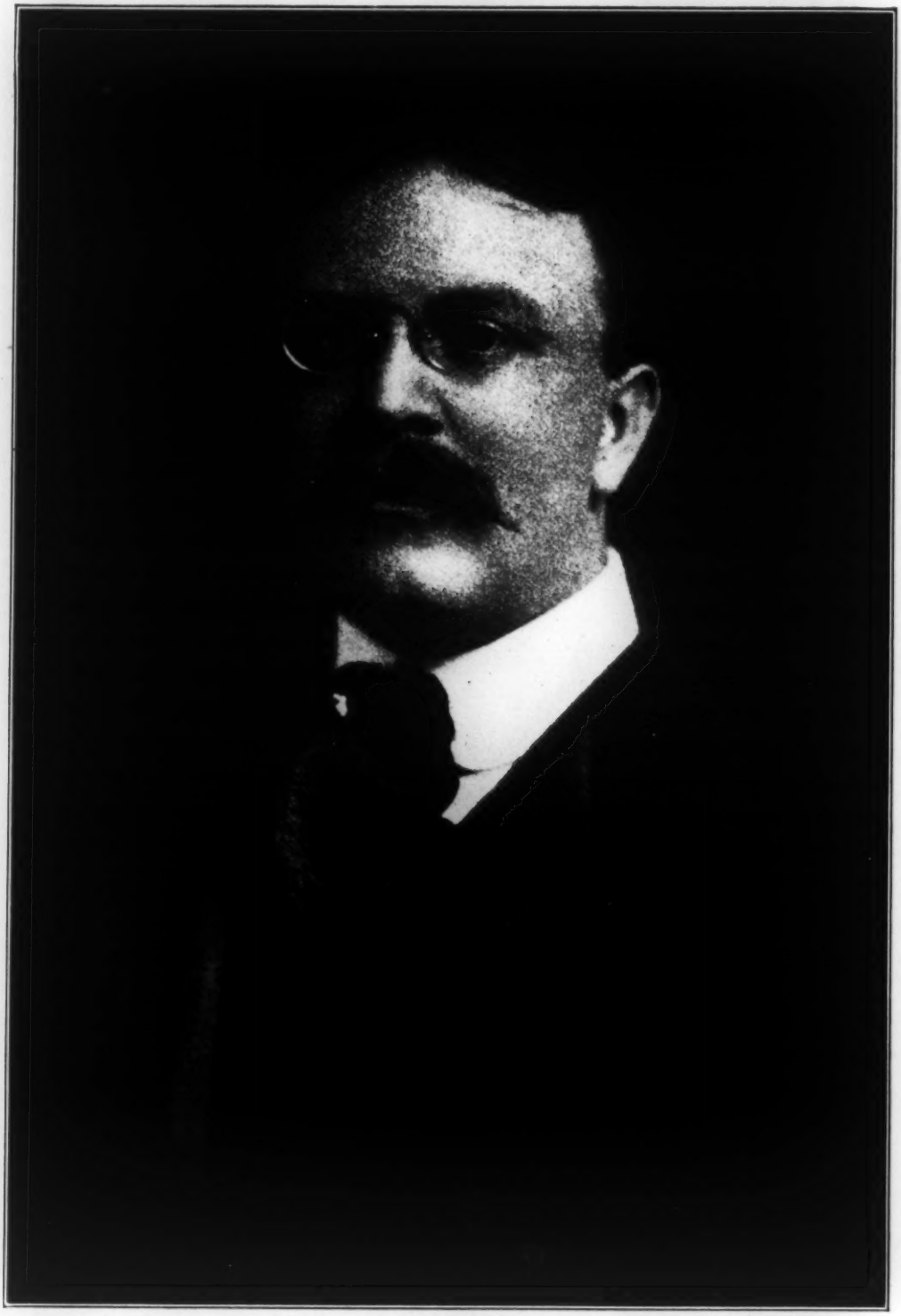
JAMES W. WADSWORTH

SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY, A YOUNG MAN OF EARLY PROMISE, WHO HAS USED ALL THE POWERS OF HIS OFFICE IN OPPOSITION TO GOVERNOR HUGHES



SENATOR JOSIAH T. NEWCOMB

WHO REPRESENTS THE NEW TYPE OF STATE LEGISLATOR — ONE OF THE HARDEST FIGHTERS ON GOVERNOR HUGHES' SIDE



OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

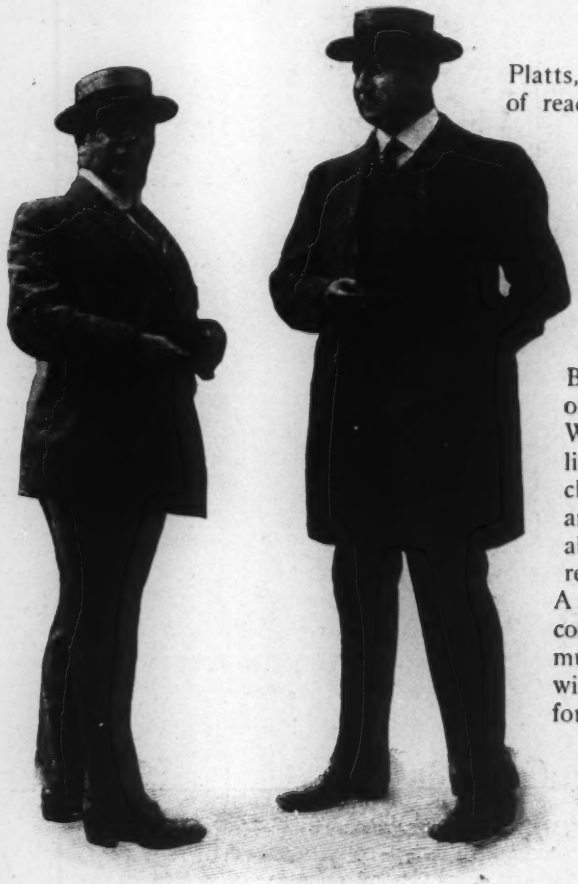
ONE OF THE EDITORS OF THE NEW YORK "EVENING POST," TO WHOSE EFFORTS ARE LARGELY DUE THE ALLDS DISCLOSURES. MR. VILLARD IS A GRANDSON OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

country have chiefly affected the high executive positions; it seems easier to elect the right kind of a President than the right kind of a Congress — simpler to put in office a high-minded Governor than a high-minded Legislature. Governor Hughes now struck a blow at the old system in its hitherto impregnable seat — the law-making bodies. To take the Legislature out of the hands of the gang that had controlled it for so many years was more difficult even than to take the State departments away from them. Governor Hughes early set himself to this task, however, and in doing this precipitated one of the most prolonged and violent political struggles in the history of the State.

DEACON HIRAM G. MOE, WHO HANDED THE $1,000 BRIBE MONEY TO ALLDS

William Barnes of Albany

Platt, as already said, was gone, and, although no single individual had been able to grasp his power, the fag ends of the old Platt machine still existed. The great feudatory suzerain had passed on, but in every county the feudatory chieftain still corralled his forces, still sent his dependents to the Legislature, still prayed for the time when Hughes should leave the field and the old familiar order be restored. The most powerful of all these little Platts, and the one about whom the forces of reaction now gathered, was William Barnes of Albany. Barnes furnishes an interesting study in heredity and social environment. By all outward signs he should have been a man of light and leading in his community. He comes of the most approved New England stock; the first William Barnes was one of the original settlers of Hartford, Connecticut, in 1635. Barnes' father was William Barnes, the first Insurance Commissioner of New York; his grandfather was Thurlow Weed, one of the founders of the Republican party in New York State. Weed was clearly a two-sided figure: together with an unexampled and not over-scrupulous ability at political manipulation, he had real capacity for unselfish public service. A student of heredity might reasonably conclude that William Barnes had inherited much of his grandfather's political acumen without the latter's real patriotism and gift for public usefulness. History furnishes a similar case in Aaron Burr, who inherited in large measure the intellectual keenness of his philosophic grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, without taking over his moral enthusiasms. Barnes was trained in a quiet, well-bred home; as a child, he was a favorite of his distinguished grandfather, who remembered him hand-



TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF, CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE, AND WILLIAM BARNES, AT A POLITICAL CONVENTION

somely in his will. He was a studious boy, with a fondness for reading and writing; at the Albany Academy, where he prepared for Harvard, he ranked second in his class. In Harvard, likewise, he made a highly creditable record. He was graduated *magna cum laude* in 1888, nineteenth in a class of nearly three hundred, taking honors in his favorite subjects, history, political science, and metaphysics.

All this makes rather strange reading now, for the familiar sight of William Barnes in the café of the Ten Eyck Hotel, surrounded by a hilarious and bibulous company, suggests little of the sanctity and modest culture usually associated with the name of John Harvard. The man's personality and political methods would rather imply an origin from the ranks of Tammany Hall. He is a big, brazen, loud-talking man — red-faced, red-necked, well dressed, and with precisely that bullyish energy, that capacity to rule through fear, that daredevil wilfulness and determination never to compromise with his opponents, which explain the rise of so many Tammany chieftains. The old-time Tammany leader, as a young man, forged ahead in politics by virtue of his ability with his fists; and, though Barnes probably has no exceptional pugilistic talents, it is by political hard fighting, hard hitting, and giving no quarter, that he has made his way. Even among his immediate followers few love Barnes, though everybody fears him. He is unquestionably a man of great physical and mental force; he is constantly moving, and even when engaged in private conversation he stalks up and down the room, talking rapidly, incisively, in a quick, staccato voice that some times approaches a snarl, emphasizing his remarks by wildly waving a cigarette. Barnes, indeed, is an irrepressible talker, and at his famous political dinners, surrounded by his cheering followers, he is possessed of a certain rough eloquence. On these occasions, as on all others, he discusses political matters with an engaging frankness and makes no attempts to conceal the secrets of his political success.

Barnes a Materialist in Politics

And in politics Barnes is an out-and-out materialist. He judges all party workers by their ability to "show results"; and by results he means the votes that they can deliver on election day. By this same test Barnes himself has by no means been a failure. When he took charge at Albany in 1890, the town was a hopelessly Democratic stronghold, and until 1899 it had never had a Republican mayor. In that year, however, Barnes elected a Republican administration and has kept the city Republican ever since. He has accomplished this by thorough organization and the plentiful use of money. Before all elections he assesses the local office-holders; and, according to its political enemies, the Republican organization acquires the sinews from even more doubtful sources. Whatever the truth of these charges,— and they have never been proved,— Albany has a well-deserved reputation of being a wide-open town. Barnes' theory of administration is to give the people "what they want." His organization makes no effort to enforce the laws against gambling, Sunday liquor selling, or houses of prostitution. As a political philosopher Barnes believes in the European system of "segregation"; and it is this, he thinks, that makes his control so impregnable.

"Honorarium Barnes"

Thus, Barnes and Hughes stand at opposite poles, temperamentally and in their political ideas. In addition, Barnes has personal reasons for disliking Hughes. Early in the insurance inquiry Hughes produced a letter from William Barnes to the Mutual Life Insurance Company chiding the president because the latter had been backward in forwarding the "usual honorarium" of $666 to Barnes' father. This incident fastened upon the Albany leader a nickname especially popular with his enemies: that of "Honorarium Barnes." The differences between Barnes and Hughes, however, are more deep-seated than this. Hughes unquestionably has proved a serious check to Barnes' ambitions. Were a successor to Platt possible under present conditions, Barnes would unquestionably be that successor, as he is the strongest and ablest leader in the State. A complacent Governor might have helped Barnes to realize this ambition. Barnes managed the first Hughes campaign, worked hard for his election, and, according to prevailing standards, clearly had claims upon the Governor. Before Hughes went to Albany, Barnes had a long talk with him, calling upon him to be a strict party man and freely giving advice upon legislation. He was especially afraid that the Governor would attempt to reform the ballot and also to make warfare upon race-track gambling. But Hughes had his own ideas on these subjects, and he did not hesitate to put them into practice, even though he had to hit Barnes himself. In making appointments he considered not the interests of political coteries, but the welfare of the State,— an attitude that pleased Barnes as little as it did the other Republican leaders. And at a dinner given by the Albany County organization both Barnes and the Gov-

ernor explained at length their ideas on political partizanship. Though Hughes was entirely impersonal, Barnes took his emphatic repudiation of the old system and his appeal for the new ideas as an insult directed at himself. "The man," declared Barnes, "denounces everything for which my whole political career stands; by inference he calls us all a lot of crooks."

Hughes Disregards Barnes' Advice on Race-track Gambling

The Barnes and Hughes conceptions of party government were soon presented in concrete form. Early in his term the Governor proceeded to disregard the advice several times offered by Barnes on the subject of race-track gambling. This had grown to be an enormous evil in New York State, as it had elsewhere. Public sentiment, which had been gathering against it for many years, now found its spokesman in Governor Hughes. According to Barnes' ideas, race-track gambling was legitimate; his favorite political principle was to give the people "what they want." The people of New York State, thought Barnes, wanted race-track betting, precisely as certain classes in Albany wanted houses of prostitution, and real statesmanship consisted in letting them have it. But public sentiment ran so high on this subject that even the Senator from Barnes' own stronghold publicly announced his intention of voting for the bill. And then the State had an illustration of the workings of the Barnes system. Barnes sent for this same Senator and brutally ordered him to go to the Senate and vote for the bill. This interference temporarily defeated the proposed reform. In Albany the public-spirited citizens held a meeting with Governor Hughes as the leading speaker to protest against Barnes' dictation. The Governor called a special session of the Legislature, himself took the stump, and, after an excessively bitter campaign, succeeded in passing his bill. His anti-race-track measure has exercised a powerful influence, not only in New York State, but elsewhere, against one of the greatest swindles of modern times. Louisiana, Texas, Georgia, and California have all enacted similar laws.

Barnes' Closest Associate — Wadsworth

In the struggle of the last two years Barnes has found James W. Wadsworth, the young Speaker of the Assembly, his most capable and influential lieutenant. In many ways Wadsworth is the most interesting political figure in the State. Political observers should not overlook the part played in this anti-Hughes campaign by men representing the higher social classes — college men of Anglo-Saxon lineage. Even Allds was a college man — the proud wearer of a Phi Beta Kappa key. Harvard, as already noted, can lay claim to Barnes; and its great sister university, Yale, enrolls Wadsworth among its graduates. The Wadsworth clan in western New York State is about the nearest thing we have in this country to the great county families of England; Wadsworth and his social environment seem almost to have stepped out of the pages of Anthony Trollope. In the latter part of the eighteenth century the first James Wadsworth moved from Connecticut to Livingston County in New York State and purchased thirty-five thousand acres from the Indians. Backed by these enormous landed interests, the Wadsworths for more than a century have dominated the county socially, politically, and financially.

"Young Jim" entered Yale in the class of 1898, and there he proved himself worthy of his training and ancestry. His personal charm, his lack of snobbishness, his hard work for the glory of his college, easily made him the most popular man in his class. His chief undergraduate enthusiasm was athletics; his great ambition — an ambition which was realized — was to obtain a place on the baseball team. At the end of his course, Wadsworth enlisted in the Spanish war, and saw service in Porto Rico and later in the Philippines. Returning home, he married the daughter of John Hay, ex-Secretary of State, and settled down to a delightful domestic life. Wadsworth was bred to no business or profession; he was simply a gentleman farmer, absorbed in his acres, his cattle, his tenantry — the typical "young squire" of early Victorian England.

Wadsworth Cleans Out the Speakership

And, as under the old English régime the favored son automatically went to Parliament, so young Wadsworth necessarily found his way to the Legislature. His grandfather had been the Republican candidate for Governor in 1862 against Horatio Seymour; his father had been a congressman for many years; and Livingston County, in the Assembly at Albany, was practically a pocket borough in the gift of the Wadsworth family. In due course, at the beginning of the session of 1904, Wadsworth took his seat. His coming was like a breath of fresh air in a stiflingly corrupt atmosphere. He was only twenty-seven years old, a tall, slender, muscular figure — showing in every fiber traces of the outdoor sports that formed his main diversions. His frank, ruddy face, his mild, direct brown eyes, his unassuming manners — these reflected

the cleanness of his private life and the inborn honesty of his character. And the conditions that had prevailed for many years gave Wadsworth his opportunity. In 1905 Speaker Nixon died, and his death gave Governor Higgins and President Roosevelt an excuse for interfering to reform conditions. These public-spirited leaders hit upon Wadsworth as the most available house-cleaner, and, at their dictation, he was elected Speaker. Wadsworth's early acts justified their confidence. He deprived the grafters of the old régime of their power, and the Speakership became clean, probably for the first time in a generation. Wadsworth also showed positive talents as a parliamentarian; before the close of his first term, his tact and his ability had given him practical control of the house. "The kid has made good," was the judgment of the machine members of his own party who had grudgingly acquiesced in his elevation.

"Young Jim" Turns Against Hughes

And so "young Jim," when Governor Hughes came to Albany, had his whole life before him. No young man ever had a greater opportunity for real public service along the most enlightened lines. Everything about the man would have made him a powerful factor for political decency. As he stood upon the Speaker's rostrum, before his hundred and fifty associates, few of whom had had his opportunities or possessed his abilities, his very presence was an example. Anything a clean young man like this stood for must necessarily be right; "Young Jim" was straight; and his advocacy of any particular measure was in itself the most powerful argument in its favor.

The psychologist of politics must explain why, with every possible incentive to assume positive leadership in favor of the Hughes ideals, Wadsworth should now have turned his back upon them. It was about three years ago that his admirers first noticed a change in his behavior. He began to refer on the public platform to his "instinctive horror of reformers," and to select for his political associates the political enemies of Governor Hughes. From a mild neutrality he passed into active hostility. By degrees he seemed to have come under the influence of William Barnes, until, as the philosophers at Albany put it, "Wadsworth is playing Faust to Barnes' Mephistopheles." Probably ambition had something to do with Wadsworth's destruction; he made the same mistake that so many well-bred young men have made of thinking that the way to get ahead in political life is to fraternize with the gang. It is significant that, at the Saratoga convention of 1908, Wadsworth was Barnes' candidate for Governor against Hughes. Perhaps, also, under Wadsworth's veneer of democratic amiability there may have been the solid substance of Bourbonism — an unconscious sense of class privilege, of the inherent right of capital and corporate interests to control. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that Wadsworth has deliberately thrown his fortunes with the *disjecta membra* of the old Platt régime. In the last session he exerted all his influence to protect them and to humiliate Hughes. Thus, as a result of the Allds disclosures, the most enlightened members of the Legislature advocated a resolution calling for a thorough investigation of legislative corruption. It was a sorry sight to see Wadsworth leave the Speaker's chair and argue against this resolution on the floor; but it graphically portrayed the extent to which he had run the political rake's progress at Albany.

There are other members of the anti-Hughes gang — Woodruff, the State Chairman; Merritt, the Republican leader in the Assembly; but Barnes and Wadsworth are the most conspicuously active. In this clique Hughes has found his chief opponents to the reform nearest his heart — the destruction of the old party machinery and the restoration of the political parties in New York State to the great democracies that made up their rank and file.

Hughes Seeks to Restore a Party Democracy

In order to accomplish this revolution, Governor Hughes proposed to change, at one stroke, the entire system of party organization. His most solid political conviction had been his faith in the people — in the every-day citizen; his greatest victories had been won, not by log-rolling, but by plain, direct appeals to public opinion. He had found his great supporters, not among the political leaders, the money kings, the high social classes, but among the professional men, the farmers, the clerks, the workers in shops and factories, the great, calm, industrious body of American citizenship. He believed that political parties had failed in this country largely because they did not express the will of these people. Thus, in the question that underlay all others, the selection of party candidates, the party voters for fifty years had had practically no voice. An antique system of party conventions had been handed down — a system which had taken the nominating power from the people and given it to a few so-called bosses. This party convention is a heritage from the era of Jacksonian partizanship and came into existence in this country at about the same time as the spoils system. Under it "dele-

gates," nominally representing the party voters, are sent to conventions — city, town, county, State, and national. No one, of course, asserts that these delegates actually represent the party voters. The average party voter has no particular interest in their selection. The idea of voting for delegates to certain conventions which will select other delegates to other conventions which will select the party candidates — all this is too involved and remote and theoretical to arouse much interest in the rank and file. Likewise no one pretends that the conventions so chosen ever seriously deliberate — that they do anything but slavishly carry out the ideas of those "higher up."

Hughes Would Abolish Party Conventions

With these convictions, Governor Hughes elaborated his own plan of direct nominations. His program was simplicity itself. He would absolutely abolish the antiquated convention system, and eliminate from the party organization the miscalled "delegate." But he would not eliminate the organization itself. He would still have his party committees — election district, city, town, county, and State. Far from diminishing their power, he would enormously increase it. Now the party committee, or the two or three men who control, nominate their candidates through the delegates in the convention. They thus have all the power without being directly accountable. Hughes now proposed that these party committees should openly name the party candidates — not through delegates, but directly. After they had chosen their men, the Hughes program provided that they should submit their names for approval to the party primaries. If the party voters indorsed these committee selections they would become the legal candidates of the party. If, on the other hand, the committees should make unfit selections, then the party voters would have their remedy; they could put up a ticket, or several tickets, of their own. All of these names, those selected by the organization committee and those selected by the disaffected elements, were then to be submitted to a plebiscite composed of all the enrolled voters in the party, which was to make the final choice.

Barnes and Wadsworth Oppose the Bills

In spite of the fact that the proposed plan riveted upon the State strict party government and strict party organization, the old-time party leaders did not like it. Barnes, Wadsworth, Woodruff, and the rest ridiculed the thing as "legalized bossism"— and at the same time bitterly opposed it. Their opposition is easily understood. The Governor's proposal was simply an invitation to them to stand up and be counted; to submit their leadership to the vote of the very people whom they pretended to represent. They declined to accept this challenge. No, no; they did not believe that the people should be trusted with such supreme power. The people select candidates? Or even approve them? Governor Hughes was striking a death blow at representative government — at our most cherished American institution. Make the party organization a great democracy, in which every voter had his say?— substitute "mob rule" for the dicta of Barnes, Woodruff, Wadsworth, and their kind? The old gang even sent a committee, at public expense, to study all the mistakes made in primary legislation in other States, to offer as arguments against the Hughes program. Inasmuch as no other community had yet tried the system now suggested by Hughes, these efforts were thrown away.

For three successive years the Albany combination defeated this legislation. Public sentiment, however, gradually developed in its favor, and, in many sections, the party voters expressed their views unmistakably. In some cases men who had opposed the plan failed of reëlection; and others were sent to the Legislature explicitly pledged to work for it. A few men of high character and ability now began to come to Albany. Probably the ablest of these was Senator Josiah T. Newcomb of New York — that same Newcomb who had played so important a part in the Allds transaction. A university man, a journalist of high attainments, a lawyer who had succeeded in making his own way without the assistance of influential friends, a man experienced in practical politics, a tenacious and forceful debater, and a legislator thoroughly informed on public questions, Senator Newcomb had not spent many days in the Senate before his associates saw that a new man had arrived. Then there was Senator Davenport, professor of political science at Hamilton College — a keen and practical thinker, a powerful debater, a scholar who believed that idealism in politics was not necessarily incompatible with representative party organization. These men, with a few others, — Hinman, Rose, Agnew, — formed a small but powerful group of senators who, at the last session, compactly allied themselves in the great Hughes battle for direct nominations.

Hughes and the Supreme Court Bench

Under this leadership public sentiment was making marked headway, when something unexpected happened. In early April, President

Taft visited Governor Hughes at Albany. President Taft has several times declared that Mr. Hughes was the "greatest asset of the Republican party," and, at this meeting in Albany, he made a personal request that Mr. Hughes stand for the governorship again this fall. But the Governor had already definitely decided to retire. He had never had much personal ambition for public office; he had now had four years of terrible, nerve-racking work, which had been a severe strain upon him both physically and financially. Governor Hughes' experience at Albany furnishes a striking illustration of the parsimony with which our great American commonwealth treats their public men. The Empire State pays its Governor a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, and upon this he is expected to carry on an expensive establishment and maintain the full dignity of his position. As a practical matter, only a rich man can afford to fill the office with any comfort to himself. Mr. Hughes is by no means a rich man, and it is no secret that, in the last four years, he has dedicated a considerable share of his personal savings to the service of the State. Besides, the Governor believed that he had done his work and that others could more successfully continue it. Events, however, soon made it possible for President Taft to retain Governor Hughes in the public service under circumstances and in a position ideally adapted to his talents and temperament. On the death of Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, the President's first choice as his successor was Governor Hughes.

Governor Hughes' acceptance of this office at first disheartened his friends. They felt that they had lost a leader; that Mr. Hughes had built up a powerful opposition to the worst forces in his own party, and had abandoned the fight just as victory seemed practically certain. By going upon the Supreme Court bench a public man as effectively removes himself from the political fray as by going into a cloister. Mr. Hughes is the most powerful campaigner that the State has known in decades; and, even though he should not stand for the governorship himself, his activities on the stump might easily have turned the election. Certainly no conscientious man ever faced a nicer problem in the ethics of personal conduct; and the general opinion now is that Governor Hughes has done the right and honest thing. In his view, a position on the Supreme Court bench gives him the greatest opportunity for public service. There all the problems that at present vex the public mind — the trusts, the corporations, the railroads, capital and labor — must find their final solution. If, after rejecting such an exalted position, the Governor had returned to private practice as a lawyer, he would have been a marked man. There could have been only two interpretations of his conduct: that he was a receptive candidate for the presidency, or that he was attempting to coin his reputation as a public man into gold. Now, the Governor desired to play his part in the world, with the talents Heaven had given him; to make the most of his life for the best interests of his countrymen, his family, and himself. With his conviction that this is a government of laws, not of men, he believed that his greatest opportunity consisted in doing his duty as one of the nine men who, under the American system, ultimately rule the nation by passing on these same laws.

The Gang Takes Heart

Whatever the public may have thought, the Governor's action was immensely popular in certain quarters. The Albany gang made no attempt to conceal its delight. With Hughes now safely out of the way, they proceeded to ride roughshod over his proposed reform. The situation which rapidly developed has the utmost interest for students of the old American system in politics. The record shows that a Republican Legislature, in the special session called to consider the Direct Nominations Bill, repudiated that measure. On the basis of this fact, we would seem justified in concluding that the Republican organization did not indorse this particular legislation. Is that the actual fact? Not at all; the situation was quite the reverse: the overwhelming majority in the party emphatically demanded the passage of this very bill. According to their own standards, politicians like Barnes and Wadsworth are bound to heed the expressed wishes of the majority, and to pay due reference to the opinions of the great party leaders. What, then, was the precise position of the Republican party on this measure? In the first place, there was the great Republican ex-President, Mr. Roosevelt — himself a New Yorker, an ex-Governor of the State — in its favor. On the same side was the Republican President of the United States, Mr. Taft, who is a strict organization man. Again, there was the Republican United States Senator from New York, Elihu Root, an ex-Secretary of State, an ex-Secretary of War, publicly advising the passage of the bill. The fourth great Republican leader, Mr. Hughes, the Republican Governor, was its active sponsor. Again, a majority in the Republican organization, as an organization, was lined up on the Governor's side. The Republican county com-

mittees representing the largest counties in the State, the one containing the city of New York and the other the city of Buffalo, had militantly taken the field for direct nominations. And in the Legislature itself an overwhelming majority of Republicans desired the passage of the bill. In the Assembly fifty Republicans voted for it, and forty against; in the Senate, twenty-five Republican members voted for it, and only seven Republicans were opposed.

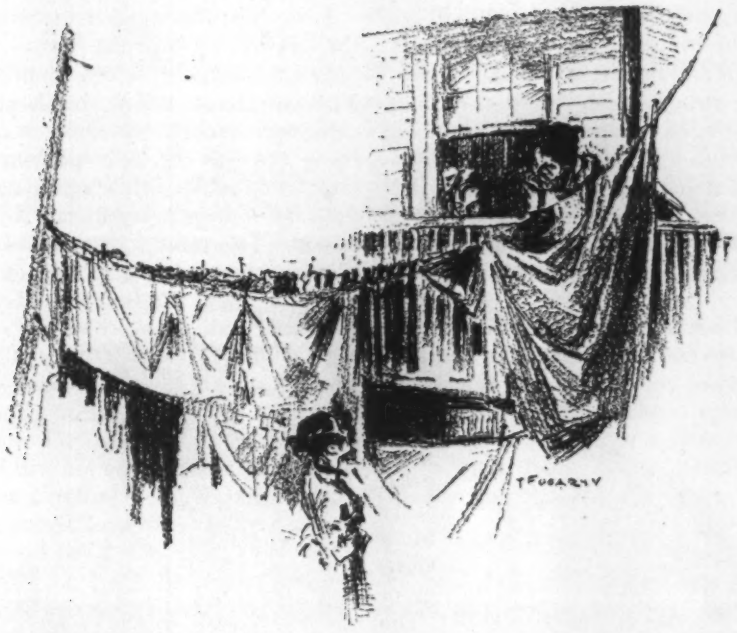
Republican Minority and Tammany Hall Defeat the Bill

According to the most strictly interpreted party principles, therefore, the measure was a Republican party measure. And yet, Barnes and Wadsworth and the others succeeded in nullifying this overwhelming party sentiment. And let those who believe these people represent the party observe how they defeated the party will. There was another political organization represented in the Legislature — another political gang — which did not favor the passage of this measure. That was Tammany Hall. The explanation of Tammany's opposition was the same as that of the Republican crowd — that it threatened the political supremacy of the individuals who were temporarily in control. By combining the Barnes and Wadsworth minority in the Assembly and Senate with the compact Tammany vote against it, the measure could be voted down. Self-preservation is the first law of the gang; and Platt had already showed, in many instances, how to defeat the best element in his own party and preserve his own skin by making alliances with the other side. In April of this year, in the direct nominations fight, the Republican crowd at Albany proved how well they had taken this lesson to heart. On the day in question, a Barnes-Wadsworth primary bill, a measure concocted for the purpose of defeating the Hughes program, was up for passage in the Senate. At a critical moment Barnes came puffing into the Capitol, took up his headquarters in the clerks' room, and began sending for senators. In the room immediately adjoining sat Senator Tom Grady, the Tammany leader, likewise assembling his cohorts. A few minutes later Grady appeared on the floor as active leader of the combined forces, Democratic and Republican, in favor of the anti-Hughes measure.

And this was precisely the alignment which now defeated the Direct Nominations Bill. A small Republican minority, a solid Tammany representation, all under the leadership of Grady — such was the combination which nullified the expressed wishes of Roosevelt, Taft, Root, Hughes, the Republican county committees of New York and Erie, and an overwhelming majority of the Republican members of the Legislature.

And by this act the party bosses at Albany have completed the political cycle. Essentially they have brought the organization back to the things for which it stood in Platt's days. They have taken away from the assemblymen and senators their powers over legislation and assumed it themselves. They have made active once more the good old Platt idea that, when faced with defeat in your own ranks, the way to save yourself is to make deals with the other side. So long as they remain in power and the present organization of the legislative chambers exists, the members will not represent the people who elected them, but will simply be deliverable votes in the hands of Barnes, Wadsworth, Woodruff, and the other small bosses scattered through the State. From this the seizure of power by one strong man is the next logical step. And then it will be only a question of time when this one man will represent, not the people or the party, but merely the financial interests which are determined to dominate the government in both its legislative and administrative branches. Unless political leaders of the Barnes and Wadsworth type are destroyed and the party voters gain the accendancy, the results of the Hughes administration will be lost.

But the Governor's defeat was only on the surface. In reality he had scored a victory perhaps even greater than the passage of the bill would have been. With his retirement he has given the State and the country a clearly outlined picture of what the old party system means. He has shown that the most solidly vested interest in the State is the boss system, or the gang system. In six years he has assailed vested interests in many directions, and always successfully. He has driven corruptionists out of insurance companies and brought about an era of honest management. He has forced under the law the railroads and the public-utility corporations. He has grappled with the gamblers and subdued them. The only enemies he has not put down are the petty bosses in his own party. The conqueror of the giants has gone down before the Lilliputians. Even with Theodore Roosevelt, fresh from his unexampled triumphs in Europe, fighting valiantly at his side, the Governor has not succeeded in giving expression to the people's will. But never has any one defined so clearly the real issues, drawn so unmistakably the lines of battle, shown so emphatically what the people must overcome in order to gain their freedom. Nearly a milllion and a half voters in New York State now understand the situation, and they are yet to be heard from.



THE HERO

BY

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

WHAT with the purchase, "be aisy paymints," of a cyclopedia in twenty-seven volumes, to have a "gran' iducation" in readiness for the New One when he came, and what with his staying so briefly, and the fine "fun'ral that was lint him," and the extent to which Henry Street went into mourning for this same Patsy Casey, the Casey family filled a considerable place in the gossip of the street for some time, and it was while they were still much discussed and envied that another Irish family moved in upstairs.

Their name was Riordan, and they were a numerous clan. Riordan was a piano-mover, and his prowess was the pride of his children; he had dreams of becoming a policeman some day, and the Riordans held themselves rather mightily, in consequence. Mrs. Riordan also was endowed with energy, but hers was chiefly linguistic.

It was the tactlessness of Mrs. Shugar, the Jewish landlady, that started things wrong for the Caseys and the Riordans. "It is Irish peebles in below of you," she told Mrs. Riordan; and went on to acquaint her with the very interesting details of Patsy's coming and going.

Mrs. Riordan sniffed — and the sniff was a declaration of war. "Theer's mos'ly low Irish livin' aroun' here," she said loftily, "an me an' my fam'ly don' take up wid 'em at all."

Nevertheless she plied Mrs. Shugar with a number of questions about the Caseys' past

and present; and further pursued the same line of investigation with the Rubovitzes, mother and children, with the Spiridovitches, and with all the others of her new neighbors, above and below and beside, who could "understan' annythin' but gibberish," as Mrs. Riordan put it. Accordingly, when the first shot was fired, it came from a full arsenal on Mrs. Riordan's side, and it fell into an unprepared but not — as will be seen — a defenseless camp when it landed on Mary Casey hanging a few dingy-colored clothes to dry in the low, oozy back yard.

What landed was a tin hand-basinful of dirty water wherein several small Riordans had successively performed compulsory ablutions — to the no great improvement of the last in line. The water fell with a *splud* not a foot from where Mary Casey stood; and part of it splashed mud upon her low-hanging sheets, and part sprayed her.

She looked up resentfully, but her tone was quiet, as it always was, when she spoke. "That's no way t' be doin'," she said, "t'rowin' slops on a body's clane clo'es."

Mrs. Riordan was ready. "Clane?" she sneered. "*Clane?* Sure, I t'ought a little water'd do thim good."

This was a crucial moment, for by the nature of Mrs. Casey's reply Mrs. Riordan could judge whether or not she had a foeman worthy of her steel.

"It might 'ave," returned Mary imperturbably, pointing to the mud bespattering her sheets, "if ye hadn't washed yer face in it first."

Mrs. Riordan snorted with mingled rage and excitement; it was going to be a fine fight!

The hostilities thus opened continued briskly. Hardly an hour passed without some sharp skirmishing, and never a day went by without an engagement of sufficient magnitude to be called a battle. As neither participant-in-chief ever entered the other's flat, and both of them used infrequently the inside hall of pitchy blackness and stairs of corkscrew turnings which were "the back way" to the dwellers in front rooms and the "front way" to dwellers in the rear, most of the action took place in the yard — to the no small satisfaction of those neighbors who lived in rear rooms.

The offensive attitude was Mrs. Riordan's exclusively; Mary preferred the retort to the opening fire. "Anny wan kin begin a fight," she said to those partizans of hers who were continually suggesting to her a strategy of attack, "but it take rale brains t' finish wan." And it was observable to everybody, even to Mrs. Riordan, that Mary usually did the finishing. Even Pa Casey's admiration was compelled by his wife's efficiency.

Every time he came in he would inquire for the latest news from the seat of war. He was one of the chief of those who presumed to offer Mary advice as to how she should conduct her campaign, though his advice was never taken. None the less, he believed himself to be the inspiration of his wife's wittiest retorts, and as such he bragged loudly at O'Shaughanessy's saloon. This came to the ears of Mrs. Riordan, — whose better half also frequented O'Shaughanessy's,— and she taunted Mary with it.

"Sure," said Mary cheerfully, "Casey do be a great hilp t' me. He fin' out from Riordan, when Riordan's drunk, what ye're practisin' up to say to me; an' whin I come out here t' min' me bit o' business, yer spielin's that old t' me I don't bother me hid wid listenin' til it."

This untruth cost Riordan a warlike evening, and he vented his injured feelings on Pa Casey, to the enlivening of a jaded hour in O'Shaughanessy's saloon.

Much incensed, Pa carried the fight back to Mary, on whose head he intended the brunt of the blow should fall, like a properly returned boomerang.

"This here rag-chewin' wid the Riordan woman's got to stop," he declared, bringing his stone-cutter's fist down on the table with an emphasis that made the dishes dance.

Mary eyed him scornfully; the pride of the victor was in her veins, and the novel sensation was doing her a world of good.

"Got t' stop, have it?" she echoed. "Well, I'll tell ye how t' stop it! You git a job, an' stay in it. When ye're workin' stiddy, we can move out of this onhilthy cillar an' go t' some place where the neighbors'll have t' rayspict us. What's the r'ason a woman like th' Riordan woman dare t' come barkin' aroun' me — that kin silence 'er iv'ry time, an' she know it! On'y because you ain't got no job, an' she know it! On'y because yer b'y Mikey's in the reform school, wheer your drivin' of him an' continual restin' of yersilf have sint him — an' she know it! An' that ixpinsive iducation yer after buyin' fer poor little Patsy, that didn't nade it, 's goin' t' git took off of us if I can't skimp enough out o' the childern's stomachs to make a paymint on't nixt wake — an' she know it! 'Tain't me that pervide her wid subjicks o' conversation; 'tis yersilf! An' 'tis yersilf that kin stop 'er, if ye want 'er stopped!"

There was always a fine uncertainty as to how Pa would receive a thrust like this: whether with return thrust, lunging viciously; or with parry, discoursing pathetically on the times and how out of joint they were; or with

a display of nimble dodging which caused one's ireful stroke to pierce only thin air instead of Pa's slothful and complacent mind.

This time he dodged. "Beats all," he philosophized, "how women will pry an' gossip! A man have no peace wid 'em at all; they're always wantin' t' till 'im what the woman upstairs had on whin she wint t' the store, er how wasteful she pales her pitaties. 'Tis no kind av talk at all — an' if a man want to hear better, he've got t' go wheer there's no woman's tongue a-waggin'!" And, with an aggrieved manner, Pa put on his hat and went up to O'Shaughanessy's.

"'YER PA HAVE GRAN' ARGYMINTS,' MARY FLUNG AFTER HIM AS HE WENT"

"Yer Pa have gran' argymints," Mary flung after him as he went — nominally addressing the children, but actually having the last word with Pa. "Sure, 'tis one o' these here lawyers he ought t' have been — er anny job wheer gab'll git ye bread an' butter, an' ye've no nade t' work at all."

But Pa was gone — as is the immemorial way with men — and the situation in the Casey household remained just about what the situation had been since the Casey household began to be.

"That's all ye'll iver git out o' Pa!" observed Johnny bitterly. "Whin ye tell 'im yer hungry, he put on his hat an' go t' O'Shaughanessy's an' spind his las' quarter gittin' drunk."

Mary looked at her son. The harsh contempt in his voice, the sharp disgust in his boyish, almost childish face, with its dimples that were made for smiles, hurt her intolerably.

"Johnny," she said, "our Mikey ain't goin' t' git out o' wheer he is fer quite a long time; an' Ang'la Ann ain't likely t' git no sudden raise o' pay. We can't go on livin' like this, on her four dollars a wake, an' theer's on'y two t'ings I kin think of that we kin do. Wan o' thim is that I can git some dish-washing t' do in some restyraunt on Twelfth Strate, like I used t' do, or go downtown nights t' scrub buildin's; and th' other is t' try an' git you l'ave t' work."

"I want t' work, all right," said Johnny, with a bluff, brave tone and a manly hitching of his trousers, which, we all know, is sure outward evidence that something conclusive has happened in the male mind.

His mother went to the dark closet off the "front" bedroom, and after some deep delving reappeared with half a dozen nondescript things which she ranged in review on the kitchen table. Close inspection would have revealed them to be the battered and weather-beaten remains of what had once been hats — all "hand-downs" from a variety of sources, and none of them at any time nicely related to Mary's looks or needs. One after another, she scrutinized them.

"What are thim for?" asked Johnny.

"That's what I can't tell ye," his mother replied. "They're the last o' the Mo*be*gans, I'm thinkin'; an' if I kin fin' wan o' thim that won't scare a man, I'm goin' t' take you t' the Mogul that have so much to say about who'll work an' who will not, an' see kin you git a job."

Mrs. Riordan saw them when they went out.

"Seem t' me," she observed, hanging over the porch rail in a leisurely way that belied her energetic preachment, "that some folks h'd better stay home an' do their week's wash — which they ain't touched yet — instead of gallivantin' out wid fithered bunnets on 'em."

Mary looked up at her and smiled, showing her sad lack of teeth. "Work is fer thim that has to," she said loftily; "as fer me, I'm livin' on th' in*trust* o' me money."

II

The factory inspector was one of those rare mortals, a reformer with a sense of humor. He listened with infinite appreciation to Mary's recital of the reasons why it was necessary for Johnny to have a job, and his face was a study in repression when she came to the tale of the cyclopedia.

"Your husband must be a most unusual sort of man," he remarked gravely.

"Humph!" said Mary. "I've seen plinty o' the same sort in my time; the woods is pritty full o' thim on Hinry Strate. 'Tis the commonest complaint we've got."

"I don't mean his laziness," the inspector hastened to explain; "I mean his love of learning."

Mary's look was scathing. "Ye mane his love o' showin' off, I guess. If there was on'y some way he could 'arn his livin' be showin' off, sure no man could bate him *to* it. 'Tis a pity you, that's so smart t' till childern they sha'n't work an' kape from starvin', couldn't have a daypartmint t' till min like Casey they sha'n't ate — ner drink — onliss they work."

"You could have him put in jail," suggested the inspector.

"Thank ye," said Mary; "I've wan in jail now, an' I don' find it no aid to me in*come*."

The inspector admitted the force of this argument. "Well," he said, "I can get him a job."

"He kin git hissilf a job, a' right," Mary interrupted. "What he nade is a law t' make him kape it!"

"There couldn't be a law like that," the inspector explained. "It would be an injustice to a lot of men who had good reason for wanting to quit their jobs. But I wouldn't be above a little deceit with Casey — I wouldn't mind trying to make him believe there was such a law."

"You couldn' do it!" said Mary promptly.

"Let me try," he begged, smiling. "Before we put Johnny, here, to work, when he ought to be in school learning and out of doors playing ball, and growing big and strong so he won't be like poor Mikey that you tell about, let me see if I can't do something with Pa."

Mary's easy hopefulness grasped at this offer. "If ye on'y could, now," she murmured gratefully. "Ye've no idare what a fine man Casey'd be if he could just git it into his hid that he wanted t' work."

"Well, I'll be around to see him this evening, about supper-time. And all you and Johnny have got to do is not to let on that you've ever seen me before."

"Sure, we'll do *that*," said Mary. "But ye ain't m'anin' him anny harm, are ye? I wouldn' do nothin' t' l'ave him be harmed. He do vex me at times, an' make t'ings hard fer the childern; but theer ain't nothin' bad about him. An' whin he want t' be, my lan'! he's that fine, he's like the Lord Mayor o' London."

The inspector assured her that he meant no possible harm to Pa. "But I think I can get him a job," he said, "and, if I do, perhaps I can make him believe he's got to keep it."

Accordingly, that evening, when the family was at supper, an important-looking gentleman called, asking for Patrick Casey. The Cairo and Chicago Railroad, he said, was building a new bridge over the Sandstone River at Monovia, Illinois. An additional stone-cutter was needed for work on the piers; and the company, having heard of the excellence of Mr. Casey's work, had sent to offer the job to him.

Pa glanced around the family circle to make sure they realized what was happening, and after due consideration and discussion of ways and means — and wages — accepted.

"Good!" said the caller, as if his mind were now at rest about the safety of the bridge. "I have the company's contract with me, Mr. Casey, all ready for your signature." And he produced a formidable-looking document, much ornamented with red and gilt seals; and a silver-scrolled fountain-pen.

"Contrac'?" said Pa, his eyes opening wide at the sight. "I ain't niver signed no contrac' before."

The inspector looked surprised. "Well, probably not," he admitted; "but I should think a man of your well known skill would always have insisted on it. What right has any corporation to approach you with a request to

work for it, to ask you to leave your family and go to Monovia, without giving you its legally attested guaranty that when you get there you will find the work as described to you? This contract provides that the company furnish you with free transportation to Monovia; that it pay you the union scale for stone-cutting during all the time you are in its employ; and it insures you employment every day for a period of not less than six months. It is not often, Mr. Casey, that a man of your known abilities will accept a position without a contract. In the professional and higher mercantile worlds, no one would dream of so doing; why, then, should the skilled laborer be asked to do less?"

"That's what I've niver been able t' see!" said Pa indignantly, as he reached for the pen to sign his name.

He had the air of a statesman to whom has come at last the moment when what he has long contended for needs only his signature to become a law. It was a breathless moment in the Casey family history, and no one enjoyed it as much as Pa — not even Mary.

"I'll be around in the morning, Mr. Casey," the inspector said, "and take you down to the depot and introduce you to the company's agent."

When he was gone, the Caseys sat for a few seconds in a silence no one of them dared to break. Then Pa, looking scornfully at the meager supper-table, said:

"Johnny, go up to Schmidinger's an' git two lemon cream pies, on me word."

After supper, Pa got together his tools, left explicit orders about having his "things washed up," and went to O'Shaughanessy's, wearing, as he went, such an insufferably swaggering air that it was a foregone conclusion he would not be in the genial atmosphere of O'Shaughanessy's longer than five minutes before some one essayed to take the swagger out of him.

Some one did — they *all* did. They scoffed at his "contrac'"; they suggested that the inspector was a "fly cop" and it was a warrant for his own arrest that Pa had signed; they hinted that, failing the warrant, it was "*some* kind o' bunc';" they intimated that if any one present had a gold brick, Pa would be a likely purchaser; they asked him if he had ever seen the explosion on the lake front, and if he'd heard the Masonic Temple was for sale.

At first Pa tried to joke with them, to twit them with jealousy, and the like; but in a little while he grew as angry as they desired, and drank as much as O'Shaughanessy considered his credit was "good for."

Then he went home, where the children were all asleep and Mary was still bending over the wash-tub, and gave Mrs. Riordan (through the ceiling, which was also her kitchen floor) a detailed recital of his wrongs.

In the morning, when the inspector came, Pa refused to go. The inspector appealed to Mr. Casey. Would he go back on his word? Would he leave the railroad in the lurch? Had he no sense of the responsibility of that bridge, over which so many persons would be carried that the safety of its stone piers was of the very gravest importance to thousands of human lives? Pa considered none of these things. Then the inspector was sorry, but firm. Mr. Casey had signed a contract; the law would expect him to fulfill it. And the inspector opened his coat and displayed an authoritative star.

Pa went. Mrs. Riordan was hanging over the porch rail and saw them go.

"Is yer man pinched, *too?*" she asked Mary.

"Why, no!" said Mary. "Is *yours?* Whin was he took?"

III

The job at Monovia proved genuine enough, as Pa discovered on arriving there. The town was a miserable little "dump" which existed only because of the great mine of bituminous coal that was practically its sole industry and excuse for being. There were miners' cottages — some squalid, and some as neat and nearly attractive as the bleak and black surroundings would allow — and a proportion of saloons that astonished even Pa; these, with a couple of "general stores," comprised Monovia. The workmen on the C. and C. bridge, just beyond the tiny town, were quartered in a "construction train" of freight-cars. Skilled workmen, earning four dollars a day, did not relish this; it incensed them to be put on a level, apparently, with the "dagoes" who shoveled dirt; hence the ease with which the factory inspector got the job for Pa.

The contractor's foreman at the bridge had no particular sense of humor, but he had a great desire to get his stone piers in; so, when the "contrac'" was passed on to him, with explanations, he welcomed it as a possible way of keeping *one* stone-cutter with him.

Accordingly, when Pa "threw a bluff" and declared he was going to leave, the foreman produced that formidable-looking document with all its red and gold seals, and laid down to Pa the "law" about violating a contract. A fellow workman to whom Pa confided his dilemma was very skeptical, and advised Pa to consult a lawyer. But Pa had no sense of lawyers as persons who might get one out of trouble —

only as persons who were likely to ask too many questions and get one deeper *in*. And, besides, there was no lawyer at Monovia. So Pa stayed.

He wrote home sometimes, and every now and then he sent some money. There was nothing regular about his remittances, and they had but a meager ratio to his earnings; but they helped a good bit in Henry Street — especially now that they did not have him to feed, and it was summer and there was little coal to buy, and vacation, and Johnny was working and bringing in as much as Angela Ann.

Mrs. Riordan persisted, for a while, in her effort to make out that Pa was "pinched." But it became well known up at O'Shaughanessy's that Pa's "contrac'" was *bona fide*, since, in incontrovertible proof of the assertion, Pa sent O'Shaughanessy a money order for the amount of his "dues"; so Mrs. Riordan changed her point of attack.

Midget and Mollie Casey were among the fortunate children who managed to get themselves registered for an outing in one of the vacation camps. There was great preparation of washing and ironing, of hair-crimping, and of bathing in the wash-tub set on the kitchen floor. And, of course, the neighborhood was fully informed that Midget and Mollie were going to the country — no mention being made, however, of the charitable nature of the enterprise, and every effort put forth to make it appear that this journey was one of the innumerable luxuries incident to Pa's "gran' job."

Mrs. Riordan was bitterly envious, and bought each of her two girls a parasol and white stockings and white canvas low shoes. She was exhibiting these, from the porch, to a woman on a neighboring back porch, one day, when Mary came out to hang a few clothes on her line.

"My girls is gittin' that swell they'll be the death o' me," Mrs. Riordan shouted to the neighbor. "But I like t' see it in 'em; it's as girls *should* be — not runnin' wild an' barefoot, like little savages." She looked at Mary as she said this; Midget and Mollie went barefoot in summer, except on Sundays.

"How's yer girls enjoyin' theersilves, Mis' Casey?" the neighbor inquired — hopeful of drawing Mary into a war of words.

"Fine an' dandy, as they say," Mary answered, "an' thank ye fer askin'. 'Tis gran' fer the hilth wheer they are."

"An' that cillar o' yours must be awful onhilthy," ventured Mrs. Riordan patronizingly, from her vantage-ground of the first floor.

"I t'ink it have been raycintly," admitted Mary. "Dirty neighbors is the worst onhilthiness theer is."

The neighbors laughed delightedly, and Mrs. Riordan turned purple with rage.

"You!" she gasped,—"you t' talk! Not a pick on yer bones! 'Tis the consumption ye've got, I'll bet annythin'."

Mary smiled, though, truth to tell, this was no smiling matter with her and had given her many an anguished hour — not for her own sake, but because of what it would mean to the children.

"Well," she said cheerfully, "they do say, now, that the con is catchin'; but, be the lither lungs o' you, ye haven't tuk it off me yit."

That night — it was a Saturday in August — Johnny came home late after his half holiday, bringing with him the "Last and Sporting Edition" of an evening paper committed to the belief in large headlines. It was the baseball scores and the "Gossip of the Ringside" that made this dear to Johnny's heart. Also, it was an actual necessity; for if a fellow didn't know by what score the Sox "soaked" the Giants yesterday, or Pittsburg lost to the Cubs, he might as well abandon the business world, wherein not to know these things was to proclaim one's self a "dead one."

He sat poring over these "live" items while his mother warmed his supper and served it up to him. On the front sheet of that part of the paper for which Johnny, save in a bored emergency, had no use, particularly large headlines in black and in red stared at Mary as she laid down his plate.

"What do thim large letters say?" she inquired, pointing to them. Experience had taught her that they usually bespoke a sensation out of the ordinary.

With a "what's-the-use?" expression, Johnny laid down his vital statistics and cast an "easy-reading eye" on the headlines. "It say: 'Awful Mine Horror. Four Hundred Miners En — En ——'"

"In what?"

"In nothin'; I can't make it out. 'En ——'"

Mary looked at her son. "Johnny Casey, d'ye mane t' till me that you can't rade printin' the size o' *that* — an' you been to school these siven er eight years?"

"Aw," said Johnny, "I kin rade the letters, a' right, but I don' know what they mane: E-n-t-o-m-b-e-d.'"

"Well, no more do I. What do it say nixt?"

"'In a burnin' mine.' 'Four hundred miners somethin' in a burnin' mine.'"

"'Fer th' love o' God! Wheer?"

Johnny looked. "Why, at that place wheer Pa be!" he said; and went on to read out, rather laboriously, the first generally descriptive lines about the catastrophe.

"IT WAS A BREATHLESS MOMENT IN THE CASEY FAMILY HISTORY, AND NO ONE ENJOYED IT AS MUCH AS PA"

Mary's face blanched with horror as he read about the miners trapped in the cryptlike chambers and passageways of the blazing mine; of the frantic women and children gathered at the mine's mouth; and of the deadly gases that drove back daring rescuers.

"T'ink o' that, now," she said; "an' t'ank God yer Pa work wid th' blissid sky above 'im!"

Dewey came in from his play in the street, for a moment, and stood listening. Angela Ann, who was combing her hair in the "front" bedroom, preparatory to going out with a girl for a walk to Polk Park, stepped to the kitchen door and listened while she braided. Little Annie, conscious of something unusual, clutched at her mother's skirts.

Johnny, loving the intentness of his audience, read on: read how, in the face of almost certain death, a few rescuers had finally gone down into the mine; how, before going, they had written brief notes of farewell and left them to be delivered if the rescuers perished with them they sought to save.

At this point Mary cried out, inarticulately but in unmistakable anguish. Johnny stopped reading and looked at her inquiringly.

"If — if yer Pa was wan o' thim!" she said.

Johnny turned again to his paper. "Aw," he answered, in a manner meant to be reassuring, "*Pa* wouldn' go down in no burnin' mine!"

"Hold yer tongue ag'in' yer Pa!" his mother ordered him, grasping him by the shoulders and shaking him resentfully. "Theer's manny that ain' got the courage t' live as they ought that's got the courage t' die brave an' splindid. Look sharp, now, an' see if it don't till who those min were."

Johnny looked; but nowhere was the name Casey to be seen. In fact, few names of any kind appeared in the account, which was rushed on to the wires too soon after the breaking out of the fire to make any details possible.

But Mary was not consoled. "I've a feelin'," she insisted, "that he's wan o' thim. Iver since I know yer Pa I've ixpicted 'im t' do somethin' like it. Fer iv'ry girl do drame of a hero, an' iv'ry bride do t'ink she's gittin' wan. An' whin the years wint by, an' yer Pa didn' give no lifelike riprisintation of a hero, I niver los' faith in 'im altogether. 'He'll do it yit,' I'd always say t' mesilf. 'Some heroes makes theer chances, an' some has t' wait till theer chance come. He's ividintly wan o' thim that have t' wait. Don't you niver give 'im up for good,' I'd till mesilf, 'ontil you know he've had his chance an' haven't took it.'

"If he was workin' theer, close by that mine wheer thim poor min was shut in an' burnin' t' death, he's gone down t' bring thim up — you mark me words! God know the fear that's in me heart this minute! But God know, too, the worse than fear that would be theer if I had t' believe me Patsy'd had his chance an' hadn' took it!"

That was a night of vigil in the Casey home. The children slept, as children can; but Mary sat in her black kitchen the long, sultry night through, fearful, triumphant — thinking, thinking.

When her window-pane paled to gray, she opened the back door softly, and stole out to the corner to look for a paper. But it was too early for newsboys, or for those little shops on Blue Island Avenue that sold papers. So Mary went back and waited. If there was one thing life had taught her even more perfectly than many others, it was to wait. At five o'clock she went to the corner again. Still no papers. It was six when she tried a third time, and found a boy.

Back in her kitchen, she spread the paper out and looked at the pictures which were self-evidently about that part of it wherein her interest centered. Then, unable to wait longer, she woke Johnny, and brought him, rubbing his eyes sleepily, out to the kitchen to tell her "what it said."

Johnny doused his face with cold water at the sink, and that helped a little. But when he turned to the paper he was dismayed. "Theer's pages an' pages about it," he said.

"I'd like t' hear it all," his mother replied wistfully, "but can't ye fin' that place first wheer it till about thim riscuers?"

Johnny didn't know whether he could, but he'd try. He bent over the outspread sheets and scanned the columns anxiously. Mary's patient intensity was pitiful to see.

Finally, "Here it is," he said. Mary's heart seemed to stop beating. "'No word of the brave rescuers who went down into the burning mine has come to the surface since they made their daring descent, and it is feared all have perished.'"

Mary moaned.

"'As nearly all the able-bodied men in town were in the mine at the time of the accident, the rescuers were recruited mainly from the workmen engaged in building the new C. and C. bridge over the Sandstone River at Monovia.'"

"What'd I till ye?" she cried.

"'Among these,'" read Johnny, and spelled out several names; then, with a queer little cry that was half pride and half despair, he pointed with his forefinger to the place, as if thus to verify what he read:

"'PATRICK CASEY, of Chicago, 21 Henry

"'FOUR HUNDRED MINERS ENTOMBED IN A BURNIN' MINE'"

Street, who was employed as a stone-cutter on the C. and C. bridge.'"

He looked at his mother. The other children had been wakened, had got out of bed, and were standing about her, looking at her, too. They had seen their mother meet many an emergency, but they had never seen her look like this. Her stooping figure seemed straightened; there was a flush on her thin, sallow cheeks; tears were dropping from her eyes, but underneath the tears her eyes flashed. She reached down and snatched up wee Annie, straining the child to her bosom with a splendid passion of maternity.

"Childern," she said — and her voice broke in sobs that had, somehow, a note of triumph in them —"down on yer knees, an' iv'ry wan av us'll pray th' blissid Vargin t' presarve yer father — that's a — hero!"

IV

Before breakfast was well over, all that part of Henry Street that could read newspapers, and all that part that could understand if it could not read English, knew about Pa Casey; and a steady stream of curious and sympathizing callers flowed along the narrow passageway between the Caseys' tenement and the one next door. Most of them were dumfounded at what they saw. Mary's spirit had communicated itself to her children, and there was none of that loud lamentation that Henry Street had expected and hoped to see and hear. It was an awed and quiet household. Tears welled frequently in every eye — especially when neighbors who were bent on excitement, and disappointed at finding none, sought to create it by dwelling on what must be the horrors of that death in a pit of flame which was Pa's death; but, following Mary's example, even the children wiped them silently away.

"She take it awful calm," criticized one neighbor, coming away. "I don' b'lieve she care much."

"Well," reminded another, a trifle more inclined to charity, "he was small good t' her er anny wan. Maybe 'tis kind of a relafe he's gon'."

Nobody seemed to understand,— Mary's own kin as little as the rest,— but the sympathy that helped most came from some of the Russian Jewish women who had themselves known the horror of an awful death for those they loved in Kishinef and Kief. Mary's sister Maggie, and her husband, Pete Kavanagh, were early on the scene, trying to make Mary see how she wouldn't really be much worse off "whin Mikey git out, an' now that Johnny'll soon be able t' git a stiddy job."

Once, for a moment, something blazed in Mary's eyes. She was almost on the point of trying to tell these Kavanaghs, who had always censured her for her patience with Pa, and had sometimes refused her food when the children

were hungry because he would share it, too; but the hopelessness of making them understand caused her to hold her tongue.

It was when the reporters began to come that Mary gave the shock of their lives to the Kavanaghs. "The account o' Pat Casey she gave to those min was somethin' ye wouldn' b*elave*," as Pete Kavanagh said, in telling about it afterward.

Those men explained to her how, if her husband's body was recovered, it might not be known for his unless she could help to identify it. They said they would send word to her, as soon as it came into the newspaper offices, when any bodies were recovered; but that possibly she could never get her husband's remains unless she could pick them out from among the heaps of unidentified dead.

"Sure, I could niver git to — that place, wheeriver it is," she said.

"We'll fix that!" they told her.

And "fix it" they did. Next morning's papers contained descriptions of the Casey home that set Henry Street agog with interest — some proud, some full of contemptuous dissent — and subscriptions to help send Mary Casey to Monovia poured in generously. Yes, and many callers came; some, as Johnny said, "jest t' rubber," and a few to offer assistance.

There was one subject that Mary was careful not to mention to any reporter, and that was Mikey in the reform school.

"'Tis few, ye might say, that know 'bout it," she explained to Angela Ann and Johnny, "an' the fewer the better for Mikey whin 'tis all past an' behint him."

But she stole away that Sunday afternoon and walked out to the John Worthy School (which was less than two miles away), and asked to see Mikey. Visitors were not allowed on Sunday, but she explained to the kindly superintendent, and he granted her request at once, bringing Mikey to his own private office for the interview.

"Ye've t'ought hard o' yer Pa manny times, Mikey b'y," Mary said, "an' often I couldn' r'ally blame ye; but ye kin hol' up yer hid about 'im now! He've done gran' by ye at last, Mikey! He've lift ye a name ye kin be proud of!"

It was days before the flames in that vast pit of death were subdued — days before word came to Mary Casey that bodies were being brought up, and that she would best hasten to Monovia to see if she could identify her husband's.

Pete Kavanagh thought he should go — "bein' the man o' the fam'ly." But he shrank before the furious refusal in Mary's eyes and in her scant figure with its new erectness and command.

"*I*'m the man o' this fam'ly now," she said. And Pete withdrew.

In one of his pockets Pa Casey always carried a bit of Colorado goldstone picked up on some of his vagrant wanderings. It was a topic for frequent conversation, because, when things "wint bad," Pa would descant on how things might be if he could only get back to the country where "a man can pick up the like o' this off the ground." Sometimes he encountered a scoffer who tried to explain that the shining particles were not gold; but Pa never believed him — his faith in his El Dorado remained unshaken to the end. It was by the bit of goldstone that Mary identified him; not even the fires of that inferno had destroyed its shining.

When they gave Mary the letter he had left for her — the hastily scrawled note of farewell, written at the mouth of the burning mine — she admitted to no one that she could not read it, but carried it in her bosom until she got home.

There, standing beside his father's coffin, as she directed him, Johnny broke the seal of the dirty envelop and read. Midget and Mollie were home now; they were all there — even Mikey, who was allowed to come home for his father's funeral. But Johnny could read better than Mikey, so to him the honor fell. The start for the church would be made presently; this was their last time together as a family. All the mourning for Patsy, which had grown rusty, had been redipped; and in the bleak little "front room" which they had never been able to furnish like a "parlie," there seemed only black and white — black shadows (for it was a drear, rainy day) and black clothes and black casket, and white faces and white candles and white flowers.

With choking voice Johnny began to read:

"Dear Mamie"— it was the name he had called her by in their courting days, before she became just "yer Ma"—"Dear Mamie an' the kids: If this ever gits to you I guess you'll know why I rote it. The wives an' kids of them fellows down there is standin' at the mouth. If it was youse I hope some one would go down fer me. Good-by. If I come up alive I'm goin' to do better by you. Love to all.

"PATSY."

When Johnny finished, they were all sobbing. Mary reached for the letter and returned it to her bosom.

"Thank God fer your *chance*, Patsy b'y!" she said, her face uplifted and her eyes shining.

EDMOND · ROSTAND *and* "CHANTECLER"

by Ange Galdemar

I

"CHANTECLER" has been performed at last, and, because it was the object of a long delay and extraordinary curiosity, will have done as much as "Cyrano" to spread the fame of M. Edmond Rostand's name among his contemporaries. Such are the diverse and sometimes contradictory elements of celebrity. Everything adds to it, the best and the worst, slander and eulogy alike. "Chantecler," which was waited for until people became exasperated with waiting, which was furiously applauded and denounced at the same time, praised by the newspapers and as zealously censured by society, has ended by giving M. Rostand that crowning notoriety in which legend is so close-mingled with truth that it is no longer possible to distinguish one from the other.

To many writers who have expressed their judgment of the new play, "Chantecler" appears the most complete and powerful work that M. Edmond Rostand has yet given us; but the great publicity achieved by this work is, first and foremost, the result of the curiosity which it provoked from the very day that it was first announced. M. Edmond Rostand was going to revive a dramatic form that had been employed by no poet since Aristophanes! He was putting animals on the stage! Was not the attempt a dangerous one, just because of its originality? This curiosity ended by spreading to foreign countries, where, as in France, as in

Paris, people were agitating themselves less about the merits of the work than about the nature of the promised production. The fairy-tale became more important than the poem. We were to see the cock, the blackbird, the hen-pheasant, the nightingale, the owl, the dog, the cat, the pigeon, the guinea-fowl, the turkey, the duck, the peacock represented on the stage! And these unusual characters were placed there by the author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon." The novelty and originality of the subject took precedence of all other considerations.

M. Rostand felt this, and was annoyed by it. "I shall end by being taken for the showman of a menagerie!" he said to me, on the day before the first performance of "Chantecler" in Paris.

"That comes from wishing to avoid the beaten path," I replied, laughing. "Tell me, now that we are close upon the performance, what is 'Chantecler'?"

"Why, a pastoral, of course! A heroic and more or less symbolical pastoral."

"Still, as it is written for the stage, it must, apart from its own attraction, please by stage methods. Does it contain a fairy-tale of any sort?"

"No," said M. Rostand, "unless you look upon nature as a fairy-tale."

"But 'Chantecler' is a play; has it an action?"

"Yes; but an action consistent with the characters: La Fontaine's fables have an action also!"

C. DERAISY AS THE WHITE CHICKEN

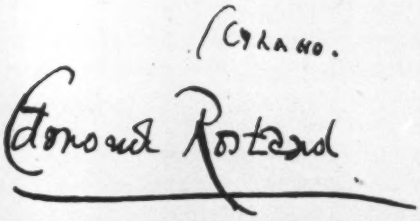
"Then the play is purely rustic?"

"The genesis of 'Chantecler' is due to nature herself. A scene in a farm-yard in the Basque country, near Cambo, where I live, gave me the idea." And, indulging in his recollections, M. Rostand told me:

"I had gone for a walk. I had occasion to stop at a farm-house, and, while I waited in the yard, my eyes were attracted by a blackbird hopping about in a cage. A cock entered. Noticing the sudden attitude of the blackbird, I said to myself, 'He is most certainly poking fun at the cock. Does the cock see it? If so, what does he think of it?' That was the origin of 'Chantecler'—comedy among the animals.

"No sooner had I jotted down the first verse of my play than I invited Coquelin to Cambo. I wanted him to take the part of the Cock. But I felt a doubt in my mind. Would the actors consent to play in a piece of this description? Coquelin reassured me, encouraged me, and, yielding to the impulse of his generous nature, soon became enthusiastic over the new idea. Dear Coquelin! Death took him from us at the moment when 'Chantecler' was to be put on the stage; but his memory will always be indissolubly linked with the play, which I wrote with Coquelin in my thoughts."

"But, tell me, what is the idea? Comedy among the animals is very easily said. La Fontaine, whom you mentioned a moment ago, did not write his fables for the stage. His characters are animals, of course, and they act and talk; but we do not see them,



CYRANO DE BERGERAC, FROM A SKETCH BY ROSTAND. M. ROSTAND IS A CLEVER DRAUGHTSMAN AND CARICATURIST, AND OFTEN DESIGNS AND SKETCHES THE COSTUMES FOR HIS PLAY

* Je pense à la lumière – et pas à la Gloire.
Chanter, c'est ma façon de me battre et de croire !...
(Chantecler, Act II)
avec mes meilleurs vœux au Mc Clure's Magazine
Edmond Rostand

* "It is of Light I think, and not of Glory;
To sing! That is my way of striving and believing." "Chantecler," Act II.

we do not hear them what I mean to say is, they are set before us through the medium of our thoughts alone. In La Fontaine we do not find the material realization at which you are aiming. There is Aristophanes."

"Aristophanes," M. Rostand broke in, "made use of birds on the stage to criticize the follies of his contemporaries. My piece employs satire only by the way. Besides, 'Chantecler' differs from the comedies of the Greek author in other respects, as, for instance, in the essentially rustic character of my work."

"Your impatience flatters me — but it would be taking the bloom from my poem."

"Why should you mind, when there is no one listening to us?"

"Very well!" he said, resigning himself.

And M. Rostand told me the story of "Chantecler"; and I set it down as I heard it.

II

The audience is seated. The stage manager gives the traditional three blows which, in France, take the place of the prompter's bell. The curtain is slowly rising, when the manager of the theater, in evening dress, bursts into the auditorium and, running up to the stage in an attitude of entreaty, cries:

"Not yet!"

General surprise. The curtain is let down

JEAN ROSTAND, EDMOND ROSTAND'S YOUNGER SON

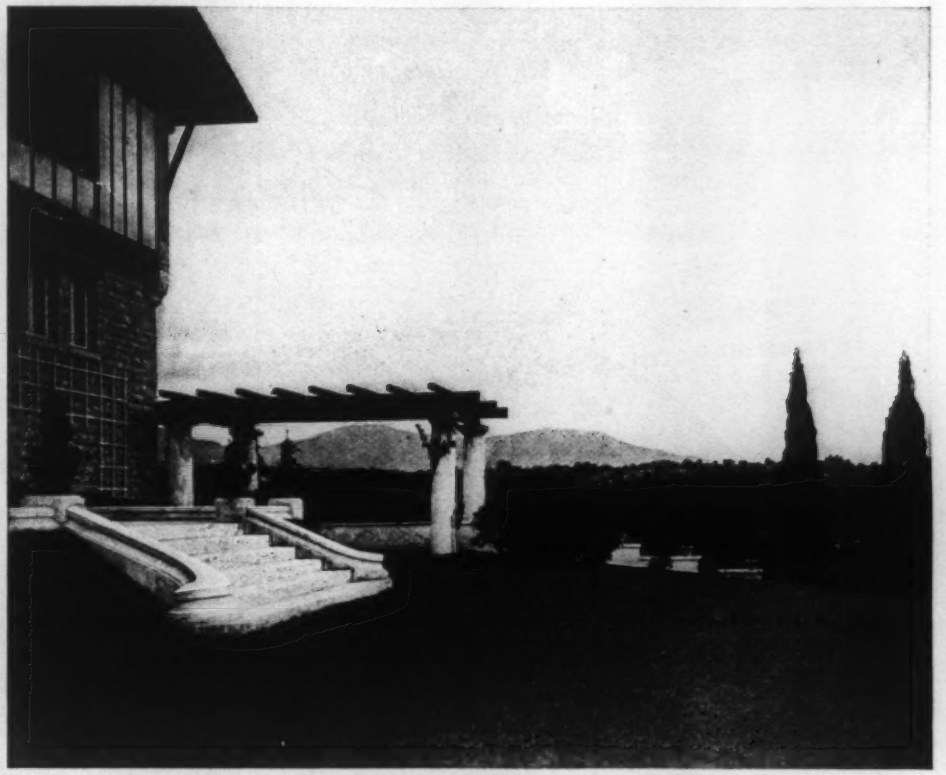
My curiosity was excited to the utmost limit.

"Won't you tell me what it is?" I asked.

"Wait for the performance to-morrow night," said M. Rostand.

"That's a long time."

M. Rostand laughed.



"ARNAGA," THE HOME OF THE ROSTANDS AT CAMBO IN THE PYRENEES. "ARNAGA" IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATIONS OF ROSTAND'S IMAGINATION; THE POET DREAMED OF IT AND WORKED IT OUT WITH AS MUCH LOVE AND CARE AS HE EXPENDED ON "L'AIGLON" OR "CHANTECLER." WITHIN FIVE YEARS OF ITS PURCHASE THE LAND HAD BEEN CONVERTED INTO AN ENCHANTED GARDEN

again. The manager, turning to the audience, begs them to wait a few seconds longer. He wants them to know what is happening behind the curtain at that exact moment, and he tells them.

It is a farm-yard on a Sunday — a fine Sunday, for the song of the grasshopper indicates that the sun is shining. Other noises, other sounds, fix the spot as being near a forest, and stocked as it should be with beasts and birds. The owners are going out for the day; they are fastening the shutters. Soon the trap drives away and there is no one left on the farm — nothing but the animals. The curtain can now go up. And that is the prologue.

The curtain rises on the farm-yard. Straw, hay, a dunghill, an old wall, a dog's kennel, a well, a hand-cart, and, scattered about the ground, implements of gardening and husbandry. A blackbird hops from side to side in a cage; a cat lies sleeping on a wall. Flowers grow here and there; a butterfly flits past.

All the living inmates of the yard move about and talk. They talk more especially of Chantecler. White, black, gray, and brown hens strut hither and thither, sharply discussing the infidelities of Chantecler. Ducks and drakes, ganders and geese, take sides for or against the king of the yard. Now and again the lid of a great wickerwork basket opens, revealing the head of the Old Hen — a very old hen, the duenna of the farm-yard, and Chantecler's foster-mother. In her, of course, the Cock finds an ardent defender. Chantecler has betrayed the hens, but they nevertheless admire and love him. "Think of his temptations," pleads his devoted foster-mother. "All illustrious personages are surrounded by temptations." The devoted hens discuss his crow, his marvelous crow, which heralds the dawn, the luminary of the day, the light, and forms the pride of all that little world.

"Silence," cries the Pigeon. "He comes, he comes!"

Not a sound is heard when Chantecler appears, magnificent, arrogant, and awe-inspiring, upon the poultry-yard wall. The adoring hens huddle together and gaze up at him, while, resplendent in his dress of green and brown feathers, "the green of April and the ocher of October," he intones his hymn to the sun. The Cock represents the artist — the creative genius, the apostle of spiritual beauty and light. And he is also a champion of the weak, a protector; for, while he takes a legitimate pride in his crowing, he also thinks of those under his care, and preserves his kith and kin from the ever-watchful hawk and the passing motor-car. See the poultry leaving the yard to go to the fields. Observe Chantecler's solicitude for all; hear his warnings to the chicks! He is both stern and fatherly. He is feared, but he is loved, even as he is admired for his sublime crow — the secret of which he persists in keeping to himself. And, among those who love and admire him, none feels more akin to him than Patou, the old Dog of the farm, with whom he is left alone now, while the Blackbird continues to jump about in his cage. Ah, the Blackbird has a very different type of mind. Not only does Chantecler's personality fail to impress him, but he twits him, and goes out of his way to twit him, in a slang of his own, full of extravaganza and paradox. The Dog sees a danger for Chantecler in his intercourse with the doubting, jeering Blackbird.

"Take care!" he says.

But a shot is heard; and a pheasant, a golden hen-pheasant, drops to the stage, imploring Chantecler to protect her from the hunters. It is the bird of the forest in the poultry-yard.

MAURICE ROSTAND, THE ELDER SON OF EDMOND ROSTAND

Chantecler admires her, puts on his most gallant air, and at once tries to flirt with her. It is such an old and such a favorite habit with him! But the Pheasant stops him. She will never love any one but a free bird like herself. And, besides, the forest dweller reckons that, even if she did fall in love with a cock, she would choose a cock without glory, "to whom she would be all in all." However, she consents to look over Chantecler's domain. Curiously, a little disdainfully, the Hen-Pheasant looks over the farm-yard. She is amazed at its poorness and littleness compared to the vastness and splendor of her own great forest. What! Is that all? And is Chantecler content with that? A cabbage-plot as a horizon? Has he never dreamed of others — wider, changing horizons? Everything is always the same here!

"No," says Chantecler, "for 'it' changes everything."

The Hen-Pheasant is interested. "What is 'it'?" she asks.

"The light," Chantecler tells her.

And he lifts his voice in a fresh hymn to the sun. He tells her how the daylight, when it comes, floods the farm-yard with splendid color: the geranium is never twice the same red; the Dog's kennel, the farming implements, are always beautiful and always different. The rake in the corner is enough to fill Chantecler, the idealist, with ecstasy.

Meanwhile, the news of the Pheasant's arrival has got about. The whole poultry-yard returns and falls into ecstasies about the stranger's beauty. The Guinea-Fowl, apprised by the Blackbird, also comes fussing along, for tomorrow is her "day"; she receives her friends on Mondays, in the kitchen-garden. If she

MME. ROSTAND ON THE BALCONY OF "ARNAGA." MME. ROSTAND IS HERSELF A POET AND HER HUSBAND'S COLLABORATOR. BEFORE HER MARRIAGE SHE WAS ROSEMONDE GÉRARD; ROSTAND FIRST MET HER AT THE HOME OF LECONTE DE LISLE

could have the Pheasant among her guests, what a novelty! What a sensation for those much-frequented "at homes" at which the Blackbird and the Peacock vie in a weekly contest of wits! The Pheasant ends by accepting. She will stay until tomorrow and go to the "at home." But will Chantecler come, too? No, Chantecler will not go to the Guinea-Fowl's. But, in view of the persuasions of the Pheasant, Patou, the Dog, who is a very observant person under his simple, good-natured exterior, is not certain that Chantecler won't go.

In the meanwhile it is bed-time, for night is falling; and each of the animals retires to his accustomed place, under the fatherly eye of Chantecler, who sees to everything. The Pheasant finds room in the hospitable kennel of the Dog, who, as a faithful watcher, will sleep outside the door. And soon all eyes are closed in the kindly night.

M. ROSTAND IN THE UNIFORM OF THE ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE. ROSTAND WAS ELECTED A MEMBER IN 1902

But other eyes at once open and light up in the dark. They belong to the night-birds, three screech-owls, who hatch a conspiracy against Chantecler; for the Cock is the enemy, inasmuch as he makes the dawn! The conspiracy is joined by the Cat, who dislikes the Cock because the Dog loves him; the Turkey, because, having known him as a chicken, he will not accept him as a cock; the Duck, because the Cock's toes are free and make a star-pattern when he walks; the Capon, the Cuckoo, for reasons which they give; and the Mole, who bears a grudge against the Cock because she has never seen him.

THE DOG "PATOU," ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN "CHANTECLER"

"I am beginning to love him," says the Pheasant, who wakes up and hears all that is said.

The curtain falls; and that is the first act.

In the second act, we see the promontory of a hill in the Pyrenees where M. Rostand lives. The Cock's morning is at hand. But, when the curtain rises, it is still dark. All the night-birds are gathered together: screech-owls, great owls, little owls, barn-owls, scops-owls, and the rest. After the hymn to the sun, we have the hymn to the night. And all join forces against the common enemy, the Cock, the herald of that horrible thing, which gives them a pain in their eyes only to think of — the day! They must get rid of the Cock. When? At once. How? Ah, that is the question! For Chantecler knows how to defend himself, you see. And, besides, how are they to get at him, since he goes out only in the daylight? But the Scops-Owl bids them take heart — a plot has been contrived which is sure to succeed. Presently, at the Guinea-Fowl's, the Peacock intends to introduce a whole company of strange cocks to the lady of the house and her guests — especially a number of foreign cocks, of the most various breeds, reared by a bird-fancier in the neighborhood. Now, among the cocks is a formidable Game-Cock, the conqueror of conquerors. It will be easy to stir up a quarrel between him and Chantecler, so that a duel will become inevitable. This means certain death to Chantecler, obviously. But will he go to the Guinea-Fowl's? That is sure; he is in love with the Hen-Pheasant, who is going! General and uproarious rejoicing, which suddenly stops short. Did you hear?

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" It is the Cock's first crow.

Day is about to dawn. The night-birds' eyes begin to blink. Our conspirators cannot resist the threatening light, and they disperse helter-skelter, to the great amusement of the Blackbird, who has been present at the scene.

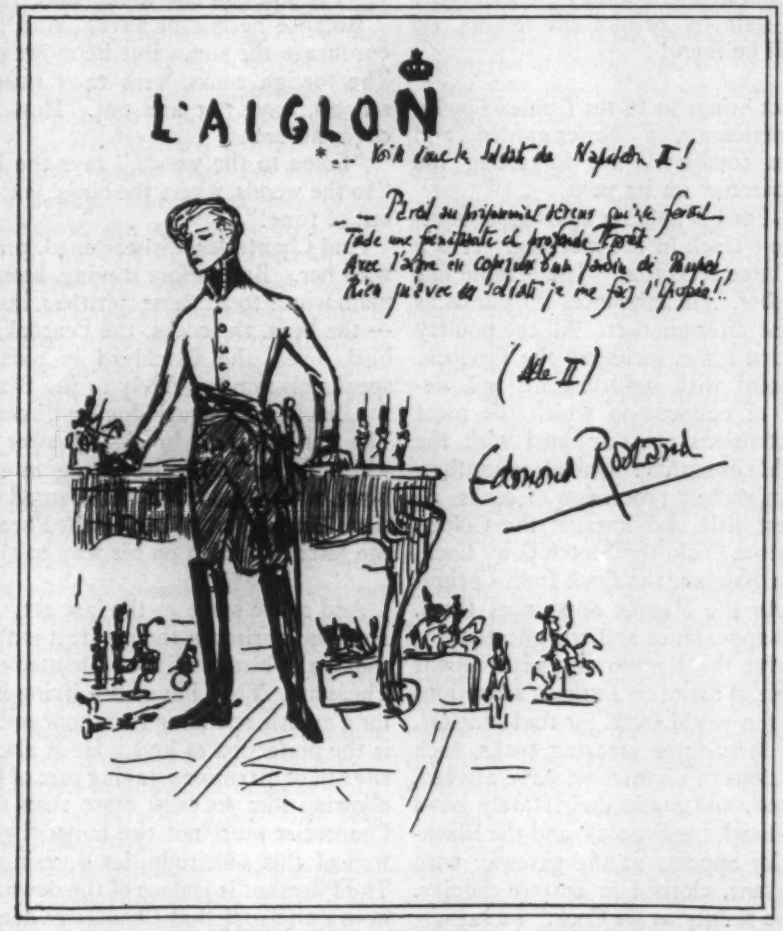
A rustle of wings. The Pheasant comes running up anxiously. But the Blackbird reassures her: it is only a plot for fun. And, hearing Chantecler coming, he hides among the flower-pots, leaving the coast clear for the two lovers.

But the Pheasant is a woman. Woman, even when engaged in love-making, remains inquisitive. She got up so very early, not only to greet dawn with Chantecler, but also to learn the secret of his glorious crow. She asks him to tell it to her. He refuses, but only because he wants to be pressed; for he is burning to reveal the secret to her whom he longs to please. And he ends by telling it to her: it is he who makes the sun rise!

And he crows and crows and crows; and the horizon lights up: sunbeams flood the sky, fall on every object around, light the leaves in the trees, the blades of grass, the well, throw golden gleams on every side. And the sun rises, enormous! The Pheasant is enthusiastic, and screams for joy. But Chantecler's spirit fails him. He has given too much of himself in that crow, his crow that creates the light. Dazzled by what he has accomplished, he begins to doubt his own powers. Would the Pheasant mind repeating that it was he who made the day dawn? She confirms it with a cry of admiration and love.

And the Blackbird laughs and laughs!

For the Blackbird has reappeared. He was there, just now, under a flower-pot, whence he watched the scene. The Pheasant is not the only one who now knows Chantecler's secret! That doubter, that mocker, has surprised it!



L'AIGLON, FROM A SKETCH BY M. ROSTAND

* " . . Behold the soldiers of Napoleon III
. . . Like a poor prisoner who falls a-dreaming
Of vast and murmuring forests, with a tree
Fashioned of shavings, taken from a doll's house,
I build my Father's Epic with these soldiers!" "L'Aiglon," Act II.

Chantecler is furious. He is the more furious because the Blackbird now has a fresh opportunity for chaff. And the Cock expresses his anger to the other in such a tone that the incensed Blackbird thinks of nothing but revenge. By revealing the plot that has been hatched against him, the Blackbird very cleverly induces Chantecler to go to the Guinea-Fowl's. They expect him at the Guinea-Fowl's in order to have him slain by one of his fellows, do they? He will be there!

The third act brings us to the Guinea-Fowl's. The scene represents a flower-garden and kitchen-garden combined, not forgetting the traditional scarecrow on its pole.

The Guinea-Fowl is holding a fashionable reception at five o'clock in the morning. It is a large, a very large reception. The Magpie fills the office of usher. He announces the guests as they arrive, one after another. All the poultry of the farm-yard come, including the Peacock, who, not content with unfurling his tail, delivers himself of opinions in which the most ridiculous pretensions are combined with the most fashionable obscurity. One after another, there arrive an endless procession of cocks, all of the proudest title and lineage: the Golden Cock, the Bantam Cock, the Scotch Gray Cock, the Cock from Bagdad, the Cock from Cochin-China, etc. As the Magpie announces them, their gorgeous appearance and complicated foreign names drive the Magpie silly with delight (a delightful bit of satire on Parisian receptions — receptions the world over, for that matter). At last, after forty-three amazing cocks, each of whom is jealous of Chantecler, have arrived, been announced, and made their stately bows to the Guinea-Fowl, the Peacock, and the Blackbird, Chantecler appears at the gateway with the Hen-Pheasant, clothed in austere dignity. "Announce me simply as *the* Cock," he says.

"*Le* Coq!" cries the Magpie, and the trouble begins.

He enters and, with us, listens to a most pedantic discussion among all those birds, not one of whom is sincere, spontaneous, or natural. Thoroughly disgusted, he gives every one of them a piece of his mind, and takes the first pretext that offers to provoke the Game-Cock. The duel begins amid the jests and gibes of the company, who are hostile to Chantecler. But a shadow hovers overhead. General dismay: it is the Sparrow-Hawk! All of the feathered tribe hide, trembling, behind Chantecler. But, once the danger is past, they start afresh, with sarcasm in their beaks. They are furious at having shown fear. Chantecler stands up to the Game-Cock once more. The sight of all this cowardice has given him new strength. He resists his adversary until the latter clumsily maims himself. Chantecler is the victor. Hurrah for Chantecler! He lies motionless, however, with closed eyes. He is worn out with the fight. But when his friends, the Pheasant and the Dog, hearing him mutter something, anxiously ask him what he is saying, he opens his eyes and answers gently:

"The sun will rise to-morrow!"

Because he is still alive! And he crows to encourage the sun. But he crows out of tune. The foreign cocks, with their rules and their schools, have put him out. How is he to recover his crow?

"Come to the woods," says the Pheasant,— "to the woods, where the birds' voices are never out of tune!"

And Chantecler, disheartened, prepares to go with her. But, before leaving, he speaks a few plain words to all those spiritless, insincere birds — the hens, the cocks, the Peacock, the Blackbird. Yes, the Blackbird in particular. He speaks his mind so freely to the Blackbird that the Blackbird is struck dumb with consternation. The garden party breaks up after this rating, which is far from displeasing to the Guinea-Fowl, whose "at home" has caused a real sensation. Chantecler, guided by the Pheasant, leaves the kitchen-garden on his way to the forest.

And so we come to the last act. The forest. A whisper arises in the night: it is the prayer of the little birds. Enter Chantecler with the Pheasant. They have been living in the forest for a month, spending their honeymoon. Theirs is the perfection of love. He is always gallant, she full of attentions, taking care of him and not allowing him to crow more than once a day: Chantecler must not tire himself! At the bottom of this solicitude lies a grain of jealousy. The Pheasant is jealous of the dawn. She is not even quite sure that Chantecler does not regret his farm. She is right. As a matter of fact, the Pheasant has no sooner gone away than Chantecler telephones to the Blackbird, by means of a bindweed which is connected underground by its roots with another bindweed growing in the bird's cage. And the Cock thus receives news of the farm. And he gives his own news. Is it true that he crows only once a day? That's what the Pheasant thinks! The fact is, he goes and works at dawn in secret, while she is still asleep, and, when he has done, he comes and wakes her by crowing beside her, thus deluding her jealousy.

But the Pheasant suddenly appears, overhears Chantecler's confession, and makes a great scene. What! Betray her for the dawn? And she implores him: Will he betray the dawn

just once for her, once only, one single day? Will he remain one day without crowing? But Chantecler resists. Oh, how infatuated he is with his crowing! Does he think that crowing such a wonderful performance? That is because he has not yet heard the Nightingale! Ah, when Chantecler has heard that! As it happens, this is the very moment when the bird is about to sing. But, instead of the Nightingale, we hear and see the frogs; and the frogs drivel and croak about the Nightingale, criticizing his singing, and extolling that of Chantecler, who allows himself to be taken in, not yet understanding that the frogs are flattering him for hatred of the Nightingale, whom they are trying to disparage in this way. But now the song of the Nightingale rises in the air. And Chantecler understands all; for this song is heaven-born! And the discomfited frogs vanish. And Chantecler, in his ecstasy, forgets his own song, so much so that presently, when the Nightingale falls, shot down by an unseen passing gun, Chantecler is smitten with such grief that he goes and weeps feebly under the Pheasant's wing, and allows the dawn to appear without his crowing!

"You see that the sun can rise without you!" says the Pheasant.

The illusion is shattered. But Chantecler will resume his crowing, since crowing is his duty. If he does not make the dawn break, at least he will continue to announce it and thus to awaken nature. And Chantecler returns to the farm, and to those who await him there, while the Pheasant, who knows the danger that he runs in the forest, haunted by poachers, saves him by attracting their attention to her own person and allowing herself to be caught in a net. She gives up her liberty for love's sake. She, too, will become domesticated.

A cock's crow in the distance: it is Chantecler! He is saved. Rabbits frisk merrily in the grass, and the little birds begin their morning prayer. But, hush! There is a sound of footsteps. They are coming to take up the net. Quick, lower the curtain! The men are coming.

III

This is the story of "Chantecler," the symbolism of which appeared to me quite plainly while M. Rostand was telling me his play. The Cock is the believer, the apostle, who is conscious of the usefulness and the sacred character of his mission and fulfills it with gladness; for truth mingled with beauty is his delight. The Hen-Pheasant is woman, with her curiosity, her yearning to be loved for her own sake, her need of protection and kindness. The Blackbird is the skeptic, who, in spite of the wit that banter lends, must always give precedence to the more powerful believer, the eternal conqueror. The Dog is goodness and courage in a state of servitude. And the Peacock represents everlasting self-sufficiency, the Guinea-Fowl vanity and frivolity, the frogs envy, and the night-birds hatred of the light. All the many different animals symbolize the varieties of mankind, our good qualities and our oddities, our beauty and our ugliness. It is the human comedy reënacted among the animals. And the moral of the play, its trend, its object, is the glorification of idealism, the glorification of that joy, that rapture, which only they know who have faith in the future and whose incessant efforts tend toward the light.

"But how will you manage to express that idea on the stage?" I asked M. Rostand. "I am speaking of the technical side of your work. How can your characters remain animals and symbols during those four acts? They will look like human beings. I understand that the faces of the actors will not be concealed."

"That is so," said M. Rostand; "but I do not believe that that will affect the vivid truth of my work or its symbolism. Of course, I should have preferred the interpretation to be more impersonal, more in keeping with the nature of the characters. Real birds' heads, hiding the faces entirely, would have heightened the illusion and made the symbolical side more striking. A first rough draft of costumes designed on this basis was made for Coquelin. But it was pointed out to me that this would deprive the characters of life. There was the danger of a certain monotony in a system of this kind. And then, the public like to recognize the actors, to watch their face-play."

"There is always the voice."

"The voice is not enough. In any case, I did my best to make the costumes give an illusion of realism, while leaving the face uncovered. But what happened was that, in order that this illusion should be as perfect as possible, we had to design the scenery and properties to scale, that is to say, to enlarge them in proportion to the characters, since the characters interpreted by the actors are of human size. That is why the Dog's kennel, in the first act, is nearly two yards high, and the Blackbird's cage more than two yards and a half. The Blackbird, played by a man, is able to move about in it at ease. And you will see, in the course of the other acts, a watering-pot measuring more than a yard and a half, hollyhocks twelve inches in diameter, a mushroom with a stalk a yard long, and a scarecrow standing fifteen feet high. Everything has been made bigger in proportion to the stature of the characters."

"And does not that worry the eye?"

"Not at all; on the contrary, it looks quite natural."

"And do the actors give a sufficient illusion?"

"Yes; but it was no easy matter. It required several experiments, and the costumers had to summon all their ingenuity."

And thus I learned that the costume of the golden Hen-Pheasant alone needed more than twenty shades of feathers, forming an immense weight. The Peacock's feathers had to be painted on gauze and fixed on flexible stalks more than two yards long. By an ingenious system of mechanism, the interpreter of the part is able to unfurl or to fold the tail which spreads fanwise over a surface of five yards. For Chantecler, the type of the Gallic cock was selected, the classic cock of the farm-yards, tawny yellow and shimmering green.

"You must admit," I said, "that this peculiar staging was calculated to excite the curiosity of the public."

"Not to the pitch to which it was driven by excessive paragraphing. There should be a limit to the indiscretion even of modern journalism!"

"And how do you feel while looking forward to the first performance of 'Chantecler'?"

M. Rostand raised his eyes slowly and looked at me.

"I say to myself," he replied, "that a human work cannot easily cope with such a prelude of fuss and curiosity. Because 'Chantecler,' which is only a play, is being waited for by spiteful people, that is no reason why it should have a greater significance in my eyes. It is all very well to attach to my work literary or dramatic importance that is likely to crush it; my play represents only an episode in my career as a writer, and not the battle to which people are trying to challenge me. My poem, to my mind, does not differ from those that came before nor from those that will come after it. Believe me, I am not allowing myself to be influenced by the pressure which people are trying to put upon me, and I am no more excited than a man needs must be excited on the eve of a first night."

IV

The first time that I met M. Edmond Rostand was in Paris, in Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's dressing-room at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. He was twenty-five years old and had just made his first success at the Comédie Française with "Les Romanesques." He was slim, pale, and distinguished-looking, wore his hair long enough to betray the poet under the smartness of his attire, and was very gentle in his manner, and even a little shy.

"Les Romanesques" is one of my pleasantest theatrical recollections: it was on a Saturday, I remember, in the afternoon. I was passing under the colonnade of the Théâtre Français, when a journalist of my acquaintance came up to me. There was a dress rehearsal at the Théâtre Français, and my friend had a spare ticket for the stalls which he was good enough to offer me. I went in with him to see what it was like, without troubling about the program. There are moments like that in one's life, when one feels a sort of innocent joy in being led by the hand toward pleasure, like a child. I took my seat, and the curtain rose on "Les Romanesques." It was an enchantment from the first.

A poet was revealed through the charming comedy; and, as a fresh surprise, with the music of the verses there mingled a power of dramatic invention which showed that the poet was, at the same time, an experienced theatrical craftsman. The curtain fell to eager applause. I looked round at the principal critics, scattered about the orchestra and balcony stalls. A beatific smile hovered over their lips. But this was only the first act; and we at once asked ourselves, not without concern, whether the remainder would keep up to the level of this brilliant start. It did. When, at the end of the third act, the curtain fell for the third time amid loud applause, the success of the play was long since assured.

As we trooped through the passages on our way out, the name of the author was passed from mouth to mouth. Rostand? Who was this M. Rostand?

"A financier," said one.

"No; he is the nephew of a financier," said another.

A few months later, I was to learn, in Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's dressing-room, that the author of "Les Romanesques" was, in very truth, a young man, and so little of a financier that he had determined to make a career of literature.

The Théâtre de la Renaissance was at that time under the management of the great tragic actress. It was during a morning performance, between the acts. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was seated in front of her glass, and, while accentuating the pallor of her face for the next act, an act of terror, was telling me of her plans for the future. A young man entered, dressed in light clothes. Hesitating a little, in spite of the air of assurance which his glass, screwed into one eye, gave him, he gallantly kissed the hand which the great artist held out to him. She smiled without turning her head, and invited him to take a chair.

"M. Edmond Rostand," said Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, introducing him to me.

Our eyes met in a friendly glance.

"Well, my dear poet, are you hard at work?" asked the actress, more than ever occupied with her make-up.

"Oh, yes, Madame — certainly."

The reply lacked firmness. It seemed to keep something back. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt caught the young poet's passing thought, and at once gave him a word of encouragement:

"I will play 'La Princesse Lointaine'!" she declared.

And I understood the meaning of the poet's reticence: M. Edmond Rostand had a play with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. A flush spread over his cheeks. He was bowing his thanks, when the stage manager came to say that the curtain was going up. We took our leave. I can still see the young man kissing the hand of the tragédienne, who eased his mind with the kindly remark:

"I shall play you, my dear poet!"

And, soon after, she played 'La Princesse Lointaine,' a poetic fairy-tale filled with deep and melancholy charm, one of the most personal works that have come from M. Rostand's pen. And, in the following year, she played 'La Samaritaine.' Both poems showed, in their construction and the arrangement of their light and shade, the same gifts of stagecraft that had already surprised us. And we were still under the charm of these three plays, and were asking ourselves whether the poet had given us all that he had in him, when, on December 28, 1897, the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin rang with the triumphant and decisive flourish of trumpets of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

I need not describe at length that memorable evening, and the fresh surprise of the audience at this manifestation of a poetic genius which seemed to have kept so many original poetic qualities in reserve. Nor need I remind you of the frenzied applause of the audience, now definitely conquered. There was a succession of fireworks on the stage, during five acts, coupled in the auditorium with the most tumultuous enjoyment that the Parisians of my generation had ever known. The survivors of the great literary battles of yore declared that there had been no instance of so overwhelming a success since the days of Hugo, Dumas, and Sardou. Coquelin himself, confident though he felt in that part of Cyrano, which he embodied with such spirit, wit, and fire — Coquelin himself could not get over his surprise.

"I feel as if I were in a dream!" he remarked once, between acts.

The moment the curtain was lowered upon the last act, an immense shout went up through the house, in the midst of the applause:

"Author! Author!"

They wanted the author on the stage. I had left my seat in the stalls and was going along a corridor, when I met M. Rostand, pale with delight and almost trembling, behind a box, the door of which he was closing, trying to slip away. He dared not take refuge in the wings, lest he should be dragged to the footlights; and, at the same time, he wanted to leave the auditorium, where he was in danger of being recognized at any moment.

We had become friends since our first meeting in Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's dressing-room at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, and I said:

"The best place for you is Coquelin's dressing-room."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. It is some distance from the stage, and you will be safe there. Come along."

When Coquelin entered his dressing-room, he found the author in the midst of a stream of Parisians,— men of letters, journalists, artists, — who had come to congratulate the author of "Cyrano" in Cyrano's own room. Coquelin stopped on the threshold, exulting.

"Have I won the right to take part in the general rejoicing?" he asked in clarion tones.

The author made way before the comedian, who was on the point of protesting, when his attention was suddenly drawn to a newcomer who entered the room. Everybody bowed and stood aside to let this latest arrival pass. He was a thin, spare little man, with a face framed in gray whiskers, with no pronounced characteristics, but with an air of mingled mildness and dignity that impressed the most indifferent. He went up to Coquelin and shook hands with him, and then, turning to M. Rostand, who bowed, he said:

"M. Rostand, I congratulate you on your beautiful work and on its great success. In the name of the Government of the Republic, I create you a knight of the Legion of Honor."

It was M. Méline, the Prime Minister.

The next day I saw M. Rostand at his home.

"What an evening!" he said, giving me his hand. And, with a smile: "Did you see me in the first act?"

"No; where were you?"

"On the stage."

"How do you mean — on the stage?"

"Yes, among the lords of the court. I was dressed as one of Louis the Thirteenth's nobles. I was moving about and putting life into my interpreters."

The exceptional success of "Cyrano" threw the author into such prominence that people at once began to wonder about the new work that was to follow upon it. It was known vaguely that M. Rostand had retired to the neighborhood

of Paris. He was described as weary, anxious, discouraged; rumors of illness became current. He let people talk, and worked on.

"L'Aiglon" was produced some time later, in March, 1900, just before the opening of the Paris International Exhibition. It was a great success, not only for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who played the principal part, but also for the author, who, after the brilliant triumph of "Cyrano de Bergerac," proved equal to his reputation, and perhaps even more than equal, as a poet.

But, while this new success was perpetuating the poet's budding fame, sickness swept down upon him and laid him low. In the opinion of his doctors, a milder and more equable climate than that of Paris was necessary to him; and his removal from the restless life of the capital became especially urgent. That is how M. Edmond Rostand came to shift his quarters to the Basque country, to the little village of Cambo, once unknown, to-day famous.

Cambo is a little village situated opposite a ring of mountains, nine or ten miles from the town of Bayonne, which itself is within two miles of Biarritz. The village consists of two parts: the lower, which stretches along the river Nive, and the upper, which overhangs the valley. M. Rostand fixed his residence in upper Cambo. The view from that natural terrace is very charming; and it seems always new, because of the extraordinary diversity of the light. It is something really extraordinary, this light of the Basque country; at once clear and melancholy, tender and as though woven of dreams, it is a light well suited to the poet's wavering and changeful soul. M. Rostand was captivated by that light, as was the engaging companion of the poet's life, Mme. Edmond Rostand herself. Two feel more deeply than one, especially when those two love each other.

And this brings us to the threshold of M. Rostand's home life.

V

The case of M. and Mme. Rostand is a peculiar one. We have here not only the union of two sympathies, but that of two minds between which the closest affinity exists. It is really wonderful that two people so alike in thought and ambitions should have met. Their life, ever since their marriage, ever since their betrothal, has been not only a union but a collaboration.

M. Edmond Rostand heard the first verses of the lady who was to bear his name recited at the house of that great poet, Leconte de Lisle, for whom both have retained the most fervent admiration and respect. Leconte de Lisle, who had succeeded Victor Hugo at the Academy and taken his place in the veneration of the poets, was at home to his friends two or three times a week. The assemblies consisted for the greater part of beginners in literature, who came to speak their verses, to listen to those of others, and to receive words of encouragement, mixed with useful advice, from the master. Sometimes the great poet was carried away and confined himself to applauding. One evening this success fell to the share of a young girl, Mlle. Rosemonde Gérard. M. Edmond Rostand was among her hearers. A little later he also revealed himself to her as a delightful poet; and Edmond Rostand and Rosemonde Gérard, from admiring each other, began to love each other, and finally they were married.

M. Rostand, more fortunate than Alfred de Musset, who evoked the Muse without always seeing her appear, has had his Muse at his side, tranquilly living his life with him, bending over his pages, inspiring him, stimulating his labors, raising his courage, keeping up his faith in the work begun — the most constant, ingenious, and discreet of collaborators.

Mme. Rostand has saved more than one of her husband's poems from destruction. M. Rostand is a copious writer. Sometimes an idea comes to him when he is returning from a walk or on the road. He goes to his study and rapidly sets it down on paper in rhythmical verse. The paper remains on the table, and other verses are added. Oftenest, the perfection lies in this first rough sketch; but those verses, to the poet's mind, are embryo ideas, reserved for later use. Mme. Rostand, however, knows how exacting her husband is with himself, and she knows that, in the work of revision, those embryo ideas will be flung into the waste-paper basket. She picks the verses out of the basket, unseen by the poet. Then, one fine day, in the most natural manner, at the moment when he needs them most, he finds them at hand, on his table, as if by accident.

"I say — look here! These lines might do; in fact, they will do very well. How lucky!"

Once, when I stopped at Cambo on my way home from a visit to Spain, I learned from the poet how he found the site of his present villa.

"I was out on my horse," M. Rostand said to me. "I had gone up a hill, riding more or less at random among the trees, when the view spread itself before me, a charming view on every side. I made inquiries. The ground was for sale. I felt that to build a house in the Basque style here, and to surround it with flower-beds, would mean the realization of a beautiful dream. And I became the purchaser. But," he added, "there was a great deal to do,

for the place was in a very wild state; it was a virgin forest."

Within five years "Arnaga" had appeared on the hill like an enchanted garden, blossoming out of M. Rostand's fancy like one of his poems; for, with its Basque house, built in an irregular fashion, its wide avenue cut through a wood of ancestral oaks, its ornamental waters, its French garden, its groves, its "Poets' Corner," with the busts of Cervantes, Hugo, and Shakespeare under the arches of a flowering trellis, its wistaria-covered pergola, its slopes decked with all the mad, wild flora of the district, its lawns that descend in so supple, so natural a fashion toward the surrounding plain that they seem to form part of it, its vistas over the distant Pyrenees or the winding blue Nive — with these, and with all its flowers, its profusion of rare flowers, "Arnaga" is one of the most ingenious works that have sprung from M. Rostand's imagination. It has been considered a matter for surprise that in ten years, since "L'Aiglon," M. Edmond Rostand should have produced only one work — "Chantecler." This is not the fact; he has produced two works: "Chantecler," and "Arnaga." But the latter he wrought only for himself and his family. The public does not know it. And perhaps it is the work that the poet appreciates most, since he is alone in its enjoyment.

He dreamed it, thought it out, executed it as a labor of love. Though he had recourse to an architect to bring it into actual being, even as he has recourse to a scene-painter for his plays, all was imagined by himself; and the domain, as created, is the tangible expression of his dream. For he worked at it — and with his hands, just as a playwright, in his study, works at the elaboration of a stage set. Like Musset before him, M. Rostand is a spirited draughtsman. Drawing amuses him. He had no sooner bought the coveted hill and settled the plans of the future villa than he realized in advance the exact appearance of his park and gardens. In the evening, after dinner, in the dining-room, while Mme. Rostand went upstairs to put the children to bed,— at that time they were still very young,— he would call for paper, cardboard, a box of paints, scissors; and there, on the table, cut out, paint, build a miniature villa, planting trees made of wool stuck on to paper, designing shrubberies and flower terraces; and, when Mme. Rostand would come down, he would triumphantly show her his improvised models.

"There! That's your clump of rose-trees!"

"And this?"

"Your favorite corner for reading in the afternoon."

"But it looks a little unsheltered."

"That's because of the view over the valley."

"Yes; I forgot."

"Still, they can put a tree there, or even two, if you like."

"No, it will do as it is. What comes next?"

And the work would be continued well into the night.

On those evenings there was no talk of "Chantecler": the poem was put aside and had to wait. But its turn soon came. In reality, M. Rostand was always thinking of it; for the work in construction incessantly occupies a poet's mind. And M. Rostand took up his pen again.

He is fond of working in the evening, generally beginning at dusk, breaking off to go to dinner, and then continuing without cessation until the night is far advanced. Going to bed as late as he does, M. Rostand also rises late. At Cambo, he does not come down to lunch until nearly one o'clock. Seated at table, sometimes with visitors, he interests himself in the news, looks through his letters and papers, discusses the questions of the day, prolongs the conversation, long after the meal is finished, over coffee and a cigar, strolls about, takes a turn in the grounds, and, lastly, goes up to his study. But by that time it is three or four o'clock, and in winter twilight has already set in.

That was how he wrote "Chantecler." After observing the change that has taken place in M. Rostand's life, from the boulevards of Paris to the land of the Basques, it is interesting to notice that the work which succeeded "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" is a rustic work. The poet had only to look around him to see it and write it. The idea of attempting to perform upon the stage a pastoral comedy, a comedy in which animals were to act and speak, to give us the illusion of life and dreams after the manner of men — this idea could spring up only in the mind of a man as closely connected with country life as M. Rostand is. M. Rostand owes the inspiration, the conception, and the birth of "Chantecler" to Cambo.

But M. Rostand is also the author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon." In him, observation and fancy are naturally allied to idyl. His bent of mind is essentially lyrical. From the moment that he sat down to write a pastoral, it was bound to be heroic. The hero of "Chantecler" is a cock, but, in the manner of a cock, a hero with all the loftiness of mind, all the generous illusions of Cyrano de Bergerac, and even more, for here they rise to the level of symbolism.

"What else could I do?" said M. Rostand to a friend, after the first night of "Chantecler." "At a time when people belittle everything that is great, I have tried to make small things look large."

THE ROAD TO ST. LIZZY'S

By WILL ADAMS

PICTURES BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

"SAY!" said the Hospital Corps Sergeant, "ain't the pure internal, infernal cussedness of things enough ter gag yer, sometimes? Say, ain't it?"

"It sure is," replied the old Cavalryman. "What was you thinkin' of in partic'lar?"

"I was thinkin' of Finley O'Niel's case. You may've heard me speak of him, but I never told you none about him — an' I won't now unless you got time an' to burn, fer I got ter tell yer of lots of other things before I get round ter Finley, so's yer'll understand about it all. Think yer kin stand it?"

"Full steam ahead," remarked a Marine; "I jes' feel like layin' back an' listenin' ter some one shoot off the rag! You may fire when ready, Gridley."

"For'd — gallop — har!" said the old Cavalryman.

Then they and the Recruit assumed expectant attitudes. The Sergeant silently collected his thoughts for a minute, and proceeded to get under way.

"The *Logan* made 'Frisco on the twenty-fifth of May," he began. "An' on her, besides sundry an' other high kafoozleums, was me an' five Corps men in charge of ten locos with their bills of ladin' made out for St. Lizzy's. You can bet your *dis*charge papers we was glad to make the States; but oh, Lord! when we thought of that overland ride to Washington, we knew that we'd get all that was comin' to us. I been used to carin' for locos ever since I come into this man's army, but I swear that for all-round meanness, violence, an' general cussedness that *Logan* lot beat the Dutch.

"We was short-handed, too — only six of us to ten of them; an' as two of us had to be counted out for door-guards on the train, that only left four for the real work. Say, there was a good time comin'! Not but what we'd had a lively trip from Manila, either. We'd put the violent bugs in an iron cage,— same as a guard-house cage, you know,— but some of the happies an' melancholics were let up on deck; an' one of 'em — Lootenant Comyen, poor feller (he'd gone dippy after readin' a letter from his girl sayin' she'd married another feller) — Yeh! you may laugh, you rook, but you don't know what it's like in them lower islands, with the heat an' the climate an' the loneliness an' the homesickness an' the Pulajanes hittin' things up! Just a little thing like that is like to send a man ravin'."

"Listen at him!" quoth the Marine. "A little thing! Plain to tell *you* ain't never been in love. But you're dead right about the other part. I been there. It was so in Panama."

"An' it's more so in the Islands. This poor

Lootenant, now, he'd got the idea he wasn't no good to no one. Gentle enough, too, so long as he wasn't crossed. But one day, on the transport, he was lookin' over the rail, an' says he, real gentle, half to himself an' half to Jim Todd, who was by him, 'I'm no good to any one on earth — what's the use of stayin'?' An' nex' thing we saw was a splash where he hit the ocean; an' *nex'* thing we saw was another splash where Jim Todd lit out after him. An' then come the awfulest fight I ever hope to see — the Lootenant fightin' like a tiger at Jim in the water, an' tryin' to pull him down, an' Jim fightin' back, not darin' to cuss for fear he'd lose his breath, an' tryin' to save the two of 'em, an' the churned-up white water an' spray flyin' so we could scarcely see 'em. It was fierce! Somebody'd hollered, 'Man overboard!' an' they stopped the transport an' lowered a boat; but, of course, it took time — an' the Lootenant twinin' his legs an' arms around Jim like a octopus. But Jim, he's strong as an ox, an' just before the boat come he managed to land two side-bats on the head that put his man to sleep, an' there he was treadin' water an' waitin' for them to come up.

"'Well,' says he, spittin' salt water sarcastic, 'why didn't you take all night?' An' that was all he ever would say about it. They give him a Certificate of Merit for it — he wouldn't take the Medal of Honor. 'Nix,' says he; 'what good is it to me? It don't carry no extra pay with it, an' I git two dollars a month on the other. The Certificate fer mine!'

"Jim was a fine feller all right, but we all knew why he wanted that extra pay so special. Jags. Every pay-day he'd git 'em sure as shootin'. But he *did* have sense enough not to drink vino. Bein' in the Corps, he'd seen too much of the effects. Why, five fellers we had in charge on that trip were vino locos — got that way from nothin' in the world but three good vino jags. The natives drink it like we would cordials or absinthe, an' it don't hurt 'em, but some of our fool soldados drink it like — well, *worse than beer*, an' three proper vino jags'll put a man 'way beyond the D. T. class into the locos. A few get well in time, but most stay so. St. Lizzy's is packed with 'em."

"I tell you," said the Marine, "vino ain't up to Panama rum fer a cheap jag. Fer five cents Mex you git as much as fifteen cents' worth of whisky in the States — an' you got yer jag right there — nothin' else needed. An' next mornin' you feel pretty rocky to go ter drill, an' when yer come back yer feel worse an' yer head's splittin', an' yer take a big drink o' water an'— bang! You got yer jag all over again! An' all fer two an' a half cents U. S."

"THERE WAS A HORSE-SOLDIER WHO THOUGHT HE WAS AN AIRSHIP"

"But she don't last all same vino," said the Sergeant. "'Member the song?

"Her papa dealt in vino, which is mineral-water stuff
Made up of concentrated lye an' vitriol in the rough;
An' when you've drunk a quart or two, they write your friends at home,
An' fire three volleys o'er your grave to show a good man's gone.

"An' they're gone all right. These vino locos of ours, now — one thought he was a goat an' tried to butt every one an' crack his head against things. Another thought he was a crazy mule, an' kicked an' tore everything to bits — includin' humans. Another was mild an' meek as could be; all he wanted was a pool of water to git in up to the nose, 'cause he thought he was a carabao — an' that's all the menagerie. But there was a Horse-soldier who thought he was an airship, goin' day an' night on scout duty. An' an Engineer who knew he'd

die if he lay down. Then, besides the vinos, there was the Lootenant, who was fierce an' out for blood since he was rescued (kep' a-yellin' he saw a bride with three heads an' three orange-blossom wreaths, an' must cut 'em off). There was a Buffalo-soldier from the Ninth who was on the rampage every minute — said he had somethin' inside him wound up an' goin'. An' there was Dick Dunstan, a great big six-foot Dough-Boy Sergeant. Gee! it made you sick to see that fine feller bug-house; but he was quiet an' happy as could be — only thought he was a Corps man detailed to take care of Baldy Mellen, a poor imbe*cile* who was a happy, too. An' Baldy would do things for Dick no one else could make him do. Why, he wouldn't never git out of his bunk till Dick dressed him (him layin' down), an' then Dick'd say:

"'In three motions — get — up!' grab him by the back of the neck an' sit him up for *one*, cant his feet over the side for *two*, an' stand him up at attention for *three*. An' Dick's pipe-dream was a good one for us. He took *en*tire charge of Baldy. But the one in all the bunch it made you sickest to see, an' the hardest to handle, was Tom Conroy. His bug was killin'— an' small blame to him. It ain't a nice story an' I'll git it over quick, but there's a plenty more like it in the Islands, as we all know— more's the pity.

"Tom had a chum. They'd growed up in the same home town an' enlisted together an' been bunkies for two hitches; one never took a pass 'less the other could git it; sort of Siamese Twins or David an' Jonathan. You never see nothin' like it. Their company was stationed in a little Gawd-forsaken place in Samar, an' one night the chum, who'd gone to stroll around a bit outside, didn't come back as Tom expected him. All night he didn't come back, an' in the mornin' they sent a search party into the jungle."

"'WHOA, MULE!'"

The Sergeant paused.

"Did they find him?" asked the old Cavalryman.

"Yes, they found him; an' I guess you know how. Tom give one shriek an' crashed off into the jungle, an' ever since then he's been loco. *But* he didn't go loco before he paid. He stayed away a week an' notched his bayonet deep till it looked like a jagged saw, an' every notch meant a life. Oh he paid — the lads said he paid.

"An' so," continued the Sergeant, after a pause, "that was the outfit we was to take to St. Lizzy's, 'cross country in a tourist sleeper hitched on to the Overland Limited an' switched on to the B. an' O. at Chicago; an' if I hadn't been mighty sure of my men I'd have felt like passin' it up. The men were all good, but that there Finley O'Niel was longways the best of the lot.

"Funny-lookin' little sawed-off, O'Niel: ex-bronc'-buster from Creed, Colorado. Irish, left-handed, an' one eye shot out; but game as a fightin' cock an' built of steel springs. Always good-natured, never got riled, an', come ter think of it, I never did hear no one say a word ag'in' Finley — even in the Islands, where they had cause. An' square! Square as a hard-tack. Had a quaint way of talkin', too, always catchin' up the Sawbones with some joke or other. An' he was just as quick physical as mental, an' quickness is what you need with locos; quickness an' the knack fer this here thing called 'moral suasion.'

"There was hardly any holdin' Finley on that trip from the Islands; he was fair wild to git back to the States. Same old reason. As the feller says, 'the missus an' the kid.' His missus was with some of her folks in a little

"FINLEY O'NIEL—IRISH, LEFT-HANDED, AN' WITH ONE EYE"

burg in Maryland, somewhere on the bay not far from Washington. So Finley was countin' on gittin' out to her jes' as soon as we'd delivered our bundle of locos at St. Lizzy's, an' he was happy as a kid with a new toy comin' home, an' more help than all the other men put together. Besides him an' Jim Todd (who was sober — you bet, I saw ter that), the other fellers I had along were Thompson, Deakin, an' Gray."

"'Nellie' Gray?" asked the old Cavalryman, crossing his bow-legs. "I knew him in Mindanao."

"Naw. Bill Gray. They called him 'Turnip,' 'count of his nose. I'll tell you a plenty about him later. An'— oh, yes; there was a doctor along, but he didn't count any — he was a contrac'. Stayed in the Pullman all the time, only pokin' his head in on us once a day to say:

"'You seem to be getting on very well. Call me if I'm needed!'

"Blame well he knew we wouldn't call him! He was punk.

"We got the bunch herded on to the cars at 'Frisco all right, for we was helped by some of the A Company Corps men, who come over with the Eighteenth Cavalry on the *Logan* (they'd helped us on board, too), an' it was as pretty a May mornin' as you want to see that we pulled out; but we weren't thinkin' much of the weather — our minds were right inside that car. Course you know we had to keep all windows closed, or else sit by them ourselves, with the locos fixed so's they couldn't git at 'em. Everythin' went smooth up to nigh three o'clock, nearin' Ogden — that is, as smooth as things ever go with daffies, for they got to be watched every minute like cats. That's the strain of

it — got to keep yer eye peeled every second. Things began then by the vino loco with the airship bug hoppin' up an' clawin' at himself.

"'Fleas!' he yells. 'This whole damn place is full of 'em!' An' I guess there may have been one or two to start with; you know California's reputation that-a-way, an' that tourist sleeper bein' none too aseptic. Well, Airship began gettin' frantic in his yells an' jumps, an' Finley, by way of quietin' him, makes believe to catch a lot of fleas an' tells him they're all gone.

"'They ain't!' he yells. 'They're turnin' into little airships. Oh! They're stingin' me with their anchors!'

"'Use Christian Science,' says the Imbe*cile*, grinnin' from his bunk, an' begins to sing, 'Oh, let us be joyful!'

"'Yep,' says Airship, 'I know,' an' begins to say like a book, all same those Jap monkeys (I wonder, now, did Mrs. Eddy git it from them?):

"'See no evil, feel no evil, smell no evil — oh, hell!' he says, 'that don't work on fleas!' Then, quick as a flash, he rushes over to the coon, an' hits him *bing* in the chest, yellin':

"'You blame black flea, quit a-bitin' me!'

"That coon — his name was Sam — riz up about ten feet, with a roar like a gorilla, an' made a pass at Airship that if it had landed would 'a' put his guy-ropes out of commission. But O'Niel pulls him back just in time, an' planks him down in a back seat by a window, tellin' him to watch for the airship; which he starts in doin' immediate, an' keeps up peaceful an' contented till dark, not payin' any attention to nothin' goin' on around him.

"I jumped to try an' pacify Sam, for I seen his dander was up an' he was lashin' out, bull-mad, thinkin' that Airship had tried to smash the clockwork in his stomach. He made a big side swing that like to got me on the head, an' though he had on the ankle-shackles, he was movin' after me all right. I made another try at him, an' he grabbed me. We clinched, an', the train onsteadin' us, went down wrastlin' all over the car floor, me yellin', 'Git the hose nozzle! Git the hose nozzle!' For that was the one thing on earth Sam was afraid of. We found it out on the transport. He was so violent he had to be put in a cage by himself, an' no one could go near; but he got so dirty I made two of the men go clean him up an' take him to the bath-room an' give him a bath. They had hell's own time doin' it, but afterwards, when they went to turn the hose on him, they found it scared him to death. He got up in a corner, tremblin' like a scared animal, so course they quit. But after that, no matter how violent he was, all we had to do was to point a hose nozzle at him — didn't have to have no hose behind it — an' he was quiet as a lamb. So that's why I yelled for the nozzle.

"Turnip Gray used to pack it round, but when he looked for it he couldn't find it; an' he couldn't leave Tom Conroy, who he was in charge of; for, even if Tom was all chained up, he was awful excited an' gibberin' with delight at the fight, callin' out, 'Kill him, kill him! Let me see his blood!' Didn't matter who died, just so he saw it. All my other men turned to lively, huntin' that nozzle, me all the time rollin' on the floor an' fightin' that maniac for every ounce of strength in me. But I couldn't keep him away from my throat — he made straight for that, an' just as he was about to choke the last wind out of me, Finley O'Niel jumps down like a cat, an' points a rolled-up newspaper at Sam, like we always done with the nozzle, an' he lets go an' starts twitchin' like a horse's skin in fly-time. An' that's the end of Mr. Sambo for the time bein'. He quit. Finley he certainly was smart. An' gee! but Tom Conroy was disappointed.

"'No blood,' he says, mournful — 'no blood an' no corpse. I wanted another nick, I did; another nick — another nick'; an' shakes his head an' begins countin', 'One on the mountain, an' one in the jungle, that's two, an' five in the *barrio*, that's six — no, seven — maybe eight — I don't know; I lost count. One on the mountain, an' one in the jungle ——'

"An' so he goes on everlastin'ly countin' over. Me? I gets up an' shakes myself together an' tries to get my breath again, an' the regular order of events is resumed. Later, the Engineer says to me,— poor feller! he was fair wore out, not havin' laid down for months, but settin' up straight-backed in a chair to sleep,— he says:

"'You laid down, an' you laid down fightin', an' you didn't die. But I will. Just as soon as I stretch out I'm a goner. But I might as well die as live like this,' he says; 'I can't stand it no longer. Make up mer bunk, an' let me hit it an' die.'

"Just like that he says it, all same Napoleon when he got licked at Waterloo.

"So we made up the bunk, an' he went round shakin' hands solemn an' tellin' every one goodby. Then he lays down, an' says he to me, 'Adios, Sergeant. This is where I pull my freight,' an' went to sleep in the snappin' of a finger, so I told Finley to give him a little dope to help him along. An' he was that exhausted, he never woke up till nigh Chicago.

"I think if I live to be a hundred I won't

"'GIT THE HOSE NOZZLE! GIT THE HOSE NOZZLE!'"

forget that trip — shut up for five days an' five nights with them daffies in that cramped space. You 'member that awful hot spell we had at the end of May? Well, it struck us this side of the Rockies, an' stayed all the way with us. We didn't have hardly a minute to wash or eat or get a breath of air, an' if one of us tried to snatch a minute's sleep, he'd get hollered at to come an' help, for there weren't no awful tricks them locos weren't up to. An' we had to tend to 'em, feed 'em, an' care for 'em like babies,— no, babes: babes is more helpless than babies,— an' persuade 'em, an' coax 'em, an' humor 'em — an' all knowin' that four of 'em for certain, an' maybe one or two more (for you're never sure of even the mildest-appearin' loco), were just watchin' for the smallest chance to kill. You see, the heat an' confinement told on them, too, — nothin' quicker,— an' they were gettin' fiercer an' fiercer, an' watchin' their openin'.

"Now, you needn't think we ever used force with 'em, unless we had to in self-defense — not ever; that's no treatment for locos. You got to humor 'em, an' be gentle, an' coax 'em to do everything as a favor, until they actually go for you — then, of course, you got to overpower 'em. Sometimes we got at our wits' end; an' the days, an' particularly the nights, stretched on an' on for us like a bad dream — a nightmare that wouldn't never, never end. The boys done noble, an' as for me — well, I was responsible for the lot. I had that on me, an' I did my limit.

"But Gawd only knows what I'd 'a' done without Finley. Didn't seem like nothin' could down his spirits; he'd come bobbin' up with a joke or a funny story right after the awfulest things.

"'Why, what the devil's got into you, Finley O'Niel?' says I. 'You're actin' like you was at a weddin' on April Fools' day, 'stead of bein' in this hell-on-wheels.'

"'Don't you know what it is?' says he. 'Why, every minute's bringin' me nearer to Mamie an' the kid. I don't care *what* happens, so long's I git there. I ain't *really* in this car, you know. I'm up in them there rosy-tinted sunset clouds, holdin' holy communion with Mamie, with orange-blossoms claspin' my pure but happy brow.'

"'Scat!' says I. 'When yer git ter usin' them kind o' words I ain't right certain of yer sanity. Why, you locoed mush-head, if yer don't quit I'll leave yer at St. Lizzy's along o' the rest.'

"'So long's you send fer Mamie,' says he, grinnin', 'you may put me anywheres yer please. Hey, there! Mind the Lootenant! He's gettin' ready ter stick a pin in Tom Conroy.' An' back he goes to work ag'in, just as grinny an' good-

natured as if the whole mess was a game that he liked playin'.

"One night — in the middle of it, too, of course — the Wild Mule went on the war-path; half chewed off the Imbe*cile's* ear, makin' him yell bloody murder, an' then kicked a board or two out of his bunk.

"'Leave me handle him,' says Finley O'Niel. 'I sure ought to be able to tackle one mule after bustin' outlaw bronc's fer years at five dollars a head.' An' do you sabe how he *did* handle him? Why, just by actin' as if he *was* a bronc' — by gettin' on him, an' twistin' his ear, an' sayin', 'Whoa, mule!' An' him buckin' an' kickin' all over the place till the rest of us could git a canvas jacket an' help Finley put it on the loco!

"So it went day after day an' night after night. An' us gettin' weakened out by the heat an' strain, an' they apparently gettin' fresher an' stronger every minute, an' their eyes gleamin' like trapped hyenas. It got so there'd be two or three big ructions every hour. If it hadn't been for Finley O'Niel an' his jokes an' his spirits an' his good way of takin' things, I know we'd all broke down long before we got to Washington. If it hadn't been that there was less than two hours' ride left — well, let me tell you about the worst of all.

"It was just the other side of Harper's Ferry, when we all were pretty busy — Thompson guardin' one door an' watchin' over Turnip, who was throwin' another epileptic, an' Deakin at the other door, with one eye on the carabao; Jim Todd havin' his hands full with the buttin' goat an' kickin' mule; me pacifyin' now Sam, now the Airship, who were glarin' an' cussin' at each other from opposite ends of the car; an' poor old Finley on the jump between Tom Conroy an' the Lootenant. Tom had been pretty violent an' had had to be chained down; an' so was the Lootenant, who had the bug that Finley was his faithless bride an' was out for him — he'd heard him say somethin' about his 'wife,' maybe, an' might 'a' caught that speech about orange-blossoms.

"Finley had finally got the two corraled in seats facing each other, an' was sittin' with 'em. He had just stood up to fix the window-shade or somethin', when the train struck a forty-five-degree curve at a sixty-mile clip an' threw him between the two. My back was turned, so I couldn't see; but Todd an' Dick Dunstan give an awful cry, an' I rushed over — only in time to pull Finley's body out from beneath them tramplin' feet. They had killed him that quick! Todd saw, but he had to keep by his two locos, an' if he could have left he'd have been too late. They killed him like a flash. He fell between their knees and they gripped him; one choked him an' the other brought his two handcuffed wrists down together like a pile-driver on the base of his brain — all in half a second, as if they had planned an' practised it for months. Then them two, them that killed Finley O'Niel, the best man in the Hospital Corps,— yes, an' no better in the army, either,— set there an' laughed: yelled an' hollered with joy till they got all the other locos goin'.

"Big Dick he didn't laugh, though; he didn't forget for a minute that he was a Corps man an' not a loco. He grabs an extra pair of handcuffs off Thompson, as he's standin' stock-still, starin', white an' pop-eyed with horror, an', rushin' over to Tom an' the Lootenant, had hit 'em two awful wipes over the heads, an' they were streamin' with blood before Thompson an' me could make him quit.

"'They killed Finley!' he says, 'our Finley— an' him so crazy to git home. Leave me be, you men, till I kill *them*.' We fought an' wrastled with him,— he was wild for their lives. Then Deakin come with a strait-jacket, an' the three of us fought Dick into it. An' even *that* wasn't the end, for Tom an' the Lootenant had to be bound up an' quieted, an' then had convulsions all the way to Washington, an' the rest were worse than ever, with the killin' they had seen.

"If the rest of the journey was hell,— an' it was, all right,— that last hour an' a half was somethin' so much worse that there ain't no word for it — an' Finley O'Niel laid out on a seat.

"We got to Washington too dazed an' done up to move, hardly, an' it was well they sent two or three men with the strong-wagon from St. Lizzy's. We turned our bunch over, asked 'em to take care of Finley (an' they did — they done him proud), an' made for the Barracks, dropped like logs on the floor, an'— sleep! Some of us slep' for thirty hours. After we'd waked up an' had a bath,—gee, it felt good!— an' plenty of chow, we were pretty near all right again, but — there wasn't any Finley O'Niel to go rushin' down to the Eastern Shore after his little girl an' the kid that was waitin' for him. It was up to me to take that trip an' tell the girl what she was up against. Hard it was fer Finley ter be taken that way jes' when he was about ter git his dream ag'in. When I seen that little Mamie an' the way she loved him! There wasn't nothin' a person could say to help her, neither."

"Gawd help her," said the old Cavalryman, solemnly raising his glass. "The Lord bless Finley O'Niel an' his little woman — in this world an' the nex'. Here's *to* 'em."

GOLDWIN SMITH'S REMINISCENCES

I. THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

GOLDWIN SMITH, who died in Toronto about three months ago, was one of the most distinguished journalists of his time and had been for forty years among the foremost North American thinkers and scholars. When Dr. Smith first visited America, during the Civil War, he was received with great enthusiasm, as one of the staunchest friends the North had in England. In 1868 he again came to the United States and became Professor of English and Constitutional History at Cornell University. Five years later he retired to Toronto, Canada, retaining an honorary professorship at Cornell.

From then until the time of his death he was one of the most influential private citizens in English-speaking countries. It has been said that he was the most admired and most disliked man in the Dominion of Canada. Politically he was uncompromisingly independent, and during the later years of his life he fought bitterly against the influence of the machine in politics. In 1899 he created a storm in this country by denouncing the American enthusiasm for Admiral Dewey. Two years later he offended Canada by his pro-Boer sentiments, and in 1909 warned Canada against militarism and the folly of building a navy.

Few men have equaled Dr. Smith in range of acquaintanceship. He had known practically all prominent Americans and Englishmen of the last half century. Gladstone was one of the intimate friends of his youth. He knew the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, and Carlyle.

During his Oxford days Dr. Smith was tutor to the late King Edward VII. The King always felt a deep interest in his old tutor, and after the accident which crippled Dr. Smith last February, the King used often to inquire about his condition and expressed the deepest concern regarding him. [EDITORS.]

IN 1861 came Secession, and what was taken to be the death-knell of the American Republic. The aristocratic and wealthy classes in England generally, exulting in the downfall of democracy, at once embraced the side of the South. A short time before, they had given an ovation to the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; but that was when slavery was the reproach of the Republic.

Classes will be classes. The success of American democracy had always been a threat to aristocracy in England. But the people in England generally would not have been without excuse if they had gone wrong. Slavery was accursed; it was under the ban of humanity; England had made great efforts and sacrifices for its extinction. Its extension, which would probably have ensued on the slave-owners' victory, would have been the bane of moral civilization. On this account, and on this account only, was any one bound to take the side of the North. With a war for the reconquest of a new-born nation, severed from the Northern States by a natural line of cleavage after a long period of internal strife, we should in no way have been called upon to sympathize. But on slavery Congress, Lincoln, and Seward had disclaimed any intention of making war, and Congress had offered to perpetuate its constitutional existence if the Slave States would return to the Union. We who took the side of the North had to contend that the formal was not the practical issue, and to make the masses see this was not easy, especially when the masses, by the cutting off of cotton, were being stinted of their bread. Mr. Spence, in his cunning book, had propagated the notion that the real issue was economical, and that the South was for Free Trade; as it was, though not from enlightenment, but because slavery could not manufacture. Cobden wavered at first, though he soon came round to the truth. Bright came out at once for the North, and delivered in St. James' Hall the best speech I ever heard. All things considered, the conduct of the British

people was surely good. The partisans of the South, though they spat a good deal of fire and had the mighty *Times* on their side, never ventured, in Parliament or elsewhere, to make a decided move in favour of intervention. Lincoln, with all his wisdom and goodness of heart, never took — or at least never showed that he took—a right view of the case with which he had to deal; if he had, perhaps there would have been no war. He viewed and treated as a rebellion that which was in fact a natural disruption, postponed for some time by uneasy shifts and compromises, but inevitable in the end. This same error pervaded Reconstruction. It led to the fatal exclusion of the Southern leaders from the work of Reconstruction, to carpet-bagging government, to the Ku-Klux, and to the almost desperate situation which has ensued. It is true that Lincoln's personal character and history were, to those who knew them, a pledge for the adoption of the anti-slavery policy if victory rested with his party; but by us in England Lincoln's character and history were unknown, and his official utterances were naturally taken as decisive.

Writing and Lecturing for the Cause of the North

The great writers having generally gone with their class, my pen was in requisition on the side of the North. It is true, as J. M. Forbes is recorded in his daughter's Memoir* of him to have noted, that I somewhat hesitated at first. It seemed hardly our business to fan the flame of civil war in another nation. But I also felt a doubt, which in the sequel has proved not baseless, about the policy of reincorporating the Slave States. The first ground of hesitation was removed by the efforts of the South to draw us into the quarrel. The second was swept away by the progress of the war, which left us practically to choose between the victory of freedom and that of slavery.

My first appearance on a platform was at a great meeting in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, called, upon the escape of the *Alabama*, to protest against the fitting out of cruisers for the South. The meeting was called by the Union League, an organization at the head of which was Thomas Potter,† one of the leaders of Manchester commerce, and a brand plucked from the burning; for Manchester magnates generally leant to the other side. At that moment we were seriously alarmed. Other cruisers were being built in Laird's yard, and a party, of which the present Lord Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil,‡ was an active member, were working to prevent their arrest. Too strong language was used by me and others at that crisis. When all was known, the Government was seen to have been guilty only of allowing the papers to lie too long before the Queen's Advocate, who it did not know had been suddenly stricken with illness. The order for the arrest of the *Alabama* was on its way when she sailed, without a clearance, on a pretended trip of pleasure. She took on board her armament from a tender at the Azores. There was one seaman of the Reserve in her crew, but Government had no general control over the engagements of those men. Allowance must be made for a Government responsible for very scattered possessions and exposed for four years to the strain of maintaining a neutrality which the South was always trying to break. Nations which, instead of settling their differences by negotiation or arbitration, disturb the neighbourhood by going to war, must be content with reasonable maintenance of an honest neutrality. The Government of the United States had no shadow of justification for making war on Spain other than the trouble to which it was put in maintaining the neutrality between the Spaniards and the insurgent Cubans, though the enforcement was not very strict, filibustering expeditions having escaped, and Cuban revolution having been allowed freely to operate at New York. I was glad when the indemnities were paid by the British Government, because the payment plucked out a thorn. But I doubt whether they were due; I feel sure that, in any case but that of the *Alabama*, they were not.

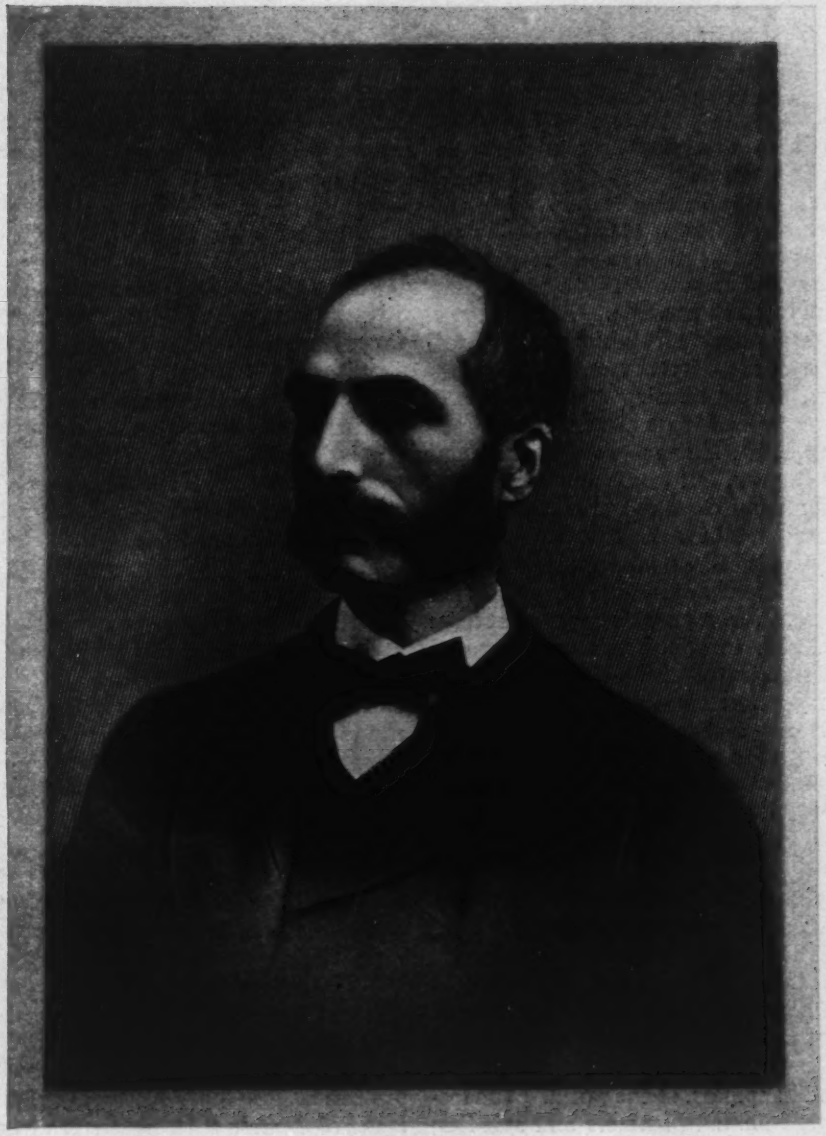
Palmerston and the Prince Consort on the "Trent" Affair

I lived with those who could not be misinformed, and my conviction is that the British Government remained throughout unshaken in its neutrality, and never for a moment gave ear either to the solicitations of the South or to the promptings of the Emperor of the French. Palmerston was a Tory, and his heart may have been with the Southern oligarchy. On the *Trent* affair he drafted a despatch, instinct with his overbearing temper, which was happily modified by the Prince Consort. But he was deeply pledged to the extinction of slavery. About the course of the Duke of Argyll, Cornewall Lewis, or Cardwell, there could be no doubt. Of Gladstone's course and his motives for it I have already spoken. In him there may have

* "Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes." Edited by his daughter, Sarah Forbes Hughes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin; 1899. Vol. II, page 108.

† Thomas Bayley Potter, 1817–1898.

‡ This refers to the third Marquess of Salisbury, father of the present Marquess.—Ed.



Goldwin Smith

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1868, AT THE TIME WHEN HE FIRST BECAME PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY AT CORNELL, THEN A PIONEER UNIVERSITY

been a tincture of Liverpool. But he sympathized with all struggles for independence. In a letter to me he suggested that if the North would let the South go, Canada might afterwards be allowed to enter the Union. I suppressed the letter, which I thought would be of little use at the time and might afterwards do him harm. Though he said, and had the fact on his side in saying, that Jeff Davis had made a nation, it did not follow that he voted for intervention in the Cabinet. I feel sure that he did not. For mediation the British Government was always ready, as well it might be, considering the loss and suffering to which the war was exposing its people.

The British Government was upbraided for recognizing the belligerency of the South. Did not the North from the outset recognize the belligerency of the South and treat its soldiers as entitled to all the laws, humanities, and courtesies of war? It called the South rebels; but did it, during the war, ever treat a single Southerner as a rebel?

Had the French Emperor chosen, in pursuance of his own designs, to intervene on the side of the South, England could not have been permitted to intervene on the side of the North. The opposition would have been far too strong. It is not unlikely that the North owed a good deal to the attitude of Russia, whatever the motive of that attitude may have been.

At this critical time we were unlucky in our Foreign Minister. Lord Russell's diplomatic manner was as bad as possible. It was haughty, unconciliatory and brusque. His appointment to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was a striking instance of the tendency of party Government, in distributing the high offices among the party leaders, to put the square man in the round hole. He apologized for his want of courtesy frankly, but late. We were lucky, on the other hand, in having, as the American Ambassador, Mr. Adams, whose bearing throughout was excellent, and who to the pride of aristocracy could oppose the dignity of an illustrious line. Mr. Adams's temper must have been tried. He certainly was not exposed during those years to the social allurements under the sweet but emasculating influence of which American ambassadors to England are apt to fall.

King Cotton and the English Manufacturing Districts

My acquaintance with the land of manufactures extended. I saw a good deal of it at Bradford, as the guest of my very dear friends Robert and Samuel Kell, and afterwards at Rochdale, where Bright's home and works were, Nottingham, and Leeds. Machinery has added vastly to the wealth, would we say with confidence, to the happiness, of the world. The factory hands are human hammers and spindles; they can feel no interest in their work; they do not even see it in its finished state; their abodes are dismal, their lives monotonous. They can hardly be blamed either for addiction to sensual enjoyments or for readiness to listen to any Karl Marx who tells them that they ought to have more pay. Socially they are quite cut off from their employers, whose mansions, when, perhaps, on their Sunday stroll in the suburbs, they see with no friendly eye. Anything that could create a feeling of partnership between employer and employed would be the greatest of blessings, but nothing in that way as yet seems to have had much success. The master looks for his gains to the future; the mechanic wants his wages to-day.

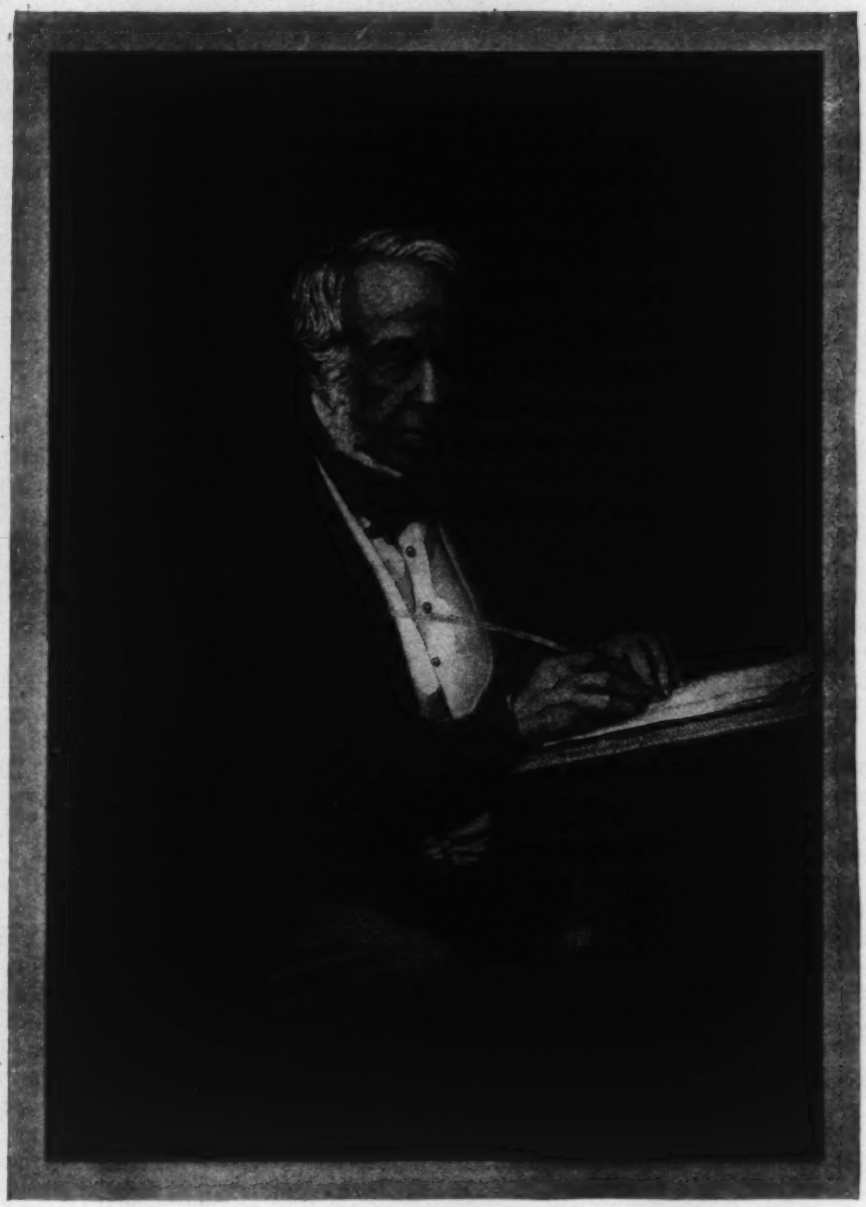
Saltaire, in which I for a time held an honorary office, was not successful. It was furnished, apparently, with everything that could make its denizens happy, but they kicked against every restriction and seemed to feel that they were not free. It was the same with Pullman, the model factory village near Chicago. Some sort of partnership giving the men an interest in their work seems alone likely to be the cure.

Smith's First Visit to America

In 1864, when the war was drawing to a close, I paid a visit to the United States charged with the sympathy of Bright, Cobden, and other British friends of the North as a little antidote to the venom of the too powerful *Times*. I was desired at the same time to report on the real state of affairs. Those were the days before the cable, and we were still imperfectly informed, especially on the vital question whether the West was acting heartily with the North or, as the friends of the South averred, was a reluctant partner in the struggle. I was also curious to see the Civil War.

The first thing that struck me was that there was no Civil War to be seen. The war was between two nations, formed by an inevitable disruption, and in the Northern, which was the invading nation, though war was visibly on foot, and all minds and papers were full of it, life was undisturbed. In the Border States alone, which were the border-land between freedom and slavery, was there anything like Civil War. Social intercourse, therefore, went on as pleasantly as usual, and my enjoyment of it was complete.

My introductions were very helpful to me. I saw and heard all that there was to be seen or heard, and met eminent men not a few. I landed at Boston, after what was thought a good passage of thirteen days, under the kind command of Captain Anderson, who afterwards laid the Atlantic Cable. I was at the Tremont Hotel. The card was sent up to me of Mr. Loring, the name of a U. E. Loyalist family connected with my family by marriage. The parlour of the hotel I found full of people, among whom I at once identified Mr. Loring by his striking likeness to my connections. Going up to him, I thanked him for his call, which I presumed had been made at the suggestion of my relatives. To my surprise, he had never heard of them. The family had been divided by the Revolution, the Whig branch remaining at Boston, the Tory branch emigrating to Canada. So lasting are family features. I afterwards saw in the house of Commissioner Loring at Washington what I should at once have taken for the portrait of my cousin had I not been told that it was the beautiful Mrs. Loring who won the



LORD PALMERSTON

MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND TWICE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND. AT THE TIME WHEN THE SOUTHERN ENVOYS WERE TAKEN BY FORCE FROM THE "TRENT," HE MADE HIS SYMPATHY WITH THE SOUTH APPARENT BY EXACTING FROM THE UNITED STATES A COMPLETE REPARATION FOR THIS INFRACTION OF INTERNATIONAL LAW

heart of General Howe. I was once introduced to a Cecil whose likeness to my old comrade on the *Saturday** was so strong as to make me say that introduction was almost needless. He replied that he was not of the Salisbury but of the Exeter branch of Cecil, and that there had been no intermarriage between the branches since the time of Elizabeth.

* Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards third Marquess of Salisbury, who was thrice Prime Minister and four times Secretary for Foreign Affairs.—Ed.

J. M. Forbes and Charles Eliot Norton

My friendships are, saving my marriage, the great events of my life; and of my friendships none is more dear than that with Charles Eliot Norton, who was my host, more than hospitable, at Cambridge. He combined the highest European culture with the most fervent love of his own country. That his patriotism was of the best brand he has since shown by doing

his best to save his country from the Gulf of Imperialist folly and wickedness towards which evil men have been dragging her. Other Boston friends, never to be forgotten, were Mr. Charles Loring above mentioned, and Mr. J. M. Forbes, both of whom showed how in a Republic a man might be a great citizen without being a professional politician. Of this, Mr. Forbes especially was a striking example. He was one of the leaders of Boston commerce. He went as an informal envoy of the North to England during the war. He did not go into politics, which as they are managed would have been repellent to his honest and generous nature; but he did go with all his heart and soul into every great public cause. Whenever public good was to be promoted or public evil to be combated, he exerted himself with an ardour which could not have been exceeded if a Prime Ministership or a Dukedom had been his prize. He was a great citizen; a character within the reach of some who could not succeed in politics if they would and would not if they could. Forbes was one of the liveliest and most entertaining of hosts and companions. Bright were the days I spent with him in his house with his family circle at Milton Hill or at his hunting-box in the island of Nashon. He had a deer forest on the island of Nashon, where I shot a deer. I did not kill it; it had to be killed, and I never would shoot another.

How the Carlyles Tired of Emerson

Under Mr. Forbes's roof I met Emerson. I of course looked with interest on a man whose name and influence were so great. Emerson's character was undoubtedly fine and his influence was very good. But I cannot honestly say that I ever got much from his writings. I can find no system; I find only aphorisms; an avalanche, as it were, of unconnected pebbles of thought, some of them transparent, some translucent, some to me opaque. Carlyle introduced Emerson to the British public as one who brought new fire from the empyrean. But the two men in genius were leagues apart and Carlyle at last found the new fire a bore. George Venables, calling one evening on Carlyle at Chelsea, found himself received with extraordinary warmth, the reason of which Mrs. Carlyle explained by exclaiming, "Oh, we were afraid it was Emerson." I heard Emerson lecture. Now and then he shot a telling bolt. The rest of his discourse to me was almost darkness. I heard him read his own poetry aloud, but it remained as obscure to me as before. Certain, however, it is that, by whatever means, he was inspiring and an elevating influence in his day, which was the critical time, when, New England Puritanism having lost its power, there was pressing need of something to maintain spiritual life. Longfellow also I met, of course, with interest, and he was most attractive as a man, though I can hardly credit him with anything more than sweetness as a poet. Bryant lives by his "Waterfowl," and almost by that alone. Poe had poetic genius if he had only taken more care of it and of himself. Excepting him, can it be said that America has produced a poet? Perhaps America might ask whether at this time there is such a thing as a true poet in the world.

Lowell, whom I also met, was in those days very anti-British. We could not greatly complain if the feeling of the ruling class in England was taken to be that of the nation, and resented as such. The *Times*, from its immense ascendancy as a journal, was naturally regarded as the great organ of British opinion, and nothing could be more galling to American patriotism than its attacks. From their English visitor the courtesy of the Americans concealed any feeling they might have against his country. However, among the best of them there was still a lurking affection for the old land, and sorrow rather than anger at her defection from the good cause. At Mr. Loring's on Thanksgiving Day, our host, though one at least of his family was a soldier on the Northern side, gave as a toast, "The President of the United States and the Queen of England."

A Historian with a "Fourth-of-July" Style

Pleasant and instructive too were the days which I spent with Bancroft, the historian, in his Newport villa. He had been long in public life, and had known Jackson, whom he described, to my surprise, as mild by nature and putting himself into a rage only when it would serve a purpose. I went with Bancroft to a festival at Brown University in Providence. The banquet was in a marquee; there was a high wind; the canvas flapped; and the speeches could not be heard. I was green enough not to foresee that I should be called upon for a speech. Otherwise the speech would have been written. Called upon I was, and when I had done a reporter told me that I had been inaudible and asked me for my notes. I had no notes to give him. The boat was waiting. The reporter made a speech for me which I dare say was better than my own, but certainly was not my own, and took me considerably aback when I read it in the paper next morning. The demand for speeches, which I was by nature wholly incapable of supplying, was the one serious drawback of my American tour.

With Bancroft I renewed my acquaintance

at Washington in his last days, and made up his whist table. As a politician he was said to have rather over-rated democracy and too much idolized "the dear people." His "History of the United States" is in somewhat Fourth-of-July style, as was to be expected in that day; but it is a considerable work; easy reading, and not unfair or in bad taste for its time.

The West Would Have Gone to War Without the North

Any doubt as to the hearty participation of the Western States in the struggle for the Union was soon set at rest. If the North had hung back, the West would have gone on. By the stalwart yeomen of the Western States under Grant the tide was first turned in favour of the North and victory was in the end mainly won. Patriotic enthusiasm and the spirit of self-sacrifice were certainly intense and general. The national character at that time rose to a moral height which has not since been sustained. The Republican party, as a body, remains the same, with the name unchanged. But how changed is the spirit! How unlike is this league of log-rolling monopolists to the patriot democracy headed by Lincoln in the days of the War!

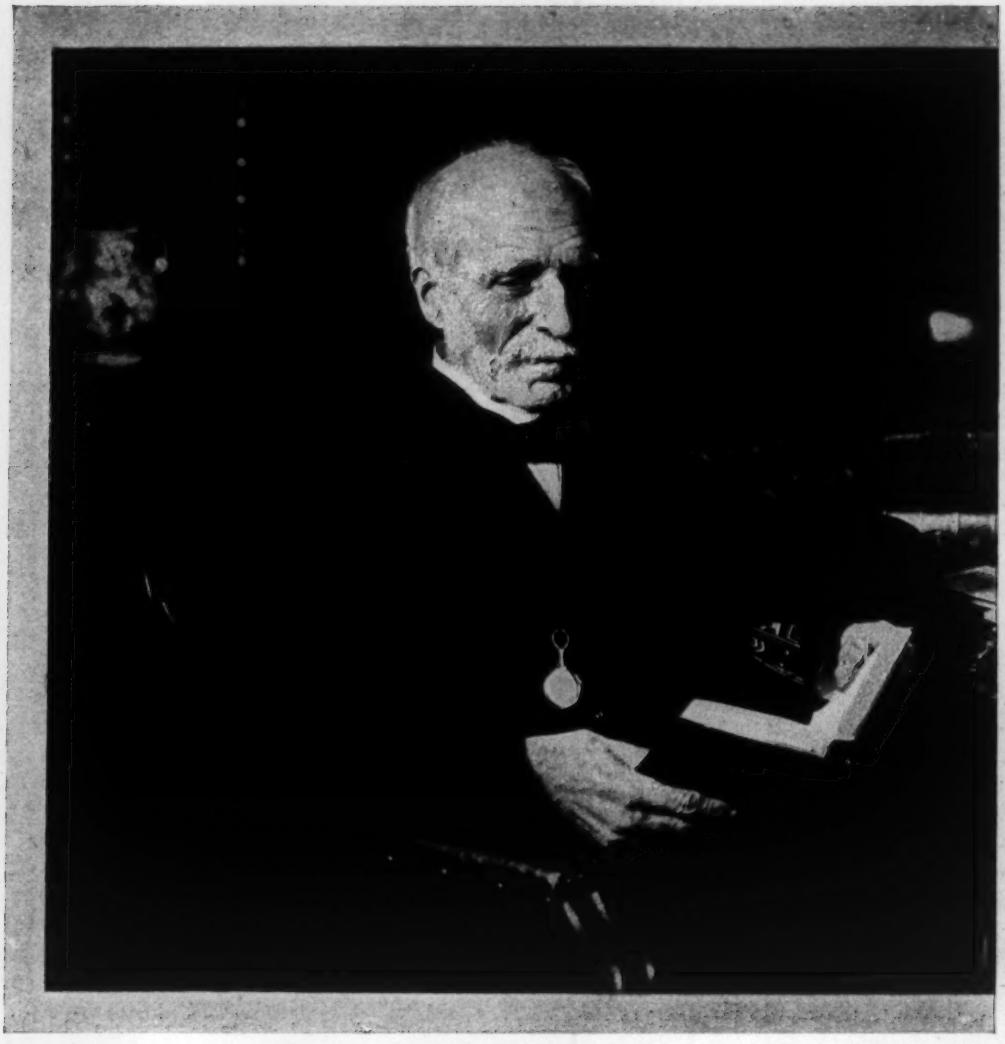
It was for the Union rather than against slavery that the North in general appeared to me to be fighting. When the people were asked the cause, the usual answer was "to uphold the law." Slavery was the object of hostility chiefly because it was the cause of disruption. This was the case especially with the officers of the army, among whom the feeling against slavery was not strong. It was partly a sense of this, I believe, which caused Lincoln to hesitate in proclaiming emancipation. Garrison, on the other hand, and the thorough-going Abolitionists before the war would have been glad to renounce the "covenant with hell" and let the Slave States go. This, however, was Garrison's hour of victory after a life of devotion and martyrdom. Soon he was to stand at Charleston triumphant at the grave of Calhoun. A sudden change is a shock, even though it be from persecution to popularity. When a complimentary watch was presented to Garrison, he said that he felt at a loss for appropriate words; had it been a rotten egg, he would have known exactly what to say. Other men probably have had the same feeling.

Generosity of the North toward Southern Prisoners

It seemed to me that at the North generally there was a remarkable absence of truculence. The determination was fixed to subdue the South and restore the Union. But I heard few expressions of thirst for revenge such as were heard the other day from loyalists at Cape Town. Prisoners of war were well treated. I visited the prison-camp at Chicago and saw that its inmates were well fed and were suffering no hardships beyond that of confinement. If they died under imprisonment, it was as the caged eagle dies. I visited the prisoners' hospital at Baltimore, went through every part of it, and satisfied myself that the treatment was good. My visit was unannounced. On Thanksgiving Day the table was spread with the good things of the season. I record this as an answer to the charges of cruelty rife at the time in England. It was the more notable as the treatment of Federal prisoners in some of the Confederate prisons was known to be most inhuman. In the Andersonville prison-camp it was devilish, and such as no want of resources on the part of the captors could excuse. I saw at Annapolis the first batch of prisoners exchanged from Andersonville; they were living skeletons. I put my finger and thumb round the upper part of a large man's arm. It must be said that Grant was partly responsible, if, as was understood, he refused to exchange prisoners. No laws of war surely can warrant the retention of prisoners whom a captor cannot feed. They ought to be released on parole.

Nor did it seem to me that internal repression was carried by the Washington Government beyond the real necessities of the case, considering that there was at the North a party openly sympathizing with the South and doing its best to weaken the arm of Government in the war. Great liberty was allowed to the press and the elections were perfectly free. I was at Boston at the time of the second election of Lincoln. Party feeling of course ran very high. Yet the Democratic minority was allowed without molestation to hold its meetings, hang out its banners across the street, and march in its torchlight processions. Nor on that day was there serious disturbance, so far as I could learn, in any one of the Northern States.

Even social ties were less broken than might have been expected. At Boston I met men of opposite parties under the same roof. At Baltimore, which was close upon the scene of the war, and had in it a strong pro-slavery party by which Lee, if he had conquered at Gettysburg, would have found the banquet spread for him, the feeling was more bitter, and the social severance was complete. Yet Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, whose guest I was, though ardent Unionists, interested themselves actively in obtaining pardon for a lady who had been convicted, not for the

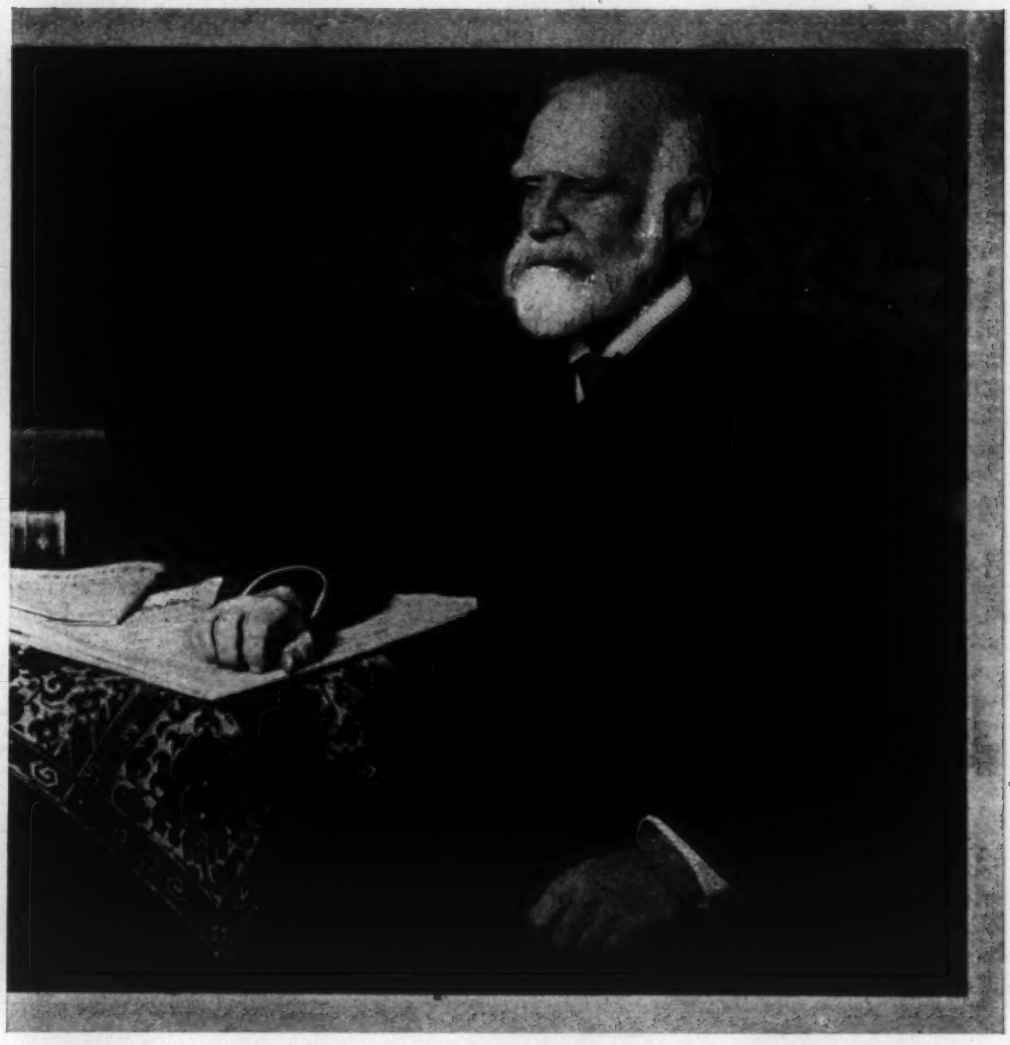


GOLDWIN SMITH

first time, of correspondence with a Confederate raider.

Evils of the Depreciated Currency

The greatest sign of disturbance was the depreciated paper currency. The issue of this was probably a breach of the Constitution, which withholds from the Federal Government all that it does not give, and does not give the power of issuing paper money. It would have been better and cheaper to borrow at the current rate, whatever that rate might be. The return to specie in the end probably cost a good deal more than the loan would have cost, besides the disturbance of commerce and industry. I had a talk on the subject with Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, on whom I totally failed to impress the orthodox doctrine. He must have understood the question better than I did. Perhaps he saw the truth, but held that financial principle must give way to urgent necessity. Fluctuation of wages could not fail especially to be felt. I believe there had been no very serious strikes before that time. Lincoln was comically ignorant of economy. He is said, when there was lack of money, to have asked whether the printing-press had given out. But it is surprising how many people have a lurking idea that the bank bill is money, not clearly seeing that it is a promissory note, and that when it changes hands specie passes at the bank of issue from the credit of the giver to that of the taker. The illusion is helped by the ambiguous word "currency." One consequence is that the Government, whose proper business is only to stamp the coin, fancies that it is specially concerned in the banking trade, and entitled to the profits of the paper circulation. Let me say, however, that I never doubted that the paper promises of the



AMBASSADOR JAMES BRYCE

United States would be redeemed. After my return to England, I found myself in a large party alone maintaining that the Americans would pay in gold. I had a higher opinion of their honesty than the rest of the company; but I felt sure that their commercial instinct would preserve them from a ruinous forfeiture of their credit. Had my works been like my faith, had I invested largely in American paper when it was down to forty, my visit would have been profitable as well as instructive.

The Confederacy in Its Last Ditch

Gettysburg had been fought, Vicksburg had fallen, the murderous campaign of the Wilderness had come to its close. Grant was before Petersburg, and the Confederacy was in its last ditch. I was taken to the scene of war by General Ben Butler, to whom I, at all events, owe gratitude. We went up the Potomac from Washington, starting coveys of ducks which had enjoyed a respite from shooting while the sportsmen were shooting each other. Landing, we got on horseback to ride to Butler's quarters. On the way we espied some men in the bush, pretty near at hand, who were pronounced to be Confederate riflemen. One of the party, a military man, was inclined to retire and re-form. But there was no danger. I afterwards found that, where nothing particular was going on, I could safely get upon the parapet and look down upon the Confederates changing guard. The humanities and chivalries of war were well observed on both sides, except perhaps by the Southerners towards negro soldiers. This proved to me that there was a sun behind the cloud, and that the strife, bitter as it was at the time, would end in reconciliation. I was confirmed in this forecast by hearing that a

"sesesh" lady at Baltimore had eloped with a Yankee trumpeter.

A Federal commander with the local forces found himself in a very tight place. It was a question whether he should waste blood by fighting or surrender. He surprised the Confederate by paying him a visit under a flag of truce and asking him for his candid opinion upon the case, saying that he could make a good fight, but did not wish to sacrifice the lives of his people in vain. The Confederate showed him round the position and then gave him his candid opinion, which was that if his command formed part of a general plan of operations, he was bound to fight; otherwise he might with propriety surrender. I had this story with names of persons and place, which I have forgotten. I can only say that it was likely and illustrative of American character and of the feelings of the military men on the two sides towards each other, which never was so bitter as those of the civilians.

If the military leaders of the South, after their defeat, instead of being treated as rebels, could have been taken into council in the work of reconstruction, the result, though it could hardly have solved the desperate negro problem, might have been far better than it was. But, as I have said, neither Lincoln nor any one else seemed at that time to understand that this was not a rebellion, but the inevitable parting of two groups of States radically antagonistic in their social and political structure, which had been long held together in uneasy union by hollow compromise, but had obeyed their natural impulses at last.

Grant's Army Before Petersburg

When I was in the camp the two armies lay facing each other in lines at Petersburg. Richmond could almost be seen through a telescope, and the last move on the chess-board was evidently at hand, though the correspondent of the *Times* kept assuring his employers that Confederate victory was near. Sherman was setting out on his famous march through the heart of the Confederacy; Sheridan was ending the business in the Shenandoah Valley; and overwhelming forces were presently to close upon Lee. Against Grant alone Lee might probably have maintained himself. His lines were strong; an attempt to storm them after mining failed; nor were his supplies either of food or ammunition exhausted. Prisoners and deserters who came in were in good case. They had bread enough, though not coffee. Confederate batteries were pretty lavish of shot and shell, notwithstanding that the Confederacy could not manufacture and that its transportation had broken down.

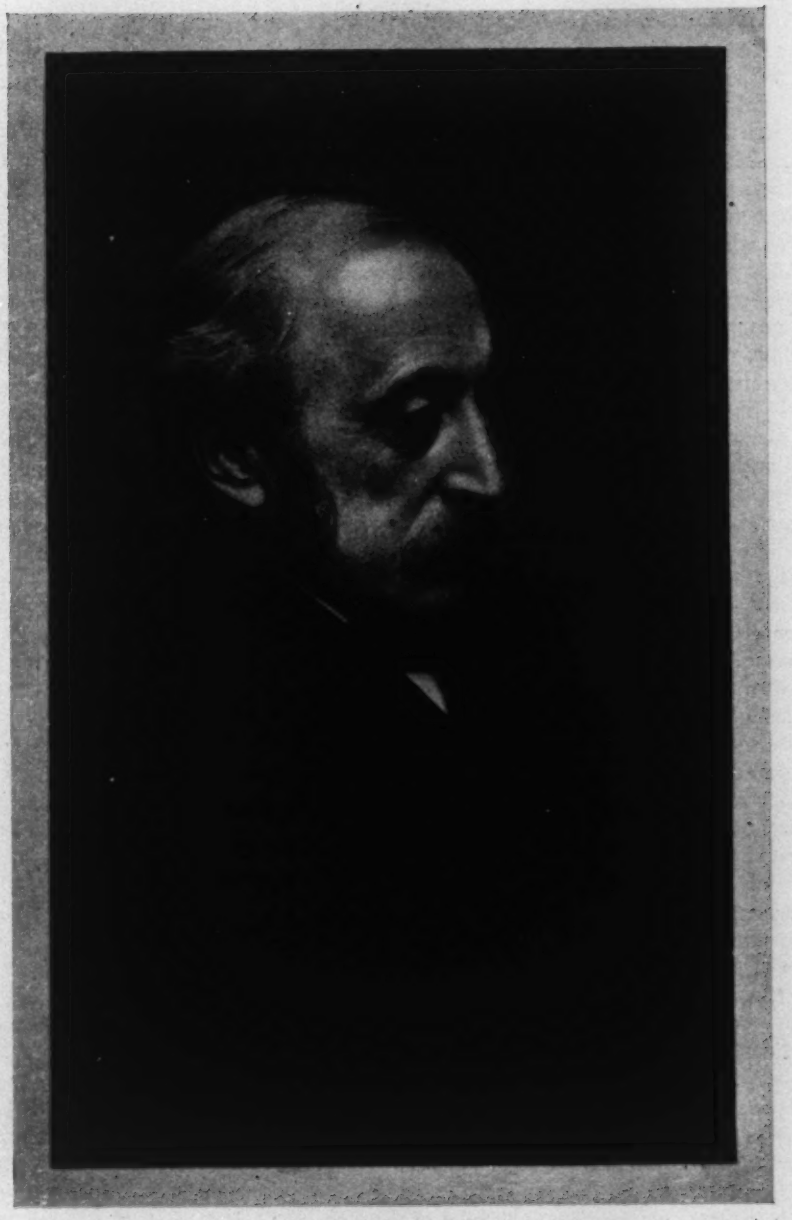
The Federal army was evidently sound and abundantly supplied. Stories of large foreign and Indian enlistments were fictions. There were Germans and other immigrants, no doubt; but they had made the United States their country. There was one Indian, not with a tomahawk, but with the usual side-arms of an officer. In the course of the war there were, as Sir John Macdonald* told me, forty thousand Canadian enlistments. But of these men, again, many probably adopted the United States as their country. Bounties were high, and under the draft system there were a great many substitutes, giving occasion for not a few jokes. A party of returned soldiers, it was said, were recounting their deeds and sufferings in the national cause, when a voice broke in with "Ah! you boast of your deeds and sufferings, but, after all, you returned. I did not return. The bones of my substitute are whitening the bank of the James River."

The country was thickly wooded and blind. Grant told me that in action he could not see the length of a brigade. A charge or even a formation of cavalry would have been impracticable. There could be no sweeping up of prisoners at the end of a battle. The defeated army fell back through the woods, and thus battles were comparatively indecisive.

Grant a Sledge-Hammer, Not a Strategist

Grant was a silent, somewhat saturnine man, very simple in his demeanour and habits. His quarters were a common tent, in which was a chest with his kit marked "U. S. G., U. S. A." He was said to dislike military parade and even military music. He seems to have been less of a strategist than of a sledge-hammer of war, pounding his enemy by his blows, with little regard for the expenditure of life. He may be almost said to have professed the strategy of attrition. Of this the bloody battle of Cold Harbour, fought in a blind country, was a signal instance. Why the battles of the Wilderness were fought at all, when the plan apparently was to hold Lee in the North while Sherman pierced the Confederacy to the heart, was a question to which I never could get a clear answer from a soldier. But there can be no doubt as to the inestimable service which Grant by his iron resolution and inflexible tenacity did the cause. His great victory at Fort Donelson was the first light of hope in a darkness which seemed almost that of despair. He also ren-

* Prime Minister of Canada, 1867–1873; 1878–1891.



CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

DR. SMITH AND PROFESSOR NORTON WERE WARM FRIENDS UNTIL THE LATTER'S DEATH, TWO YEARS AGO. DR. SMITH SAYS THAT IN HIS LATER YEARS NORTON "DID HIS BEST TO SAVE HIS COUNTRY FROM THE GULF OF IMPERIALIST FOLLY AND WICKEDNESS TOWARDS WHICH EVIL MEN HAVE BEEN DRAGGING HER"

dered a great service by firmly taking the whole war into his own hands and out of those of the politicians whose meddling had done much mischief. A remark to the contrary in an article of the New York *Sun* on "The Political Element in War-Power" was from the pen of the editor, not that of the writer. His generosity Grant showed by handing back to Sherman, when the attack on Vicksburg had succeeded, the protest which at the council of war Sherman had put in against the attack. His chivalry was shown by his demeanour to Lee after the surrender at Appomattox, when he treated Lee at once as a friend and refused to receive his sword. His good feeling and his good sense together he showed by at once paroling the beaten army, providing for their wants, and giving them back their horses "for the fall ploughing."

He nobly declined to enter Richmond as a conqueror.

Pitchforked into the Presidency by the passion of the Americans for military glory, Grant, being totally without political experience, of course failed. The only political quality which he had was resolution, which he once at least opposed, under good advice, to dishonest and mischievous legislation. He had a fatal notion that supporting public delinquents of his own party was standing by comrades under fire. Between this rough soldier and such a man as Charles Sumner, with his high-stepping culture and lofty self-esteem, antipathy was sure to be strong. Some one, to please Grant, was decrying Sumner to him, saying that Sumner was a Free-thinker and did not even believe in the Bible. "Well," said Grant, "I suppose he didn't write it." Wellington, between whom and Grant there was some resemblance, also once in his life said a good thing. When he appeared at the court of the Restoration, the marshals of the Empire turned their backs on him. The King apologised to him for their rudeness. *"N'importe, Sire, c'est leur habitude,"* was Wellington's reply.

I met Grant and Mrs. Grant some years afterwards at a garden party at Lambeth Palace. A curiously rustic couple they looked in that assemblage of fashion. Grant was then touring under the auspices of politicians who wanted a third term for him and thought it might be secured by presenting him to the world's homage. No showman could have had a worse lion. Stanley, who showed Grant over Westminster Abbey, said that of all men of mark whom he had met Grant "was the most boorish." Grant was no doubt unappreciative of antiquities, and Stanley had no opportunity of diving into the character of the man.

I also some years afterwards at Philadelphia made the acquaintance of Meade, who appeared to me a high-minded soldier and a thorough gentleman. I could well believe that he had done good service in restoring the tone of the Army of the Potomac when it had been run down under Hooker. Of Meade's generalship I am of course incompetent to form a judgment. It may be that, after the repulse of Lee's attack at Gettysburg, he ought to have ordered his line to advance. Had he attacked Lee in the position which Lee afterwards took up, he might have lost what he had won at Gettysburg, so great had become the superiority of the defence over the attack. He was very candid in saying that at Gettysburg Lee had thrown away his chances, and that had he manoeuvred instead of rushing against a strong position, the result would not have been so sure. He said not a word against Grant, but showed, I thought, that he did not admire the strategy of attrition.

Criticisms on Lee's Strategy

Lee has been pronounced a great strategist by those whose judgment cannot be disputed, though only by an American writer has he been put above Marlborough. He can scarcely be said to have encountered an opponent worthy of him before Gettysburg. His two offensive movements were unsuccessful; the first ending with Antietam, the second with Gettysburg. But he was constrained to make them by the nature of the war, which was a monster siege of the South by the North. Lee sallied in hopes of shaking off the besieger, gathering supplies, and at the same time calling forth political sympathy and support at the North. It seems to be admitted that he did a desperate thing at Gettysburg in ordering the advance of his infantry over more than half a mile of open ground against a formidable position with a powerful artillery. He had done something of the same kind at Malvern Heights with the same disastrous result. General Lee seems to have fought, not against the Union, nor for slavery; but simply as a liegeman of his State. His character evidently was fine, and well would it have been both for South and North if in Reconstruction his voice could have been heard.

Butler and the Women of New Orleans

The name of General Benjamin Butler, whose guest I was at the camp, had been execrated because he was supposed, as Commandant of New Orleans, to have put forth a proclamation threatening to give up the women of that city to the license of his soldiery. The charge was unfounded. Butler was commanding the Federal garrison of a great city with a population noted for violence, turbulence, and fanatical devotion to the cause of slavery. The women, whose passions, as usual, were the fiercest, insulted his men on the streets, and there was constant danger of an affray which would have led to bloodshed. To avert this, Butler threatened the women, if their insults were repeated, with being sent to the lock-up house like common women of the town. His proclamation was coarse, as anything of his was likely to be; but it did not bear, nor would any unprejudiced reader have taken it to bear, the odious sense ascribed to it. Butler was a curious personage. He was exceedingly ugly and squinted horribly; but his face and figure were an incarnation of rude force, and reminded you of a steam ram. Unscrupulous he was in the highest degree. But

I believe his ruling passion was notoriety rather than gain. Those who were put on his track at New Orleans found, as I was told at the time, no trace of his stealing for himself, though he had winked at the doings of subordinates. He was evidently a loving husband to his amiable wife and a loving father to his beautiful daughter. He was evidently popular with his aides and with his men. He wanted to be President. This was his motive in his attack on Andrew Jackson and in his advocacy of repudiation. In his advocacy of repudiation he was misled, as the unscrupulous are apt to be, by underrating the general honesty of the world.

Butler was a very sociable and amusing companion. He had stories to tell of himself. When he was commanding at New Orleans, to prevent an outbreak, he had issued a general order requiring all citizens in possession of arms to deliver them up at headquarters. A citizen was found possessing arms in contravention of the order, and with his arms was brought before the General. He pleaded that the arms were only family relics. "That, General, was my father's sword."

"When did your father die, sir?"

"In 1858."

"Then he must have worn the sword in hell, sir, for it was made in 1859."

Butler a Good Lawyer

Ben had been a first-rate criminal counsel,—Old Bailey counsel, as the English would say,—and he brought his sharp practice to bear upon the question as to the principle on which the negro should be treated by the Northern armies; emancipation having not yet been proclaimed, Ben astutely advised that the negro, as his labour sustained the enemy, should be treated as contraband of war.

As a general Ben was not a success. Grant said that he was "bottled up" in the bend of the James River, where he was carrying on some engineering operations suggested by his restlessly inventive genius. He did me the honour to impart to me his plan for blowing up Fort Fisher, which had obstinately resisted Federal attack, by running ashore under it a gunboat loaded with powder. I could not help venturing to suggest the general ineffectiveness of powder fired in the open air. But Butler thought he had scientific proof that the displacement of air would be so great that Fort Fisher would cease to exist. The experiment was afterwards made, and the breaking of two or three windows in the Fort was the only result.

I had first fallen in with Butler at New York, whither he had been summoned, at the time of Lincoln's second election, with troops to prevent a second rising of Irish against the draft. He did not land his troops, but came ashore himself with his staff, called the leaders of the Irish before him, told them that he was glad to have the pleasure of meeting them, and that if any disturbance took place he would hold them personally responsible. No disturbance took place. The grateful city planted Butler for an evening in a hall of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, while an endless train of citizens filed past him, each of them taking him by the hand. His hand must have been surfeited with public gratitude.

The soldiers of the North were not only well but lavishly supplied. On that side the war exceeded all wars in its cost. It is perhaps fortunate for democracy that, as it is bound to treat every man well, it must find the luxury of war expensive. Confederate prisoners seemed in pretty good case and said that, though they had nothing but bread, of bread they had enough. How they managed to supply themselves with ammunition, of which they were lavish, in their exhausted state and with their railroads all dilapidated, was a mystery.

I saw but little fighting; only just enough to impress me with the belief that cannon-balls and shells in the open field were rather ineffective, and that the rifle aimed at you was the really formidable weapon. The range of artillery, however, has greatly increased since that time.

The Horrible Side of War

I saw the wounded in a field hospital; and I venture to say that nobody who had done the same would ever speak lightly of war or gloat over the reports of carnage. The hospital arrangements seemed to me to be excellent. The plan adopted was that of isolated pavilions to obviate infection. I thought of that field hospital when our gentlemen and ladies at Toronto were exulting over the slaughter of Boers in the South African War.

From the camp on the Potomac I went back to Washington, which in 1864 was a different place from the bright and beautiful city now becoming the social capital of America. The Northwestern quarter with its gay mansions had not been built. There was scarcely a house of any pretensions except the White House. Pennsylvania Avenue looked like a string of shabby villages. The sidewalks were unrepaired; the roads were mud-holes. Frequent on the houses were the advertisements of embalmment of the dead, thirteen thousand of whom lay in a provisional cemetery near the city, awaiting, most of them, removal to their own States. For my own part, I cannot under-

stand such care for the cast-off weeds of humanity. Immediate return into the general frame of Nature seems to me the only agreeable idea connected with death. But the care taken for the relics of these soldiers showed that the army was not one of hirelings; few of the head-boards bore the inscription "Unknown Soldier."

At Washington I had the honour of being the guest of Mr. Seward and saw the diplomatist unbend in his social hour. He did indeed unbend in his social hour, and there was no limit to the freedom of his talk. In those days, happily, social confidence was still sacred, and Seward might unbosom himself with the certainty that of his guests there was not one who would not deem himself degraded by repeating anything that was said at the social board. Seward was at the same time the least cautious of diplomatists and sometimes startled the British Ambassador Lord Lyons, who was accustomed to the reticence and impassiveness of diplomatists in the Old World.

English and American Estimates of Lincoln

Crossing the mud-hole between Seward's house and an official building, I presented my card and found myself in the presence of Abraham Lincoln. The notion formed of Lincoln in England had been that of a Yankee rail-splitter with an ungainly and grotesque figure, displaying an unfeeling levity by the utterance of rather coarse jokes, from which he did not abstain even among the relics of the battle-field. Ungainly and grotesque the figure, with its gaunt height, its shock of unkempt hair, and its large hands and feet, undeniably was; but on the face, instead of levity, sat melancholy and care. The little stories, in which Lincoln often wrapt up his reasonings and of which he told me one or two during our interview, were the indulgence of a Western habit and perhaps a relief of the overstrained mind; as it were, pinches of mental snuff. Lincoln since his death has been deified. He has been styled the greatest statesman of the age. The American mind is never sparing of superlatives in either extreme. He had the wisdom which happily belongs to a perfectly honest and simple character. He never was misled by cupidity, vanity, or selfishness of any kind. He had also, as the result of a naturally sympathetic nature, improved by campaign practice, a remarkable power of reading public sentiment and keeping himself in touch with what he called the plain people. His addresses and State papers are admirable; the simplicity and clearness of their style bespoke the integrity and sincerity of their author. But, as I have said, Lincoln, if he saw, never showed that he saw the fundamental character of the situation with which he had to deal. He always spoke and wrote as if he took Secession to be a rebellion, whereas it was a natural severance of the slave-owning South from the free North, social structure having, as usual, asserted its ascendancy over political organization. How he would have dealt with Reconstruction is a secret buried in his grave; more wisely, it may safely be assumed, than did Charles Sumner and the other fiery and revengeful politicians into whose hands, after his death, the question passed. His character, whatever his theory, would have guided him and the State aright. In resolving to despatch supplies to Fort Sumter, Lincoln may perhaps be said to have brought on war; and supreme statesmanship would hardly do that which in itself is little worth doing if tremendous consequences are to follow. But if Lincoln had any share in the failure to avert war, his responsibility is fully balanced by that of the Southern chiefs. Had Jeff Davis and his colleagues, scrupulously abstaining from anything like violence or insult, put forth a temperate and respectful manifesto, setting forth the proved impracticability of a political union between communities radically different in social structure, and appealing to the people of the North for acquiescence in a friendly separation, with full security for debts and as much of reciprocal privilege as national independence would permit, the Northern people would scarcely have called on the Government to go to War.

No one could have failed to be struck by Lincoln's unguarded state, there being even then threats of assassination in the air. A desperado might easily have rushed past the sentinel who paced outside the door. When, therefore, a report of the assassination reached us in England, I felt at once that it would prove true. Let me with others bear witness that, in spite of the anti-American feeling which prevailed in certain classes, the news was received in England with general sorrow.

[DR. SMITH'S REMINISCENCES OF HIS PROFESSORSHIP AT CORNELL AND HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY WILL FOLLOW IN THE OCTOBER McCLURE'S]

THE KINGDOM OF JOY

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

YES, Cousin Mary, now that Dorothy has gone, both Adelma and I have made a vow never to get married. We are going to take a flat together (if our parents will allow it), and be bachelor girls, and improve our minds, and write, and take our manuscripts—"stuff," they call it — to the magazines. I think "stuff" sounds so dear and interesting, so like the real thing, don't you? Dorothy met the loveliest man once when she was waiting in a magazine office; he was young, and very tanned, and had brown hair, and those nice twinkly brown eyes that are kind behind the twinkle. He gave her such fine advice, too, just as if he were really interested in her. Dorothy is so pretty, with her curly hair and her lovely complexion and her gray eyes, and she had on her gray spring suit (though it was September) and a perfectly darling straw hat with a pink wreath. Dorothy always has a sort of surprised look in her eyes that just gets every man at once—a sort of surprise that he's being kind to her. And she actually feels that way; she was always saying about Mr. Jasper or Mr. Hotchkiss or Mr. Grant, "He was so *nice* to me," as if she expected he'd beat her instead.

She met the Author in the reception room of *Trumpington's Magazine*. It was a circular sort of place with ground glass around it, and no air, and a table and two chairs and a leather-covered sofa. There was a man sitting on each chair — just ordinary men, you know, Cousin Mary, the kind that don't look at you, and have a waiting expression, as if they were used to it. The Author was on one end of the sofa, reading a magazine, and there was no place for Dorothy but the other end. The minute her eyes fell on him she knew that he was different; he was so alert and noticing, yet quite secretly, as if he didn't in the least expect her to see it, though, of course, you always do. She knew at once that he was an author, and that he must be a successful one, for he had on such extremely good clothes; his brown suit and his striped shirt and his green tie and his tan shoes and stockings, and the brown hat beside him on the floor, were all so *right*, and they seemed on him the way such clothes do seem on a man after he has been away for a vacation in the woods or on the water, wearing only old flannel shirts and things, and no hat — as if he were so strong and sinewy and alive that he had forgotten for a while to sit or walk as if he were tired and civilized.

The men on the chairs each had a very large flat package, as if there were a drawing-board inside, but the Author had nothing. He sat there, pretending to read a magazine, until Dorothy's silver chain-bag slipped out of her lap on to the floor, and he jumped at once to pick it up for her; and then he said, very respectfully:

"I beg your pardon, but did you send a message to the person you wanted to see?" — as if he had been wondering that any one would keep her waiting.

She said yes, the boy had taken her message when she came in, but that she really didn't expect to *see* any one; she only wanted to know whether her manuscript had been accepted. She had written that she would call for it, as she didn't want to give her address, for nobody at home knew that she was writing. And then he asked, Had they had the article long? And she said, Three days and a half, and that it seemed very long to *her*.

Then he told her that it sometimes took weeks to decide, especially if the article was a very good one, for then they might keep it and talk it over; and Dorothy said, rather timidly, that it wasn't an article at all, but just a little poem about spring, because spring always

seemed such a beautiful season. And while she was saying this the boy came into the room with an envelop and handed it to her. The poem was in it, and a little slip of paper saying that it wasn't available. Dorothy turned as white as a sheet, and the next thing she knew the Author was talking to her in the *kindest* voice; and when she managed to say that it wasn't only the disgrace, but that she felt so disappointed because her father was having reverses, and she had set her heart on taking him some money that she had earned herself, the Author was even more encouraging.

He told her that most of the greatest authors and poets had their work refused at first, and that all you could do was to try your best and keep "pegging away." And he went on to say a lot more in the same strain that she didn't take in at the time, because she only heard that tone in his voice that was so comforting. She couldn't look up, for fear the tears would fall from her eyelashes if she did. And then the boy came back again and said to the Author, "If you want to see Mr. Hargraves, will you come into his room now, sir?" And he said, "In a moment," and told Dorothy he would put her on the elevator, if she would allow him to.

So they walked along the corridor together,—the two men were still waiting with their drawing-boards,—and he rang the bell for her, after he'd made her promise not to be discouraged. And he was so much a gentleman that he never even glanced at the name on the envelop she carried — though it was a fictitious one and wouldn't have done him any good. He looked down at her and she looked up at him as the elevator was going slowly down, and he disappeared by inches until she could only see his feet in the shining brown ties, and then he was gone entirely out of sight, and for a moment she felt quite desolate and queer.

Well, then there were months and *months*. Cousin Mary, I think it's so disappointing that the very nicest men you meet you hardly ever see again — Adelma and I were talking about it the other day. Even if you do happen to run across each other at somebody's house a year or two after that first meeting, and both remember and speak of how much you'd enjoyed your little talk, or dance, that other time, that is the end of it; it never happens again! The men of whom you just have flying glimpses are so much more out of the common, so much more like the man you *might* possibly marry some day, than the men you have always known, or see often — nice enough fellows, but not a *bit* thrilling!

Well, whenever Dorothy saw any other man after this, she couldn't help comparing him to the Author, and, though the interview had been so slight, it seemed to mean more to her than she could explain. She felt so grateful to him, and whenever she went to a party she used to think, "Maybe he will be there!" and always took pains to fix her hair more becomingly. She thought from something he said that he lived in the West, but if he had come on once, he might again. She made up romances to herself in which he took the greatest pains to find out who she was, and, of course, she always turned out to be the dearest friend of his dearest friend — which wouldn't have been really surprising, for most nice people really *do* know of the people you know. And on Valentine's Day she received an anonymous box of roses — there weren't a great many, to be sure, and they hadn't very long stems; but she was so pleased and laughing and excited over them, and questioning every one. She felt perfectly positive that the Author had sent them — and, after all, it was only her married sister who was home on a visit. Of course, it *is* a let-down, when you think it's some one interesting, to find it's only the family; but Dorothy is really *soft* over her family! She was tremendously touched because Sally had wanted to do it. You'd think Dorothy might be the most unattractive and unpopular girl that ever lived, she's so overcome at anything that's done for her, and always wants to do something in return. She couldn't rest until she'd taken a piece of old lace that she'd always treasured, and made a fichu out of it for Sally to take back with her.

I don't know any one but Dorothy who wouldn't have moaned over the way things were that winter. Her father kept on having reverses, and she couldn't buy any new clothes at all, and they had to move out of their big house into a flat, and Dorothy's mother got terribly nervous and run down, and one of the boys had the measles and the house was quarantined for a month just when the nicest things were going on. You know, Cousin Mary, how perfectly horrid and loathsome you feel to be quarantined, as if you were a leper; whenever any one of us had a contagious disease, the rest always felt like murdering her, we had to give up so many good times. And then Alec, the brother who was going to graduate from college that spring, got sent home instead, simply because he couldn't keep from playing little jokes on the faculty — of course, I know, as he said, that the faculty have no sense of humor, but it did seem rather a pity that he should have played the jokes just then.

Dorothy's eyes were red for the first time, that week, but she held her head very high, and told us how proud she was that Alec had done nothing dishonorable. He got some sort of a

position after a while, but it was one that made it necessary to have his breakfast at six o'clock, and of course Dorothy had to get up and cook it for him every morning. She got as thin as a rail, so that her cheek-bones showed, and there was a little droop around the corners of her mouth, when she was quiet, that made you long to kiss it away; but she was dearer and sweeter than ever, for that surprised look in her eyes when any one did anything for her seemed to just *melt* over you. If Adelma or I gave her anything, she *would* make fudge for us — with all she had to do! She was the cheerfulest thing you ever knew, and everybody at home seemed to *hang* on her, and, if she went out, just wait for her to come in. Adelma and I used to make her walk out with us in the afternoons, and insisted on her going to dances in her old party frock; and she always had more partners than any one. Harry Stillwell was terribly gone on her, of course, though she never cared for him and tried her best to keep him from proposing to her; but he would, and she had to refuse him, and it cut her up dreadfully.

And then, of course, the measles happened, and she just dropped out of everything — had to be a trained nurse as well as cook and housekeeper. And all the time she was trying to write, too, after every one was in bed. She remembered every word the Author had said, and she printed a little card with "Peg Away" on it, and hung it over her desk. She had stopped writing poetry and was trying stories instead, and she worked and *worked* over them, trying to make them sound right. And she kept sending and sending them all the while, and calling for them, just as before, and always getting them back again. It was the one secret that she kept from the family; she said she could stand her own disappointment, but she couldn't stand having her mother and father feel it for her.

Whenever she went to *Trumpington's Magazine*, and sat on the sofa in the circular ground-glass room, it always gave her a sort of wistful feeling,— because she would have liked to have seen the Author again so much,— and yet a nice sort of a feeling, too, because it *had* happened, and he had been so comfortingly real in his green tie and his nice tan shoes and his twinkling brown eyes; and she was as sure and confident as if she had known him for years that he would be pleased that she still "pegged away." If she hoped that she might sometime meet him again there,— and, of course, she would hope it,— she never did.

We had all wondered so much what kind of things he had written. I forgot to tell you, Cousin Mary, that we looked at all the pictures we could find of successful authors, but Dorothy said the right one was never among them. Adelma and I made up fairy stories to ourselves about him. We imagined him fabulously rich, coming in a grand red automobile to rescue Dorothy from the monster Poverty, and giving the family enough to live on all their days, and carrying Dorothy herself to the Kingdom of Joy.

But after a while Dorothy began to get notes with her returned manuscripts, saying that, though they wouldn't suit, the editors would like to see more of her work; and that kept her trying harder than ever. She used to read the stories to Adelma and me. They were always sad, but awfully good, of course, and, as we always told her, just like lots of the things you do read in the magazines.

She helped her father a great deal in the evenings, going over all sorts of accounts in big books, and figuring and figuring — his poor, discouraged brain seemed so worn out, and Dorothy was always good at mathematics. She was of great assistance to him, he told us, but I think he just liked to have her sitting beside him, being interested, and petting him up as well as using her mind. One night she discovered that he had a thousand dollars coming to him that he didn't know he had, and they were all so happy, and he looked *years* younger the next morning, and thought of ever so many schemes to get on his feet again, and, although they found the next night that it was her mistake, yet the mistake really seemed to have done him good — for a few hours, anyway.

Of course, Dorothy couldn't buy any new spring clothes, but she cleaned up the gray suit, though it was rather faded, and embroidered a white linen collar and cuffs to put on it, and painted over the pink roses in her old hat, and she looked dearer and lovelier than ever — though she had grown older in this dreadful winter, older than either Adelma or me. It seemed as if she had some comfort of her own that she didn't tell us; we noticed, whenever we were in her room with her, that her eyes kept seeking the little "Peg Away" sign, as if she were taking orders from it. We fancied — and it was very mysterious, but terribly exciting — that the thought of him meant more and more to her, in some strange way that she couldn't have explained.

And then — it was the first day that she went out in the old gray suit and the pink hat. She was riding on the top of a Fifth Avenue motor stage, and just as one came rattling along the other way, she caught a glimpse of a figure on the side toward her. There was something in the bend of the arm that looked familiar in some way — and then, like a flash, she *knew!* She had always thought of him in brown, and this

time he was in gray, but she caught a clear view of his profile.

You know how it is when you look at a person very hard. He turned suddenly and looked straight at her, as both stages went shooting off very fast in opposite directions, and in an instant he was gone. She looked back, and the stage seemed to be stopping at the corner below, and she hoped he was trying to come back to the one where she was; but he didn't, and after three blocks she had to get out to go home.

And, though it was such a beautiful spring day, the wind blew up cold and raw, so that she found herself shivering; and when she reached home everything seemed to be unusually gloomy and depressing. The boy who had been recovering from the measles was having trouble with his eyes; and Alec had taken part of his salary to buy a dog, just when they needed the money so much — and her mother was terribly afraid of dogs, especially when she was having nervous indigestion, and a Russian boar-hound *is* too large for a flat, even if he *was* beautiful! And her father came in, saying that it was quite evident that there was no place in any business line for a man of his years — though his hair is hardly gray at all, and people always think he is Dorothy's brother when they are out together. Dorothy had to keep the dog in her room all night, because Alec was going out, and he wouldn't be quiet with any one but Dorothy. He was so homesick that she had to let him put his head on the pillow beside her,— he was about seven feet high, but young,— and then she had to pat him every few minutes to keep him from howling.

It was a dreadful night. It seemed the last straw to lie there in the dim light and see the dog's mournful, reproachful eyes fixed on hers, and have to struggle to keep herself awake to pat him so as to stop the howl that she saw was coming. Well, she was so worn out the next morning, and everything seemed so desperate when she was washing up the breakfast dishes, that all of a sudden it struck her as funny, and when she thought of the dog she got to shrieking with laughter. She said she just had to swing the other way, because if she broke down and cried she would just go all to pieces, and then what good would that do anybody? And after she'd cleared up the rooms, and done the marketing, and trimmed a hat for her mother,— who was going to a tea that afternoon,— and got the lunch, and cleared *that* away, she sat down at her table, and began to write about Alec and the dog; and before she knew it she was imagining all kinds of things in connection with it, so that it was true, and yet it wasn't at all, and perfectly ridiculous. She laughed to herself all the time she was writing. She wrote all that afternoon; and when Adelma and I came in the next day, she read it to us. It was quite different from anything she had ever written before, and not a bit like any magazine story we had ever read; but we couldn't stop to think whether it was good or not, for we simply sat there and screamed with laughter, so that Dorothy could hardly go on reading, and had to stop every few minutes until we got quiet again.

Isn't it strange, Cousin Mary, how all the little bits of pieces of life fit together! It fairly makes Adelma and me shiver sometimes, when things that seem most unimportant and commonplace can turn out to be so mysterious!

Dorothy copied the story on her typewriter and sent it to *Trumpington's Magazine*. And a couple of weeks afterward, as she sat waiting for her "stuff," one of the editors himself came out and spoke to her. He was quite an ordinary, tired-looking man, with sandy hair and a thin face, not in the least like the Author, and she could hardly realize at first that he was accepting her story, and saying nice things about it, and smiling as if the remembrance of it still pleased him. He said that they would pay her forty dollars for it, and Dorothy's heart jumped so that she could only look at him for a moment, and then she thanked him in a whisper, and asked if she might have it then. And he laughed and said very kindly that he thought she might, and he would get her a check.

Then she thanked him again, but she was a little disappointed; and he asked her, just as if he had known her always, what was the matter *now?* And she said that she didn't know where to get the check cashed, and might she have the money instead? And he said that he thought it could be managed. So he got her four ten-dollar bills, and Dorothy said he was so *kind*, and he walked with her to the elevator, just as the Author had, only it was all different.

So, you see, Cousin Mary, Dorothy started up the Avenue with the money in her pocket — it seemed too wonderful and good to be true; she was counting over all the things that could be done with it, and thinking how her father would look that night when she handed it to him. And here is one of the queer little pieces that fit into the whole thing. As she crossed over the street, who should she meet at the corner but Adelma. Adelma was just going up in Westchester for overnight, and she made Dorothy walk up to the Grand Central Station with her, and wait with her until it was time for her train; for, no matter how often either Adelma or I see Dorothy, it always seems a special sort of treat to meet the dear again—she always makes you

"THE AUTHOR WAS ON ONE END OF THE SOFA, AND THERE WAS NO PLACE FOR DOROTHY BUT THE OTHER END"

feel as if you were so much nicer than you know you *are*. And after Adelma had left, Dorothy stepped up to the news-stand to buy a paper, and there, by the ticket-office, stood the Author!

He was in gray, so she knew it was he she had seen on the Fifth Avenue stage. His bag was on the floor, and he was searching hurriedly in his pockets with both hands. He looked so haggard and wild that for a minute she could hardly believe that it was he; but it was, and just as tall and strong and fine as she had imagined him.

He did not see her at all, though she was quite near, and it came over Dorothy suddenly how strange and stern life was, and how many people pass you every day that you might like to know, and cannot, and how many little happinesses there are that a girl can never stretch out her hand for unless somebody's hand offers them first. It came over her in that flash that she might have been as near to the Author as that, many times, without either of them knowing it, and that, though she saw him now, she couldn't go up to him and speak, even if she knew the chance might never come again. And then she saw him searching still more frantically in his pockets. It was plain to be seen that he had lost his money. He looked up at the clock, and his eyes grew wilder, and then he dashed out of the line and stood by one of the benches, bending forward to scan the faces of the people who came in, as if trying desperately to find somebody he knew, and glancing at the clock swiftly between-times. There was something so tense and strange about his whole attitude and expression that Dorothy felt as excited as he did, and, with that knowledge of her own money in her pocket, she went nearer to him, and she heard him say under his breath:

"My God! Isn't there *any one* I know?"

Then she forgot all about being a girl, or anything. She faced him, and she said quite simply:

"Perhaps you don't remember me, but I remember you. Are you in trouble? Can I do anything to help you?"

And he said, "*You*, at *last!*"

For a minute his eyes lost their wildness, and seemed to look her all over, her pink-flower hat, and her old gray suit, and everything, with a light on his face and in his kind, twinkling eyes, as if from some immense satisfaction that he could hardly believe. There were crowds of people all around them, and yet there was nobody but just the Author and Dorothy. And then he grew tense again, as he said, in a tone as if he'd always known her:

"I had a telegram fifteen minutes ago. My mother's ill — she's all I have. I got here just in time, but my pocketbook's lost or stolen. I haven't a penny, and I don't carry a watch; there's nothing in this suit-case I could raise money on here, and there isn't time to send or go to any one and get some."

"SHE LOOKED BACK, AND THE OTHER STAGE SEEMED TO BE STOPPING"

He looked at the clock as he spoke,— it wanted only a minute to half past three, —and he groaned: "The Twentieth Century Limited leaves for Chicago at three-thirty — and I'll have to wait, and lose nearly a day!"

He seemed to forget her as he was speaking.

Then Dorothy knew why she was there. She took out her forty dollars, those precious four ten-dollar bills, and thrust them into his hands.

"Quick, quick, buy your ticket," she cried. "This money's mine — I earned it! Oh, quick, quick!" And again, as he looked at her, "*Hurry!*"

Then he rushed over to the ticket-office, and his hand was grasping hers next, and he said in his turn:

"Your address — *quick!*" And she told him, and he was out of the gates just before they closed, looking back at her as he ran.

Dorothy sat down on one of the seats. She was so dizzy, and so glad! She found suddenly that her cheeks were all wet, and when she went, at last, the sun was shining so bright that the streets looked paved with gold. And she was so thankful that she had had that money, and that it was really her very own, to do just what she pleased with, so that she didn't need to tell about it, or give account to any one.

We all noticed that Dorothy had more of that beautiful inner look than ever — as if she were living in a lovely country that other people couldn't see; but neither Adelma nor I ever imagined that our fairy story was actually coming true, and so soon!

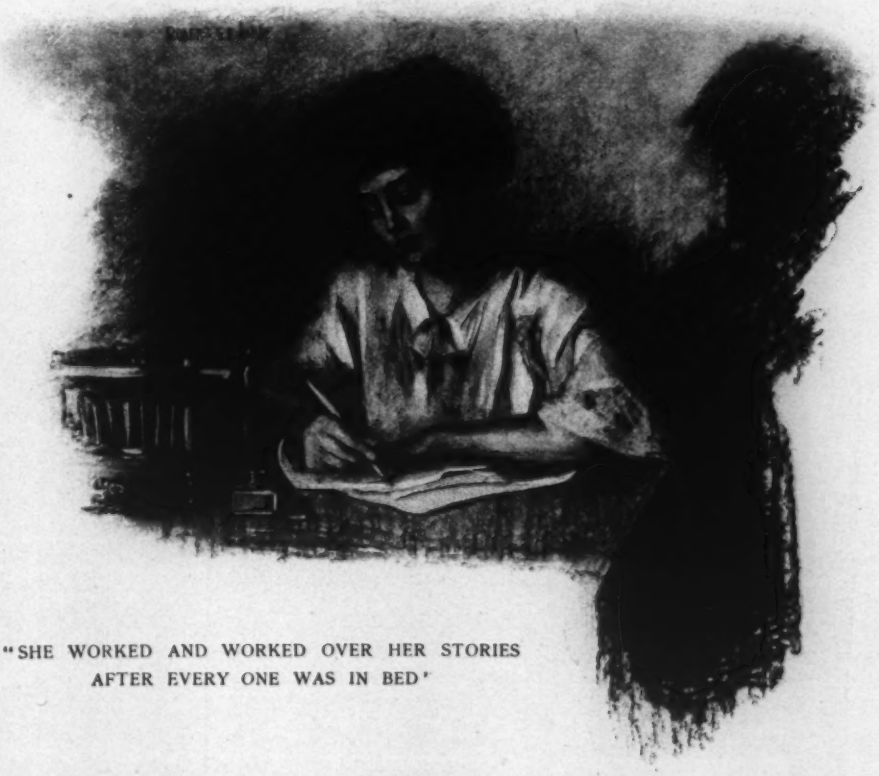
For it was less than two weeks after that Mr. Jerome Percival— that was his name — came to see Dorothy, though he'd written, of course, before that. His mother was getting well, and the doctor said he had reached home just in time, and that it had probably saved her life, so you can imagine how *he* felt.

And what do you think, Cousin Mary? He wasn't an author at all! He had a friend at *Trumpington's* who was an editor, but he had never written a line himself. He was a Successful Business Man, instead, with mines he'd found and worked himself — "pegging away," he said; and he was as nice and good as he was successful. And the next day he brought a big red automobile and took all the family out, and he found that Dorothy's father was just the man he had been looking for to manage one end of

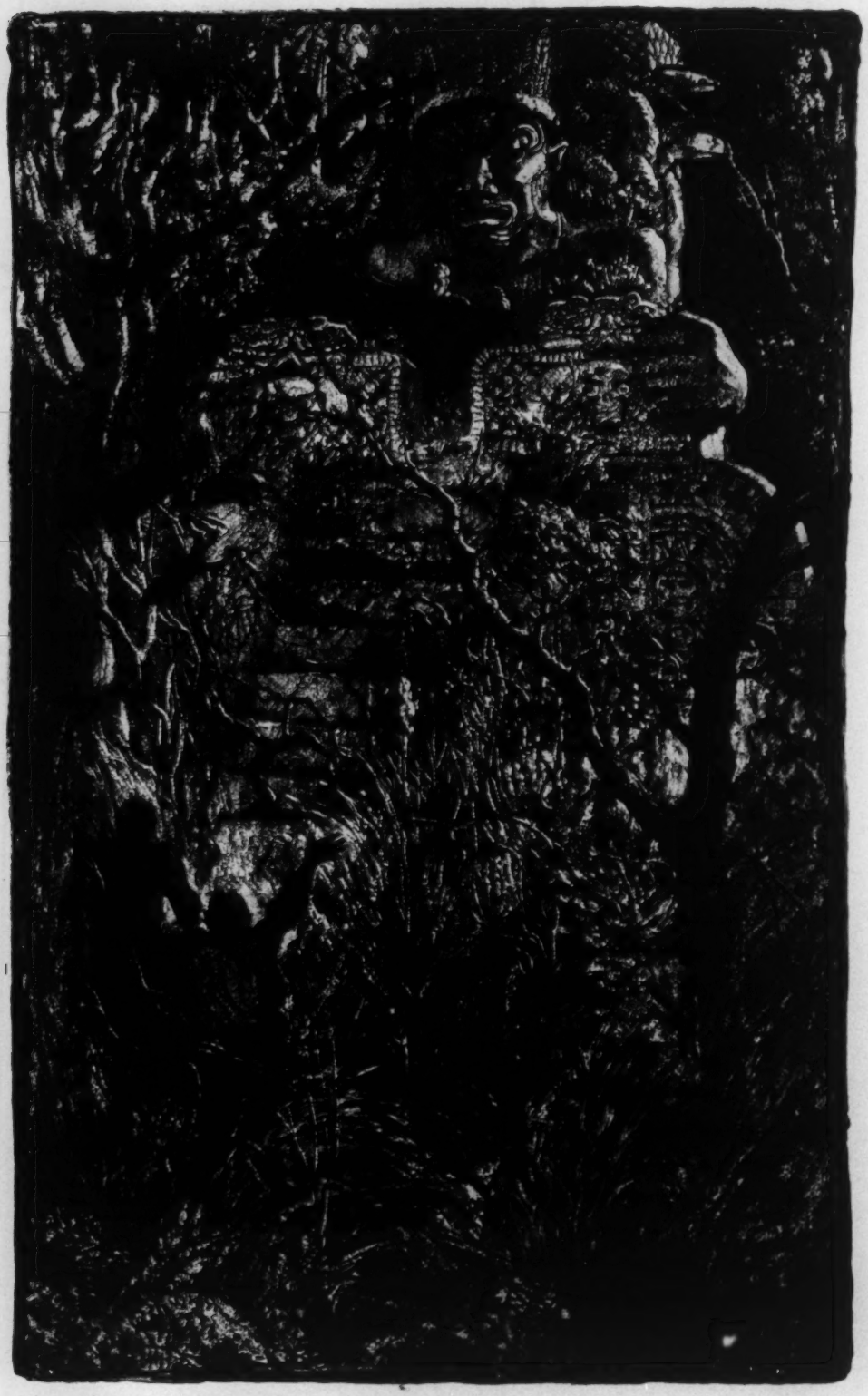
the business at a delightfully large salary; and her father looked so young, he seemed more like Dorothy's brother than ever!

As for Mr Percival, I don't know how it was, but, delightful as he seemed,— and he was the kind that got nicer every moment that you knew him,— Adelma and I always felt just a little in awe of his twinkling eyes, though he was sweet to us, and gave us each a beautiful pearl necklace when we were bridesmaids at the wedding — which was in six weeks. It seemed a terribly short engagement, but he said he fell in love with Dorothy the first moment that he saw her on that sofa in the *Trumpington's Magazine* office· and in some way — I don't know how, because, you see, Cousin Mary, neither Adelma nor I have been in love yet — they felt as if they had been knowing each other all the time they hadn't, and been really engaged from the first They had a way of walking together as if they were stepping with matched paces to music which was quite plain to them, though nobody else could hear it, and they seemed to be always answering each other without speaking, as if in that lovely country where they were all things were plain to them That surprised look in Dorothy's eyes deepened into something so beautiful, it was no wonder he couldn't take his away from them

And when you think that if Dorothy hadn't gone for her story to *Trumpington's*, where she met him, nothing of this would have happened at all — But neither she nor Mr. Percival likes to hear Adelma and me say this. *They* say it would have had to have happened as long as they two were in this world together — some way or another, they would have come into their Kingdom of Joy



"SHE WORKED AND WORKED OVER HER STORIES AFTER EVERY ONE WAS IN BED"



"AS MULLER REACHED OUT TO GRASP THE ORCHID, THE PLATFORM TILTED UNDER HIS FEET AND SHOT HIM DOWN INTO DARKNESS"

THE BLACK ORCHID

BY

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

ILLUSTRATION BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

"O ROSARIO, is not this the place?"

"Not yet, señor. In a little while, if the saints are kind."

Muller rested on his paddle, and watched the oily gray stream as it ran past the dugout.

"My own fault," he growled to Warwick. "Ach, yes! There is nothing romantig about orgids! I have heard you say it. But there is heat and evil smells and jaguars and aye-ayes and aboriginals of a golossal stupidity. Nothing romantig! I belief you!"

"You would come," suggested the other young man mildly. "I told you you wouldn't get much stuff for your paper unless we found it; and then it wouldn't interest your public."

"I do not belief there is anything to find."

"O Rosario! Tell the señor again!"

"There is nothing to tell, señores. I have seen the flowers, but I have not touched. My father also. The old god looks out across the river and the stones and the graves of devils. And the flowers are in his arms, so! They are black—black as the mud on the shoal, black as the night under the mangroves. They have been there—he has been there—how long? *Quien sabe?*"

"I do not for a moment belief they are black. They will be burble."

"Well, we shall soon see!"

Warwick's eyes snapped with excitement. "A black orchid," he murmured to himself dreamily. "So possible! The dream of so many!"

Through the fever-reek above the oily river he saw the high banks in flashes of color,—rose, coral, canary, amethyst,—where the orchids bloomed on the strangled trees, and the lianas fell to the middle like ropes of jewels. But the flower of his dream was black.

"Burble," grunted Muller; but he swung again to the paddle, and the dugout surged heavily against the current.

The forest reeled past like wide ribbons. Rosario's muscles rippled under his drenched cotton. Muller set his teeth against the overwhelming lassitude of the place, and planted his blade deep. So, for an hour or more, through the choking growth, the reek and steam of life decaying, of living decay.

"I do not belief," said Muller at last, faintly. —"Bob, the quinine!—How many days since we left the Essequibo? How many days since we buried poor Fernando? It is—it is——"

"We will turn when you like," said young Warwick quietly.

They looked long into each other's lean, fever-drawn faces.

"No," said Muller at last. "I am an amadeur only. But we will find him; we will not turn back. But it is not romantig."

"I knew you wouldn't turn back, Otto."

Rosario turned in his place, a little glint of triumph in his melancholy face. "Look, señores."

At first they could see nothing but the forest, as they had seen it for days. Then, through the quiver of wet heat, the outline of other things appeared amid that terrible vegetation. Very little was left; but the bank of the river showed fitted stones. There was the wreckage of the causeway, which once must have been of royal size, down which, perhaps, dark, imperial processions had passed—in what dim ages of the world?

"*Quien sabe?*"

A little hillock rose where the larger trees fell away.

"The usual truncated byramid," murmured Muller, shaking his shock of fair hair discontentedly. "After last year in Yucatan, Bob, this is trifial."

But they were hushed as the little dugout swung slowly to the landing-place; for what feet had trodden it last, and when?

"Doesn't look much of a place to camp, Otto. Is that tinned beef safe?"

But their hands shook a little, and their eyes looked everywhere in the gloom of the leaves. They had seen many such ruins of the mysterious races, but few as sinister. As they landed, there was a slimy rush and haste in the growth, and the vines clung about their knees as if with horrible soft hands.

Rosario slashed a path with his great knife.

"A very evil place," he whispered, as they stumbled up the stones of the king's causeway, "full of ghosts of the dead whom no man remembers."

The two white men did not contradict him.

"Señores, there is the god. I have fulfilled my bargain. Now look, and let us go."

They looked at what they had thought some great tree or stump — a shadow, a blur of ruin. And features began to grow out of the blur, features and a dreadful face. There the old god sat, gazing out across the river under his tall head-dress of ranged plumes; his shoulders were nothing but a mossy block of stone; between his grotesque, outstretched arms was a platform of stone some six feet long; from it a flight of steps descended, all heaved apart with green growing things. The god was nothing but impossible arms and a face.

"Let us hope," said Bob Warwick, a little breathlessly, "that face is impossible, too."

"Look!" said his friend.

Within the god's hold, upon the stone platform, was a little tuft of green leaves and dark blossoms — three-petaled, with long, blackish stamens like a spider's legs. Warwick and Muller hesitated a moment, fearing to look further. Then they sprang forward together.

Rosario flung his long brown arms round Warwick; his black eyes were alight with fear.

"It is destruction!" he cried. "For the love of heaven, señores, let us go. Take nothing from the god, for fear he takes all from us! He is the Life-taker——"

Rosario's soft Spanish slid into a jumble of gutturals, perhaps the tongue his fathers had spoken when they built the causeway and shaped the god. Warwick put him aside and followed Muller.

Muller was scrambling up the broken steps that led, as it were, into the arms of the god.

"It will be burble," he grunted to himself obstinately, but his heart beat hard.

The strange dark flowers floated just above him as he heaved himself at last from the wreckage and stood upon the platform. He shouted triumphantly, and something in the forest cried harshly in answer.

The carved face above him now had the curious effect of gazing down upon the platform. What terrors of evil seemed to be in those long eyes and cruel lips! Muller checked himself in an involuntary shudder, and reached out to grasp the orchid.

The platform tilted under his feet. Startled, he caught at the stone, but found no hold. There was one quick moment of fear, in which he heard Rosario's cry, saw Warwick's astonished face below — saw, also, the stone face above him with its carven sneer. Then the stone yielded still more, and shot him down into darkness, swinging back into place above his head.

He came to himself, sick with fear, and clinging desperately with hands and feet to long, slime-covered roots of trees. All about was black darkness, except for a phosphorescent gleam of dead wood and decay. The air was dead, heavy and reeking with moisture, but not poisonous. He could see the old roots to which he clung only by their ghastly gray radiance. They were all dead, and formed a network which yielded to his very breathing. When he moved, his hands slipped and slid upon their slime. He could not tell how far he had fallen, nor what dreadful depths lay below him.

"Bob — O Bob! Rosario!"

They could not hear him, but call he must. In that place he was losing even his iron young nerve. How that old stone face up there in the sunlight must be sneering! He seemed to see it, patterned with fine carving, marked with evil older than the white races of men. It seemed to float in the dark, watching, mocking.

"O Rosario! Rosario!"

How many poor fellows, in the old days, had been shot from that stone of sacrifice?

"*Du Lieber Gott!* It is as if I with these eyes saw. They would fall down, down — into what? What lies hereunder?

"The dark and the old dead! The dark and the old dead! O thou dear God, deliver me! Bob, Bob!"

They would lie there, bound and rotting in the slime, until there was nothing. Nothing! No cry would penetrate the walls of that pit, no prayer soften the hearts of those who had carved the face of the god. Not yet was the Life-taker satiated.

"I go to join their company if Bob is not quick. The roots slip. They are like old dead serpents. Everything here is dead, dead!

"Rosario! O Rosario!"

How long had he been clinging there? An hour? His hands grew cramped, and the heavy beating of his heart ran to the ends of his fingers in little shocks of pain. His strained eyes grew used to the dark. Where the phosphorescence glimmered, he saw ghostly shapes of stones dripping with slime. He was in a pit walled with well-fitted stones, which had resisted time and climate. What was it floored with? Stone, that would kill kindly and quickly? Or mud — the horrible, crawling mud of river shallows? His brain seemed to quiver and shrink at the thought, and wheels of whirling color rolled before his eyes. In the midst of them was the old god's face, battered, grotesque, but alive with evil as old as the earth. Would they never come? Were they going to leave him there till he fell and joined the forgotten dead below?

The white roots were sliding slowly, slowly through his desperate grip. He dared not shift his hold. The hot, wet darkness seemed to surge against his ears with the shock of hammers, but it was only the throbbing of veins in his head. Somewhere, too, there was a small, faint tapping, so faint that it could come from nothing larger than a lizard. Was there life in that pit? No, nothing but the face of the Life-taker was alive.

It seemed to float in the darkness wherever he looked. He shut his eyes, but it was still there. Wet — not the wet of that reeking pit — rolled down his face. He groaned, and shivered from head to foot. Time, reason, everything was effaced. Only fear was left, fear old as the world — fear of the dark and the thing that waited in it.

Would they never come? "How long, O thou kind God, how long!"

He sobbed with fear like a child, and the roots slipped in his wet hands. For a second all the blackness of the pit seemed to surge up to meet him, and he screamed, too, like a child.

And then — why, then fear was not. For there was light — daylight, a glaring shaft glowing suddenly on the wet stones, on the bleached roots; light, on his straining hands, shining on his desperate face. Light! And the Life-taker was only an ugly old idol carved long ago. He dared not look down; but he could look up, up to a square of heavenly light, and Rosario's terrified head.

"Señor, O señor!"

"Safe, Rosario. O Bob! Be quick, my friendt. How much longer do you leave me here suspended?"

And there was Rosario coming down on a long rope of flexible liana, like a monkey.

"I will make it fast under your arms, señor. So — and so! Holy Virgin! it would bear the weight of that old stone devil himself. I will meddle no more with the cities of the old people. They can stay in peace, they and their dead and their devils. A fruit-stall in Santa Maria Corona ——"

There was Rosario ascending the taut rope, more monkey-wise than ever. There was the quick jerk, the slow withdrawal of the pit and the dead roots and the unplumbed dark. There was the bright square growing larger and nearer. And at last there were Bob's strong arms, and Rosario weeping on the steps.

"Otto, Otto! my dear old boy! I was so scared I was just sick. Sure you're all right? Yes, the stone swung on a sort of central pivot — never saw anything like it. Here, drink some of this. It took us ten minutes to get the beastly thing prized open again. How d'you feel?"

"Ten minutes! Ten minutes! *Du Lieber Gott!* I was dying, my friendt, for ten hours — all alone with the powers of darkness." He sat up weakly. "And the orgid?"

Warwick laughed shakily. "The orchid was crushed to pulp, Otto," he said, "by the upswing of the stone. There is nothing of it left. And it was the only one."

"It would haf been burble," said Otto faintly. "But that settles it. We will go home. I do not like this business; it is not romantig."

THE INCREASING COST OF LIVING

I. A PLAGUE OF GOLD

BY

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D., LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "ALCOHOL AND THE COMMUNITY," "THE SCIENTIFIC SOLUTION OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM," ETC

DRAWINGS BY GIL SPEAR

LET us suppose a case. Let us suppose that some fifteen years ago you one day lost a dollar gold piece: it slipped through a crack beside a steam-pipe, let us say, and remained hidden. But the other day, when you were tearing up the floor to relay it, the gold piece came to light.

You take it in hand. It seems as bright and new as ever—for gold is a very resistant material and does not tarnish like the baser metals. You reflect, perhaps, that you have lost interest on the money for those years; but then, viewing the matter in another light, you say:

"However, if I had not lost it I should probably have spent it; whereas now, if I have not had interest on it, at least I have my original dollar."

Inasmuch as you are holding the identical gold piece in hand, it would seem that your closing comment, "at least I have my original dollar," is an axiomatic proposition, which, however banal, is at least beyond challenge. Yet, in point of fact, your statement is by no means beyond challenge. You have, indeed, a gold piece, unchanged in weight, size, and chemical composition. If you wish to have it

beaten into a ring or ornament, it will serve as well as it would have done fifteen years ago; but if, on the other hand, you wish to use the piece for the purpose for which it was designed,—namely, as money,—then it is only in a very restricted sense that you can say, "this is my original dollar."

What the Gold Dollar Has Lost in Fifteen Years

For, when you go with that dollar into the market-place and attempt to exchange it for commodities, you will find that its value has greatly altered during the time it has been in hiding. On the day you lost it you might, for example, have exchanged it for six pecks of wheat, or six pounds of the best beefsteak, or five pounds of butter, or six dozen eggs. Or you might have bought with it three fourths of a day's labor on the part of your gardener or caretaker, or three or four hours' labor of a skilled artisan. But to-day it will bring you only three pecks of wheat, or four pounds of steak, or three pounds of butter, or three dozen eggs. Nor will it pay for more than half a day's unskilled labor, or for about two and a half hours of the labor of a carpenter, a plumber, or a painter. These discrepancies are, to say the least, interesting.

Clearly, your dollar has changed. It is in some important regards a quite different thing from what it was when it slipped through that crack fifteen years ago. Even though scales and chemical tests show it to be physically unchanged, it is vastly and fundamentally altered as tested by the essential standard of exchange value. It is a cheaper and less desirable thing than it was fifteen years ago. It is in effect a deteriorated piece of currency. Measured in terms of such essential "staples" as wheat, meat, butter, eggs, and labor, it is no longer a dollar if you hold to our standard of 1896; it is the equivalent of only about 60 cents.

Yet, how can this be? Is not a gold piece itself "as good as gold"? And does not the United States Government stand back of its mintage stamp?

The Government Stamp Does Not Insure a Coin's Value

To both questions, assuredly yes. But the Government stamp insures weight and purity merely, not relative value. Gold, despite its place at the head of all metals, and its governmental recognition the world over as the measure of commodities, is, after all, itself a commodity. It is produced from the earth by dint of much labor and the expenditure of capital. And science has found a way within the last twenty years to increase the amount of gold that can be thus produced with a given expenditure of labor and capital. Therein lies at least one important element of the seeming debasement of

"SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO YOU ONE DAY LOST A DOLLAR"

"THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO

your dollar. Let us look at this aspect of the matter for a moment.

The Great Cheapening of Gold Production

It used to be said that for every dollar's worth of gold taken from the earth more than a dollar's worth of labor and capital had been expended. But the saying is not true to-day, whatever measure of verity it may once have had. The new scientific methods of gold production are essentially cheap methods. They are striking examples of the application of chemical knowledge, born in the laboratory, to practical affairs of commercial industry. The chief two new methods are known as the chlorination and the cyanide processes.

Very briefly, the chlorination process, first introduced by Mr. Bowyer Miller in 1867, consists essentially of converting the gold into a soluble chlorid by passing chlorin gas through the molten alloy; then precipitating the gold with some compound of sulphur. In this way gold is separated from alloys from which formerly it could not be economically extracted.

The cyanide process depends upon the solubility of gold in solutions of cyanide of potassium. The gold is then precipitated from the solution by the use of zinc or by electrolysis, and subsequently fused and cast into ingots.

The saving effected by these processes is furthered by the general cheapening of mechanical methods, due chiefly to the substitution of mechanical power (usually electricity) for manual labor; to the use of high explosives in mining; and to "the extension of metallurgical enterprises based on the reduction of lead or copper ores, in which both gold or silver are obtained practically as by-products."

Parenthetically it may be pointed out that all modern progress is based on just such applications of theoretical scientific knowledge as this. But to expand that theme would carry us far afield. For our present purpose the important thing is that the new scientific processes have resulted in giving commercial value to immense quantities of mineral ores that contain a percentage of gold too small to have been extracted profitably by any previously known methods. The development of the entire gold-mining system of South Africa, for example, had its inception and owes its continuance almost exclusively to these methods.

THE HIGH-PRICE QUESTION"

The Flood of Gold

In a word, millions of tons of rocky detritus that had absolutely no selling value twenty-five years ago were suddenlybrought within the purview of the speculator and mining operator by the new chlorination and cyanide processes, the latter of which began to be used about the year 1887.

The results were not, of course, immediately apparent to the general public. It took time to develop the methods and to extend their application. But presently persons who concern themselves with such matters began to be confronted with startling figures. There had been a falling off in the supply of new gold produced year by year throughout the world, after the mines of California and Australia had been somewhat depleted of their richer ores, along about the year 1860, followed by a relatively slow upward tendency as new mines were discovered and new methods (particularly the so-called milling process) were introduced; but, up to 1890, the figures of the middle of the century had not been duplicated. Now, however, the figures began suddenly to leap upward.

In the year 1896 the output of new gold exceeded $200,000,000 in value, as against the $110,000,000 worth produced in the corresponding year of the preceding decade. Year by year

the flood swelled, and in another decade it had again doubled, overtopping the $400,000,000 mark in the year 1906.

In the most recent years the output has gone on increasing at a like rate, each year showing a new "world record" figure. The total output for the past five years reaches the colossal volume of $1,717,000,000 — more by $110,000,000 than the total amount of gold in existence in the world's coffers, the accumulated product of centuries, in the year 1850.

Why the Gold Dollar Has Shrunk in Value

From 1896 to 1909 the total output of new gold amounted to a valuation of more than four and one half billions ($4,617,000,000); that is, more than half the total production of gold in the world during the four centuries following the discovery of America, and more than double the total accumulated supply, or so-called visible supply, of the world's gold in the year 1860, after the relatively enormous additions that the Californian and Australian mines had made.

Figures that deal thus jauntily with millions and billions mean anything or nothing to the average man, whose personal experiences are easily gaged in hundreds or at most thousands. But these particular statistics about the flood of gold with which the world is being inundated are exceedingly pertinent in the present situation, because they offer a direct and tangible explanation of the puzzling fact with which we started — the fact, namely, that your lost-and-found gold dollar has diminished so markedly in value since you inadvertently stored it away fifteen years ago.

THE WORKMAN WHO SOLD HIS SERVICES FOR EIGHT CENTS A DAY

A Dollar To-day Buys Only Two Thirds as Much as in 1896

At the time that you lost your dollar (in 1895) there was available in the world enough gold to make about four billion similar pieces of coin. Now, when the coin is restored to you, instead of having four billion it has eight billion fellows — or would have, were all the world's available gold to be minted. Meantime, there has, of course, occurred nothing like a doubling of the world's population and output of staple commodities. And that is equivalent to saying that gold has become disproportionately abundant. Wherefore, like any other commodity that becomes unduly abundant, it has cheapened in value — has lost something of its "preciousness" — in that a given weight of it is worth less than the same weight was worth when the metal was scarcer.

But, of course, this statement of the case exactly reverses our usual way of looking at the subject. Since the gold dollar is our standard unit of value, by which all other commodities and most desirable services are measured, we cannot, without doing violence to our established habits of thought, speak of the gold dollar as changing. We find it more natural, instead of saying that gold has cheapened, to say that other commodities in general have risen in price. But the two statements are substantially identical.

When there is a shortage of wool, and it becomes difficult to

secure cloth, it is all one in effect whether we say that cloth hitherto sold at $2 a yard shall now cost $3, or that the price per yard shall remain unchanged, but that the yard-stick shall hereafter be only two feet long. In either case, you now pay $3 instead of $2 for three feet of cloth.

It is more convenient, however, to change the price than to change the yard-stick. So it is with the monetary standard. A "dollar" must remain a dollar (representing 23.22 grains of gold): but, in effect, the dollar of to-day as compared with that of 1896 is a two-foot yard-stick. What it will buy of cloth or food or other commodities is, of course, as words are commonly used, a "dollar's worth"; but it is only two thirds of the dollar's worth of 1896.

By 1950 the Dollar May Be on a Par With a Silver Quarter

However, such as your dollar is, you have it in hand. What will you now do with it?

Let us suppose that you decide to put it in the savings bank at once. That, assuredly, will be better than letting it slip out of sight as it did before. Yet, even in the bank, the future of your dollar is not as secure as you might suppose. You will receive interest on it, to be sure, and so it must increase in nominal value. Yet there is every probability, as far as can be judged from the present trend of economic events, that one year from now your dollar, even with three and one half or four cents added for interest, will not have the purchasing power that the dollar itself has to-day. In other words, it is probable that the bank will return you, after having the use of your dollar for a year, less than you gave it.

And, if the prophecies of the most conservative economists should be verified, what is threatened as to the depreciation of your dollar in the coming year will become increasingly and more signally true with the lapse of other years. Five or ten years from now, should the gold increase continue and no adequate remedy be applied, your dollar (already worth only 60 cents, as compared with its value when you originally received it) may be worth only about 40 cents. By 1950, it has been predicted, the gold dollar may be as easy to get as the silver quarter is to-day, and of no greater exchange value than the quarter. Of course, the quarter itself will have depreciated in like ratio, being reduced to about 6 cents in value.

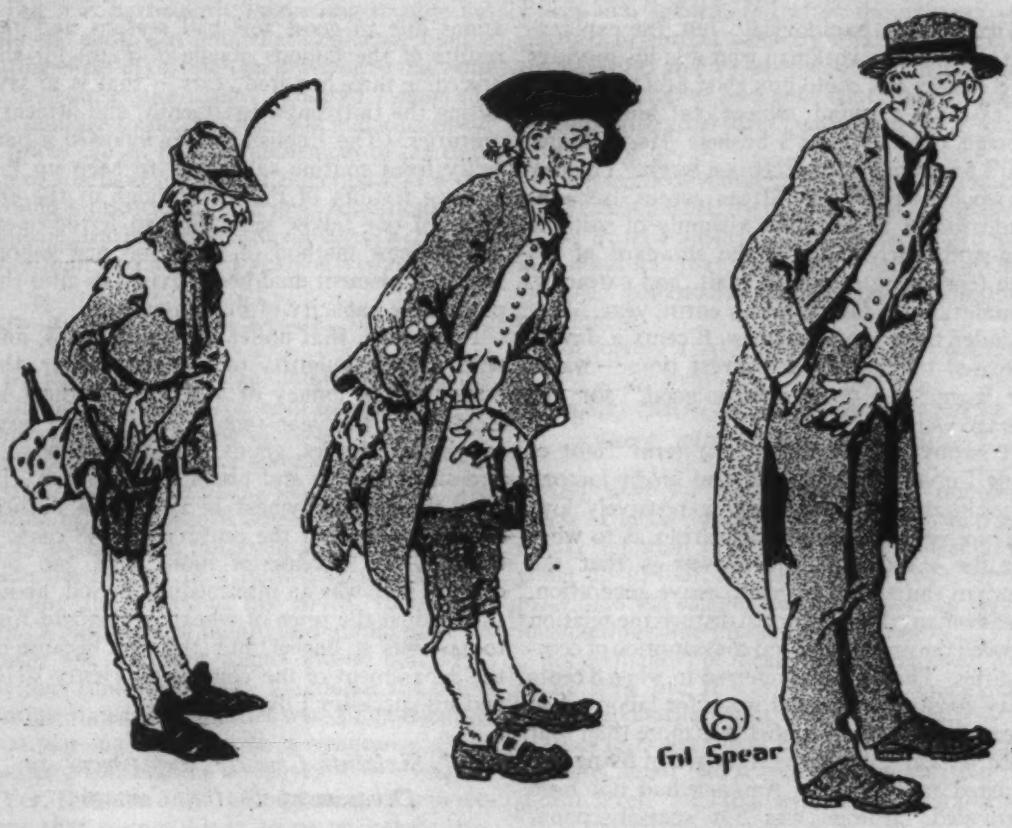
Nor would matters be improved if, for example, you should decide, instead of placing your dollar in the savings bank, to put it with other dollars and buy the stablest of securities, such as Government bonds; for these bonds are redeemable in gold or its equivalent, and, according to the predictions just cited, the gold you will receive for them when they fall due may be worth only a fraction of what you pay for them to-day.

Here, then, you have a very tangible and very startling situation. We see a gold dollar — the very sign and symbol of stable value, as we have been taught — positively dwindling before our eyes. Whether we store it in a stocking, or put it out at interest, or exchange it for the best securities, it seems likely to fade away, leaving us poorer year by year. It would almost seem as if the only way to minimize our inevitable loss would be to spend the dollar at once. Now it will buy at least 60 cents' worth of produce, whereas if we wait we may be able to get only a quarter's worth — or, for aught we can tell, only a dime's worth — of anything for it. That would seem a poor return for one's thrift.

Higher Prices Mean Larger Incomes

But, before we decide on any radical or pessimistic procedure, let us look at the matter from another aspect. We have spoken all along as if your chief concern were to purchase something (now or in the future) with that dollar. We have ignored the fact that you are not solely concerned with purchasing, but that, on the contrary, you are a seller as well as a buyer. You have labor, or commodities, or professional skill, or expert knowledge, as the case may be, to dispose of.

As a purchaser you will be irritated — perhaps out-and-out angered — when you find that your gold piece is so little thought of that it will buy only three pecks of wheat, or four pounds of steak, or three pounds of butter, or three dozen eggs. But if, on the other hand, you chance to be a producer of wheat and meat and butter and eggs, you will view the matter more complacently, so far, at least, as these commodities are concerned. And, extending the application, whatever the thing you have to sell, be it commodity or skill or knowledge, you will probably not be displeased to reflect that it now represents the equivalent of more money than it did a few years ago. In other words, the high prices that seem so annoying when you wish to buy something from your neighbor are far from annoying when applied to the thing you have to sell. You dislike exceedingly to pay 25 cents a pound for meat; but you are not displeased at being expected to charge $3, let us say, as your professional fee for a service to the butcher that you formerly rendered for $2. It certainly does make a difference whose ox is gored!



"HISTORY MAY BE DEPENDED UPON TO REPEAT ITSELF"

Does the Increase in Incomes Keep Pace with the Increase in Prices?

Putting personal predilections aside, however, this illustration suggests that there are two sides to the high-price question. It suggests, further, if we follow up the line of thought, that the two sides of the ledger may quite possibly balance each other in any given case; that is to say, the amount of increase in the expenditure that you find necessary to secure the commodities and privileges that go to make possible the scale of living to which you have been accustomed may be just balanced by the increased amount of your income due to the enhanced price of the things (commodities or services) that you have to sell. By working exactly as hard as you did before, you secure an income just adequate to cover the increased outlay to which the high prices subject you.

In that case, notwithstanding the general rise in prices, your cost of living, properly interpreted, has not increased. It obviously makes no great difference to you, in the net result, whether it costs you $10 a day to live, while the income you can comfortably secure is $10 a day, or $15 a day to live, while the income you can secure with like effort is $15 a day.

Making the application general, it is clear that a universal rise in prices, provided it affects quite uniformly all commodities and negotiable services, need have no essential influence upon the cost of living. A yard-stick two feet long would answer just as well as one of three feet, provided it were universally used for what one sells as well as for what one buys.

Your 60-cent dollar, or, for that matter, the supposititious 25-cent dollar, is just as good as a 200-cent dollar, provided it applies all along the line of your debits and credits.

When Eight Cents a Day Was a Good Wage

There was a time when a workman in England received 8 cents a day as an ordinary wage, when skilled artisans commanded 12 cents a day, and when women worked in the field, at such tasks as reaping straw, hoeing, planting beans, and washing sheep, for 2 cents a day; and a wise student of the subject has expressed the opinion that the British workman of that day was better off than he has ever been since then.

That sounds paradoxical; but the explanation is this: The workman who sold his servicies for 8 cents a day could buy good beef or mutton for 1½ cents a pound; wheat cost him, on the average, only 18 cents a bushel. He could get board for from 12 to 16 cents a week. The pay he would receive for fifteen weeks' services would suffice to purchase a supply of suitable food-stuffs, according to the standard of his time (consisting of wheat, malt, and oatmeal), to maintain his family for an entire year.

Under these circumstances, 8 cents a day — increased to 12 cents in harvest time — was a fair wage, and "times were good" for the average workman.

It is obvious, then, that the term "cost of living" involves both debit and credit factors. Prices that seem high may be relatively low, and *vice versa*. The question arises as to what sets the standard. The answer is that the standard shifts with each successive generation, whenever anything occurs to disturb the relation between the production and consumption of commodities. The time ust referred to, when 8 cents a day constituted a good wage for labor, while wheat was 18 cents a bushel, was more than four centuries ago. When the standard of living was adjusted to this scale, America had not been discovered; Europe was but sparsely populated; the necessaries of life were few and simple, and the luxuries were such as would seem parsimonious to our pampered generation. Gold and silver, then as now, were the precious metals, silver being, however, much more generally used; but the world's supply of both was but a handful, and there seemed no prospect of adding to it greatly, as all the known sources were depleted or exhausted.

Then America was discovered, and the relation between gold and silver on the one hand, and labor and commodities on the other, was fundamentally maladjusted, for from Mexico and Peru new volumes of the precious metals poured into Europe.

The Price of Wheat Stationary for Three Centuries

The story of the rise of prices that resulted is well worth recalling in epitome, because of the application we may make to the changing conditions of to-day. History may be depended upon to repeat itself in a good many ways, and we of to-day might learn sundry lessons from the past — if we would.

Let it be understood, in the first instance, that the prices of those great staple standards of value, labor and wheat, had not changed materially (if we overlook the inevitable fluctuations due to good and bad seasons and the results of the famous plague of 1349) for the preceding three hundred years — that is to say, during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The English farmer followed a perfectly fixed routine calculated to keep up the average fertility of the soil, though at the expense of one fallow year for two fertile ones; and no new method of labor, no new labor-saving implement, had been devised to alter the productive capacity of human effort.

Note, then, that under these conditions, and with a fixed quantity of gold and silver, the equivalent in money of a bushel of wheat in England in the year 1500 was, as it had been for three centuries, about 18 cents. Now gold and silver flow in and prices begin to rise. In 1533 the price of wheat is 23 cents a bushel; before the close of the century it is 58 cents a bushel — an increase of more than 300 per cent. There was an intermediate period, about 1560, when the price of wheat in England rose to 74 cents a bushel, but this was because of the debasement of the coinage by Henry VIII. and his successor Edward VI.

A Sixteenth-Century Experiment in Debasement of the Coinage

The story of this debasement of the coinage demands a parenthetical paragraph, because, in cheapening the value of silver that was being produced by the influx of metal from the New World, it produced exactly the same result that is being brought about to-day by the increase of gold due to the new methods of production. It was in 1543 that Henry VIII., or his advisers, decided to increase the amount of alloy in the silver penny, which was the standard of value. Up to that time there had been 18 pennyworth of alloy in 12 ounces of metal, the pound being coined into 45 shillings. But in successive mintages Henry and his successor increased the amount of alloy to 2 ounces, 6 ounces, 8 ounces, and ultimately 9 ounces in 12, further debasing the value of the coin by minting 72 instead of 45 shillings to the pound.

Here was a coin decreased in value by having its content of precious metal reduced to an absurd minimum; and the result was precisely what it must always be under such circumstances, namely, the proper adjudication of the value of that coin in the commercial world, which found its practical expression in an enormous and rapid rise in prices. It required only sixteen years for the rulers of England to discover the futility of such a process, and in 1560 Queen Elizabeth ordered the old coins called in and melted, to be recast into coins of standard fineness.

But it is particularly interesting to note not only the enormous immediate influence but the lasting effect of this sudden lowering of the value of the coin of the realm. Thorold Rogers did not hesitate to declare that the maladjustment of prices caused by the debasement of the coinage of England for this brief period had a disturbing influence on economic conditions that could be clearly traced in the nineteenth century, more than two hundred years afterward.

How a Twelve-Cent Dollar Skied Prices

Be that as it may, the immediate influence of the cheapening of the coin by short weight, added to the cheapening of the pure metal itself through an influx of new supplies from America, resulted in sending prices skyward, about the middle of the sixteenth century, at a rate that we of to-day have not even approached. Imagine the feelings of a middle-aged man who, recalling the prices of his youth, thought 18 cents a bushel the standard and proper price for wheat, and who now found himself obliged to pay four times that sum. Of course, the prices of other staple commodities were proportionate. That was high prices with a vengeance — the 25-cent dollar become a reality.

Yet, this was only the beginning of a movement that seemed likely to go on indefinitely. Prices did, indeed, fall after the coinage was restored to normal value by Elizabeth, but only temporarily, and by no means to their former level. The silver and gold continued to come in, and, generation after generation, the average prices went up.

Early in the seventeenth century (1610) wheat was $1.26 a bushel; by the middle of the century it was $1.60 a bushel; in the course of two normal lifetimes, that is to say, the price of this "staple" commodity had increased more than eightfold.

Not mere y a 25-cent, but a 12-cent dollar!

Labor Has Not Advanced in Price Along with Other Commodities

And now for the all-important question: What of labor during the time of this extraordinary inflation of prices? With commodities going up to four, six, eight times their former price, had the earning power of labor advanced in something like the same proportion?

By no manner of means. Advance there was, to be sure, but it was far from keeping pace with the vaulting flight of commodities.

In 1533, when wheat had gone up to 23 cents a bushel, labor had scarcely advanced from the 8-cent level. In 1564, with wheat at 74 cents, labor moved up to 14¾ cents. In 1610, with

"THE MEDIEVAL WORK-DAY WAS SCHEDULED AT EIGHT HOURS"

wheat at $1.26, labor had reached the munificent figure of 15 cents. In 1661, with wheat at $1.60, labor had gone up to 28 cents. That is to say, while commodities advanced eightfold in price, labor advanced three-and-a-half-fold.

The man who received 28 cents a day for his work might be supposed to be well off compared with his ancestor who did the work for 8 cents; but in point of fact he would be unable, with the proceeds of an entire year's work, to purchase the quantity of commodities that his 8-cent-a-day forebear could secure with the proceeds of fifteen weeks' labor.

To carry the illustration one step further, we may note that by the year 1800 the price of wheat had risen to $3 a bushel, while labor had advanced to 34 cents a day. The laborer of this time, then, was required to work *a week and a half* (nine days) to secure a bushel of wheat, whereas *a day and a half* in harvest time, or two and one fourth days at other seasons, had sufficed to gain a like measure for the laborer of the year 1500. The contrast is further heightened if we recall that, contrary to what might be supposed, the worker of the earlier period had the shorter day. The medieval work-day was scheduled, quite after the modern fashion, at eight hours.

How Rising Prices Affect the Salaried Class

Thus, whether we consider the sudden fluctuation due to a rapid general rise of prices, or the permanent effects of successive advances covering long periods, we find analogous results. Wages, including all manner of fixed salaries, are the last thing to be affected, and their rise is slower than that of commodities in general, and proportionately less in the end.

This has been explained as due to the fact that labor is always more or less a drug on the market. But the explanation does not suffice; for it is true also that in a time of falling prices wages are the last thing to be lowered. In other words, wages possess a certain stability or inertia in excess of that of commodities in general; the reason being, probably, that the productive capacity of unskilled labor does not change greatly from generation to generation, and, secondly, that this productive capacity (say of one man in one day) is and always has been a unit of measurement — comparable, in a way, to the pound weight, the foot length, and the pint measure, which standards we are averse to changing.

Be the explanation what it may, however, the fact holds, and the effects of this economic principle are of the utmost practical importance. For it chances, under existing conditions of society, that the great majority of men are wage-earners — day laborers, carpenters, masons, plumbers, railway or factory employees, clerks, bookkeepers, bank cashiers, bank presidents, teachers, college professors, clergymen, etc. Moreover, in the economist's interpretation of terms, the capitalist who conducts his own business is a wage-earner also to the extent of his profit in his manufacturing or other enterprise.

It follows, then, that for the major part of the population, which thus constitutes the great wage-earning class, times of rising prices must be times of greater or less hardship. The day laborer of to-day who gets, let us say, $2 for his day's work, is not as well off as he was a dozen years ago when he got $1.50; the carpenter who gets $3.20 is less opulent than he was when he got $2.50; the college professor whose salary is now $3,000 is less well-to-do than he was when he received $2,500.

We noted, a while back, that, if all prices were to rise uniformly, such rise need have no necessary effect on the cost of living. But we now see that this condition is never met. Prices do not rise uniformly. Therefore the distinction — on which the economists insist so urgently — between high *prices*, due to an oversupply of gold, and high *cost*, is in practical life, for the most part, a distinction without a difference, whatever its validity as a matter of academic definition. For the average man, a time of increasing prices is also, of necessity, a time of increasing cost of living.

Rising Prices Always a Cause of Social Unrest

Wherefore, it comes about, as an inevitable corollary, that a time of rapidly rising prices is a time of wide-spread social unrest, of discontent, of the growth of class agitation and communal discord. And these things, as every one knows, are likely, if unchecked, ultimately to manifest themselves in political upheavals, overturning the established order of society.

For example, the English Revolution of 1642 came at the culmination of a period of rising prices in which, as pointed out by Thorold Rogers, wheat had risen 209 per cent over the already high prices of Elizabeth's time; and meat had risen 184 per cent; while labor had risen but 32 per cent — the labor of women only 15 per cent.

Again, the tremendous social upheaval at the close of the eighteenth century, which had its focal exposition in the French Revolution, marked a period when in a quarter of a century prices advanced threefold, with nothing like a corresponding increase in the wages paid to labor.

It is not human nature to rest content when, day by day and year by year, a maximum effort on the part of the average man results in a less and less adequate provision for his family. We are to-day in the midst of a period in which the first mutterings of discontent thus engendered are being heard on every side. The 60-cent dollar arouses surprise, eager questioning, often angry expostulation. Witness, for example, the outcry against trusts, railways, packing-houses, corporate interests in general.

But it is no pessimistic forecast — it is scarcely more than the iteration of a truism — to suggest that if conditions are allowed to go on unchecked until we have, let us say, the 30-cent or the 20-cent dollar, public discontent will by no means stop with such half-way measures. Discontent will swell perilously near to out-and-out rebellion; unrest will verge closely upon the bounds of anarchy.

"PRICES WILL BE PERMANENTLY HIGHER THAN EVER"

What Is the Remedy?

Let me hasten to add that personally I have no expectation or fear that matters will come to such a catastrophic dénouement as this. There are too many avenues of escape. Yet it can scarcely be doubted that the rise in prices will go far enough to work great and widespread hardship, and it would be a foolish optimism that could deny that the situation has its serious aspects. Assuredly it merits such attention as the students of social and political economy can give it.

Nor have the economists been backward in suggesting remedies. Numerous expedients calculated to dam back the golden flood or to direct it into other channels have been suggested. For example, it has been pointed out that a tax on the production of gold, comparable to the revenue tax upon liquors and tobacco, would necessarily put many mining plants out of commission, since the lower-grade ores do not provide a sufficient profit to pay such a tax. Again, it is suggested that the withdrawal of paper money, except gold certificates, would vastly increase the amount of gold in actual circulation, and hence relieve the surplusage; and that the same effect would be produced if the banks were obliged to "carry a reserve of, say, 35 or 40 per cent instead of 25 per cent."

A far more comprehensive plan, but one correspondingly difficult to put in practice, suggests the abandonment of gold as the measure of value and the substitution of a multiple standard — for example, the average cost of one hundred standard articles of commerce.

A good deal might be said in favor of each of these suggested remedies. But, unfortunately, it is equally easy to point out objections to them.

In the first place, it is exceedingly difficult to get legislatures to act with any fair measure of acumen in matters pertaining to the currency. In the case of at least two of these suggested measures the matter is complicated by the fact that international agreement among the chief commercial nations would be absolutely essential to the success of the measure. It is hardly a supposable case, in the existing state of international relations, that any such uniformity of action could be expected on the part of even a majority of the chief nations of the world.

But, again, any laws involving changes of such comprehensive character are sure to lead to profound economic complications. No one can possibly predict their results even in broad general terms. A suggestive lesson may be gained from the experience of England in a time when her financiers were called upon to meet a similar maladjustment of prices due to the famous plague of the middle of the fourteenth century, already referred to.

A so-called "Statute of Laborers" was passed,

which absolutely prohibited any craftsman from charging a higher price for his services than the price that had been customary in 1348, the year before the plague. But, despite the stringent measures calculated to enforce this law, the measure proved inoperative. Similarly, the Poor Laws enacted to tide the people over other financial crises accomplished everything except what was expected of them; and the laws making it felonious to establish or associate in labor unions, though kept long on the statute-books, bred sedition rather than harmony, and in the end probably expedited rather than retarded the coalitions they were designed to make impossible.

But, whether or not man-made laws attempt to interfere with the influx of gold, there are natural laws in operation that must presently work to the same end. There must be, of course, a limit to the cheapness of the production of gold, even by the new scientific methods. And, as the product itself becomes less and less valuable, a time will come presently when it will no longer be profitable to work ores of the lower grades. Gold, by its very abundance, will itself dam back the stream of new gold.

In any event, then, we may confidently look forward to a time when, so far as the gold supply is concerned, affairs will have reached an equilibrium,— a new balance of values being established,— and when rising prices due to this cause will for the time being cease to menace society. The new scale of prices will be permanently higher than ever before,— century after century it has risen in the past,— but this will not in itself so greatly matter, once the new balance is struck.

The Supply of Commodities the Real Issue

But, even should this come to pass far sooner than now seems likely, we should still remain far enough from an economic millennium. Times were not good for all of us, in 1896, merely because prices were relatively low. A dollar then had great purchasing power; but it was not always easy to obtain the dollar.

Nor is it by any means certain that the average man would to-day find the cost of living a problem easy of solution were the output of gold suddenly to be minimized. The changing conditions of our time affect the production and distribution of a host of commodities other than gold, and in so doing tend to increase or decrease, as the case may be, the exchange values of these commodities, quite irrespective of the monetary standard by which they are measured.

Even if we admit, with most professional economists, that the influx of gold offers an adequate explanation of the general advance in *prices*, even though we deny, as some economists emphatically do, that there is or can be any other cause of so general a rise, it would still remain open to us to maintain that there are numerous other causes influencing the *cost of living* in the most consequential way. Indeed, to deny this would be in effect to deny that the well known principles of supply and demand apply to any commodity other than gold; whereas every one admits, in theory at least, that they apply to all commodities that have exchange value. If I have thus far dealt with the flood of gold as if it were the sole cause of the observed maladjustment of prices, I have done so because I wished to make clear the great importance of this element of the problem, and because I felt that the question had best be presented one side at a time.

But now I would urge that, in order to get anything like a comprehensive view of this all-important subject of the increasing cost of living, we must consider the general commodity side of the account. More than that, I shall suggest that by far the most important part of the question, in particular with regard to the remedial measures concerned, will be found to attach, not to the gold supply, but to the supply of marketable commodities against which the gold supply is balanced.

Stated in concrete terms, this means that we must consider questions pertaining to (1) the production of commodities on the farm and elsewhere, and their elaboration in the factory; (2) the distribution of these commodities through transportation companies and middlemen; and (3) the numbers, distribution, tastes, economies, and extravagances of the consumers. Moreover, the subject has a highly important reverse side, so to say, that must not be overlooked. Cost of living, in a civilized community, does not depend solely upon what we get and pay for, but upon many things that we pay for and do not get. No individual buys a war-ship, or a cannon, or a prison, or an almshouse, or an insane asylum; yet we all help to pay for these highly expensive institutions. A good many of us do not patronize saloons; but no one of us escapes a certain share of toll imposed by the incubus of alcohol.

All these things enter into the cost of living, whether or not they have causal relation to a general rise of prices. They are factors of the most potent character, and must be taken into account in anything that purports to be a comprehensive discussion of the subject. An attempt to present some of these essentials, in particular as they may appeal to the average citizen rather than to the theorist, will be made in a succeeding paper.

TWO REVOLTS AGAINST OLIGARCHY

THE INSURGENT MOVEMENTS OF THE FIFTIES AND OF TO-DAY

BY

AMOS PINCHOT

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THE history of one of the most thrilling periods in the national life of the United States is to-day repeating itself. It is the purpose of this article to show that the causes of the political and industrial crises which we are passing through to-day are the same as the causes of the most momentous episode of our history, the Civil War. The proposition upon which an analogy will be drawn is that the Civil War was not, primarily, a struggle to abolish human slavery in the United States, but an effort to drive the special interests dependent upon slave power and cotton power out of politics. It remains for the reader to judge whether or not the analogy is sound.

1. THE INSURGENT MOVEMENT OF THE FIFTIES

The conflict between the people and the special interests in America has been fought since the earliest times on the question of slavery — physical, industrial, or political. On the one side there has always been the ancient and feudal idea of the sacredness of property, and on the other the insurgent spirit of revolt against outworn institutions.

The first regular company chartered for the purpose of catching and selling African negroes was organized in England in 1631. It failed, and was succeeded by the Company of Royal Adventurers in Africa, chartered by Charles II. in 1662, which included among its shareholders the Queen Dowager and the Duke of York, the mother and the brother of the King. This company also failed, and was followed by the Royal African Company, organized in 1713, with a contract to supply 4,800 slaves a year for thirty years to the Spanish colonies. But the King of Spain and the King of England were each privileged to receive twenty-five per cent of the profits, and, although the company was subsidized by Parliament, and from 1729 to 1750 received from the pockets of the English people 90,000 pounds sterling, it did not survive royal graft, and its place was taken by other companies.

Far back in colonial days the American colonies petitioned George II. to remove the reproach of slavery from the soil of the New World. But England was still dominated by the feudal tradition. Throughout the ages the good of her people had been subordinated to the good of the special interests headed by the King. The divine right of kings and the divine right of property were still considered the indispensable pillars of society. Noble beneficiaries of royal land grants in the colonies depended upon slave labor to render profitable their manorial estates; and the protest of the humble colonists against an institution maintained and protected by the capitalist class for personal profit was indignantly scouted.

In those days the experiment of government by the people had not been attempted in the

New World, and there was as yet no opportunity for slavery to undermine government by the people by building up a system of representation based upon special privilege. Slavery was then, as now, an iniquitous and degrading institution. The wrong to the black in enslaving him was as great in colonial times as it was later, when the Civil War began. But the great political influence of the slave-owners of the South and the cotton-spinners of New England had not yet been developed. To the King and Parliament slavery seemed an economic necessity and the African negro a being especially designed by the Almighty to serve the white man in eternal bondage. At that time slavery interfered with no one but the slave, and as long as this was so, slavery never became a fighting issue on American soil. Thus feudalism triumphed, and slavery became an accepted and respectable institution, although utterly at variance with the spirit of freedom of the New World. But when, a century later, slavery had developed "slave power" and "cotton power," and when the representatives of the cotton-growing Slave States of the South and the cotton-manufacturing districts of the North had acquired such political strength in Congress as to menace the right of the majority to rule, then, and then only, did slavery become an overwhelming national issue.

The "Three-Fifths" Clause Created the Slave Power

The framers of the Constitution of the United States were mere men. They proved their human frailty by including in the Constitution's First Article a clause which provided that each State should be entitled to representation in Congress in accordance with the number of its inhabitants, and that not only freemen should be counted, but that every slave should be considered the equivalent of three fifths of a white man. Thus property in slaves gave increased representation in the Congress of the United States. The result was that just before the Civil War the Slave States were represented by thirty more men than they would have had if they had possessed no slaves. This representation, based on property in slaves, was the origin of slave power; slave power gave the special interests political domination; and this political domination aroused a protest which resulted in a long and terrible war. Thus the Civil War was fought, not primarily upon the moral issue involved in human slavery, but upon the political issue involved in slave power.

To criticize the Constitution of the United States is perhaps more unpopular to-day than ever in the history of the country. A spirit of well-nigh idolatrous worship has come to surround the Constitution with a thick hedge through which no man may peer with a critical or irreverent eye. Nevertheless, in the light of history it must be admitted that if ever a body of law-makers set a mine under a country and laid a fuse ready for future generations to touch off, the framers of the Constitution were those men and the "three-fifths" clause of the Constitution was that mine. When, three quarters of a century ago, William Lloyd Garrison conducted his campaign through New England against slavery, with this Article in mind, he set up as a sort of motto for Abolitionists: "The Federal Constitution is a Covenant with Death and an Agreement with Hell." To this man of prophetic vision and narrow but intense patriotism the rest of the Constitution was as nothing. Whatever the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution in other respects, and whatever benefits could be derived from a civilization conducted under its principles, in Garrison's mind the whole system was doomed to disaster and destruction on account of this one Article, in which a compromise had been made with feudalism and a covenant entered into which he believed was loaded with damnation. Garrison confidently expected that, unless the institution of slavery thus countenanced by the Constitution was abandoned, the union of the States and the very existence of republican government in America would come to a quick and untimely end. History has proved how near to the truth his views came.

Civil War for Government by the People

Let it be borne in mind that the Civil War was not fought by the men of the North to free the Africans on American soil, nor by the men of the South to keep them in bondage. The idea of freeing the slaves was adopted by the North only as a war measure. On September 13, 1862, referring to the proposed emancipation of slaves, Lincoln said: "I view this matter as a practical war measure, to be decided on according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the Rebellion." This was the general view of emancipation held by the men of the Union in 1863. Slavery was a cruel and degrading institution, but to free the slaves and thus to take away three billion dollars' worth of property legally acquired by the people of the South was a measure believed to be justified only by the necessity of ending the war. It is true that the extension of slavery to new territories of the United States was from the beginning one of the great issues involved in the

Civil War. It is true also that the right of a State to secede from the Union was another. But both of these issues were brought into existence by the greater and deeper question at stake, the old, paramount question whether the people or the special interests should hold the whip-hand of government. On this question, and no other, the union of our States was broken and the country involved in war.

Lincoln, in the closing sentence of his Gettysburg Speech, has told us why the Civil War was fought. Nothing has ever been told more clearly or eloquently. It is beyond argument or explanation. He said that the soldiers who died on the field of Gettysburg "gave the last full measure of devotion, . . . that government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth."

A Government by Conscience, Not Cotton

One has only to read the speeches and letters of Northern leaders of thought before and during the war to be struck by their peculiar resemblance to the utterances of the "Insurgent" leaders of to-day. Many years before the war a few insurgent spirits of Massachusetts banded together to oppose the growing commercialism of the old Whig party, which was then controlled by the "regular" stand-pat element of that day. In 1847 Ebenezer R. Hoar (brother of the late Senator from Massachusetts) rose from his seat in the Boston State House and said to a Legislature packed with the representatives of the cotton interests that, in his opinion, the time had come when it was "quite as desirable that the Legislature should represent the conscience as the cotton of the commonwealth." It was by such men as Hoar that during the next year the Free-Soil party, that small but courageous forerunner of the Republican party, was formed as an organized protest against slave and cotton power in politics.

Only a few days ago, an old gentleman in Boston who fought with distinction through the Civil War, and who has always been identified with public affairs in Massachusetts, told me of his impressions of the Free-Soilers in 1848. He said that, in common with the best element of the Whigs, he regarded these Free-Soilers as wild, impractical dreamers, bent on upsetting things for their own political advancement, and to the detriment of the stable elements of the community. He said that when Charles Sumner became prominent as an Abolitionist, he lost the respect of all good Whigs and was considered politically disloyal. In a word, he said that the Free-Soilers, and later on the members of the new Republican party formed in 1854, stood in exactly the same relation to the Whigs as the Insurgents of to-day stand in relation to the so-called "regular" Republicans.

Sumner, Motley, and Bigelow on Causes of the Civil War

In 1855 Sumner, whose keen moral vision and intellectual supremacy made him the recognized leader of the radical element of the Senate, wrote: "How small all other practical reforms are at this moment, compared with the overthrow of the Slave Oligarchy!"

Early in 1863 John Lothrop Motley, the historian, who was then United States Minister to Austria, said, in a letter to John Bigelow:

> I think you have presented the ⅗ clause very lucidly & ingeniously. I am not sure, however, that I am inclined to attach all the weight to it that you do. Slavery itself, the concentration of much power and property in few hands, and the degradation of labor throughout a great section of the country, would have of itself created the Privilege, which it is the business of this generation of Americans to destroy, even without the technical and artificial advantage acquired by that unlucky clause of the Constitution. Still, the evil was accelerated & aggravated thereby, no doubt.

And, commenting upon this letter, Mr. Bigelow, in his Reminiscences, writes:

> In penning the foregoing lines about the Three-fifths clause of the Constitution Mr. Motley seems to have lost sight of the fact that the slave interest, which, from the adoption of the Constitution, had been steadily intrenching itself, was never so powerful, so arrogant, and so despotic as under the Administration which preceded the election of Lincoln to the Presidency. Contemporaneous, however, with the election of Mr. Lincoln were the revelations of the census of 1860, by which the slave-owners learned that the political power of the country had crossed the Potomac, and that, in spite of the political advantages of the Three-fifths clause to the Slave States, the Free States were thenceforward irreconcilably in the ascendant and in control of the Government. For more than half a century, with the aid of the Three-fifths clause, slavery had steadily been growing stronger and finally intolerant of any criticism of it as either a social or political institution. As soon as the political power of the country, however, passed to the Free States we were told that the South could not and would not live without slavery. The Civil War which followed was a perfectly natural effort to slough a foreign body which was festering in our system of popular sovereignty and to rid that system of an aristocratic element based on property in slaves, which was not shared by a majority of the people or States and was utterly irreconcilable with popular sovereignty. The degradation of labor and the inhumanity of slavery may have accelerated and aggravated the conflict which followed, but the time chosen by the South shows very clearly that it was the impotence of the Three-fifths clause to insure it the control of the Government that made a fratricidal war the only agency through which our Constitution could be purged of its one, if not its only, undemocratic provision.

Whatever the exact balance of power between the North and South when the Civil War actually broke out, both Motley and Bigelow are agreed that it was the "Privilege" established by the "three-fifths" clause of the Constitution and slavery itself that brought on the struggle for political domination between the Free and the Slave States. As early as 1820 this question of the balance of power had become acute, and in that year the Missouri Compromise was passed, which prohibited the extension of slavery upon any of the territory purchased from the French which lay above 36° 30′ north latitude.

In May, 1854, amid intense bitter sectional feeling, and after tremendous debates in Congress, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was passed, repealing the Missouri Compromise and opening the new territories to slavery. Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant" from Illinois, then chairman of the Committee on Territories, drew the bill and was largely responsible for its passage. He graphically described the wave of popular indignation that swept through the North as the result, when he told a friend that he could travel from New York to Boston at night by the light of his burning effigies.

The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was one of the most portentous pieces of legislation that Congress ever enacted. It convinced the people of the North that the slave and cotton oligarchy, though inferior in numbers, not only had the controlling influence in the government of the country, but that it intended to maintain and extend it.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Republican party, John Hay made a memorable address at Jackson, Michigan. He thus described the political crisis that gave birth to the party:

> If the slave-holders had been content with their unquestioned predominance they might for many years have controlled our political and social world. . . . But the slave-holding party could not rest content. The ancients said that madness was the fate of those judged by the gods. Continual aggression is a necessity of a false position. They felt instinctively that if their system was permanently to endure it must be extended, and to attain this object they were ready to risk everything. They rent in twain the compromise which had protected them so long. They tore down the bulwarks which had at once restricted and defended them; and, confiding in their strength and our patience, they boldly announced and inaugurated the policy of the indefinite extension of their "peculiar institution."

Republicans First Challenge Aristocracy

Upon the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, a feeling akin to panic spread through the Free States, and a definite determination to regain government by the majority took possession of the people. The result was the immediate discrediting of the stand-pat Whig party, which had failed to defeat the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and on July 6, 1854, at Jackson, Michigan, the "insurgent" or progressive element split from the "regular" Whigs, was joined by various other "insurgent" spirits, and formed a new organization. They called themselves the Republican party, and had one simple creed — government by the majority.

The following resolutions were then and there passed:

> *Resolved*, That, postponing and suspending all differences with regard to political economy and administrative policy, in view of the imminent danger that Kansas and Nebraska will be grasped by Slavery, and a thousand miles of Slave soil be thus interposed between the Free States of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific, we will act cordially and faithfully in union to avert and repeal this gigantic wrong and shame.
>
> *Resolved*, That, in view of the necessity of battling for the first principles of Republican government, and against the schemes of an aristocracy, the most revolting and oppressive with which the earth was ever cursed, or man debased, we will cooperate, and be known as "Republicans" until the contest be terminated.

The framers were insurgent Whigs, insurgent Democrats, and members of that most insurgent political organization, the Free-soil party. All of them were men whose conception of patriotism extended well beyond the confines of any organization or machine, and whose moral courage was sufficient to break through the fetters of party regularity. Thus in its beginning the Republican party was essentially an insurgent party. It was organized to protest against and oppose the reactionary tendencies of the Whigs. The extension of slave power had become a national issue, which the leaders of the Whigs should have recognized as such. But they failed to do so, and instead threw their influence and sympathy upon the side of the great interests of the South and of New England, which were financially dependent upon slavery. This failure on the part of the Whigs to see the issue and to interpret the will of the people of the North resulted in their immediate disintegration and downfall. The people refused to follow leaders whose political consciences were less acute than their own. On the other hand, the insurgent and progressive leaders of the Republican party saw the issue that was before the country and clearly interpreted the will of the people.

The progress of Republicanism was at once rapid and sound. In 1856 the Republican party wrote its first platform and placed its first Presidential candidate in the field. He

came within a few votes of carrying the Northern States. In 1860, at Chicago, the new party adopted its second platform, and in 1861 it elected Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency.

Lincoln and his followers won the campaign of 1860 because they were never on the defensive. In the Republican camp was heard no despairing call to party loyalty. In those days the party was not an organization consecrated to perpetuate itself in office. It was dedicated to the perpetuation of government by the people. The election of candidates and the very existence of the party were considered means for the accomplishment of this great purpose. Then, as now, the American people were eager to follow leaders who were advancing, and who represented ideas springing from the upward evolution of the nation. The words of radical insurgency that they uttered were abhorrent to the stand-pat politicians of the day and subversive to the interests of wealth and privilege. But they entered into the hearts of the people like old, familiar truths, and sounded through the country with the surge and thunder of an irresistible moral wave.

The Cotton Power in Europe

No political party has ever been put to such a test, both at home and abroad, as was the Republican party by the war of 1861–65, which it conducted in its first administration. Then, as to-day, the special interests succeeded in influencing the minds of a large part of the civilized world in favor of the cause of property. The influence of slave power was felt even in foreign countries, and it was well known before the war that, in case of secession, the Confederacy would have the financial support of the cotton interests of both England and France. The press of Europe was overwhelmingly pro-slavery, and during the war continually published editorials condemning the Republican administration. Fallacious yet circumstantial accounts of the defeat of the armies of the North were repeatedly published in the most influential European newspapers. The idea was successfully spread through England that the North, in declaring war, had been animated solely by lust for power. Gladstone himself, although a member of the Queen's Cabinet and a Liberal leader, took $10,000 of the $15,000,000 Confederate loan, known as the "Cotton Loan," which Erlanger & Co. were floating in England and France.

The Civil War, carried on by the new Republican administration, was in loss of lives and material resources one of the most calamitous episodes of history. At the end of the war the country was billions of dollars poorer than at its beginning. Its foreign credit was diminished, its capital was impaired, and in the Southern States agriculture and manufactures had come to a standstill. Four million enlistments were made in the armies of the Union and the Confederacy. The dead and wounded are estimated by Rhodes at 630,000.

Above and beyond all this, the first administration of the Republican party was a period in which the people of the United States were plunged in bitter hardship and unutterable sorrow. Nevertheless, the Republican party triumphed after the war, as it had before and during it. The people saw that the living principle of government by the people, upon which the war was mainly fought, was worth the appalling sacrifice endured to sustain it. Slave and cotton power, the special interests of that day, had been driven from politics, and, after the inevitable period of readjustment immediately following the war, there began a national growth more wholesome and more stable than the country had ever known before.

II. THE INSURGENT MOVEMENT OF TO-DAY

The United States is again facing a great moral and political crisis. No thinking man can deny that the same fundamental issue is confronting the nation to-day that confronted it half a century ago and gave birth to the Republican party. The eternal and irrepressible conflict between the people and the great industrial interests for control of government has again become acute. No man who reads the newspapers can doubt that it is the aim of the special interests and the "stand-pat" Republicans to convince the people that no such conflict really exists and that the warnings of the so-called muckrakers, from Theodore Roosevelt down, are incendiary and demagogic generalities. The agents of the special interests, including the capitalistic press, are busy telling the voters that the trusts have no representatives in Congress; that Senator Aldrich and his perfectly drilled group of Regulars have no other aim than to legislate in the people's interest; that the Payne-Aldrich bill was a real cut in protective duties; that the tariff has no relation to the high cost of living; that a well-meaning but weak Executive has not really fallen under the influence of the political representatives of capital; and, above all, the special interests and the Regulars claim that the present insurgent movement is an unjust and transient expression of disapproval against an administration that, unlike the last one, feels itself constrained to act within the law.

These and every other argument known to

man are urged by the special interests and their representatives to show that there is no divergence of purpose between themselves and the people. And their repertory is invariably wound up by that time-honored and paradoxical lullaby, sung in unison by the financial and political machines, to the effect that nobody is doing anything wrong, but that nevertheless it is wicked and unsafe to disturb business and politics by letting in the light. Yet, in spite of such slumber songs of the trusts and the Regulars, or perhaps because they have been sung with too great insistence and unanimity, the people of the United States are fully awake to the great issue that is staring the country in the face.

The political and economic conditions of the fifties and of to-day form an impressive parallel. Fifty years ago the special interests were represented by the cotton-growers of the South and the cotton-spinners of the North, intrenched and upheld by slavery, the "three-fifths" clause of the Constitution, and a protective tariff. To-day the special interests are represented by the railroads and the industrial trusts, supported by tariff and upheld by privilege.

In the fifties, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill made the people realize the political domination of the slave and cotton oligarchy, aroused a tremendous popular protest against the reactionary Whig party, and brought into existence the insurgent Republican party. Now, the passage of the Payne-Aldrich law, intimately affecting the daily lives of the people and in direct opposition to the demand of the whole country for a substantial cut in duties, has convinced us that the will of the people is not paramount in either the legislative or the executive branch of the Government, and has stimulated an insurgency which is fighting to bring back popular sovereignty. In the fifties, the Whig leaders were unable to see the great issue of government by the people as against government by money, just as this same issue is invisible to the Republican leaders now; and there resulted a loss of confidence in the Whig party as startling to its members as the general suspicion and indignation against stand-pattism is to the regular Republicans of to-day.

Daniel Webster's Mistake

The career of Daniel Webster may be cited as a significant illustration of the causes of the failure and disintegration of the Whig party. Daniel Webster was generally conceded to be the greatest American of his time. Massachusetts men took particular pride in referring to him as "the foremost living man of all the world" and in similar extravagant terms. His career in the Senate was both useful and brilliant. Webster's reply to Hayne and his debates with Calhoun were the classic public utterances of their time. His personality was overwhelming and his eloquence and logic unparalleled among contemporary public men. Nevertheless, when the Free-Soil movement of 1848 began, and Webster, unable to see or feel the tremendous human and political current that it represented, opposed its principles and endeavored to hold Massachusetts a stand-pat State, he destroyed his possibilities for future usefulness and estranged himself from the affection and respect of the people.

"Three things," wrote the late Senator Hoar, "stood in the way of the lovers of liberty in the Commonwealth [Massachusetts]: first, the attachment to the Whig party; second, her manufacturing interests; and, third, her devotion to Daniel Webster."

Like many elderly men when brought face to face with new conditions, Webster failed to distinguish between a merely temporary ebullition of radicalism and a great movement arising from the conscience of a people. When Webster died in 1852, Charles Sumner, the greatest moral and progressive force of the Senate, wrote:

"The pressure from the Southern chivalry will cause a day to be set aside in Congress for the burial of Mr. Webster. Would that it were indeed 'to bury Caesar, not to praise him'! Of course, I cannot appear among the eulogists of Daniel Webster."

In the troublous times attending the birth of the new insurgent spirit of the fifties, Daniel Webster remained a loyal Whig and stood stolidly for party loyalty and party regularity. But it is at least as hard to keep the world back as it is to lead it forward, and Daniel Webster did not survive the storm of progressive indignation that broke over him, and died a disappointed and embittered man, a sacrifice on the altar of Whig stand-pattism. His death was the forerunner of the death of the Whig party itself, which succumbed in 1860 simply because its reactionary leaders followed the example of Webster and refused to espouse the cause of the people.

However significant the reader may find these parallels drawn between political conditions to-day and those of half a century ago, he cannot fail to observe that the Insurgent wing of the Republican party is now fighting for exactly the same principles that the Republican party fought for in the early days of its existence, and that the Regular or stand-pat wing of the Republican party is to-day in essentially the same position as were the Whigs before the Civil War. Moreover, there is little doubt that,

just as the new Republican party represented by its insurgent and progressive doctrines the true spirit and will of the people, the Insurgent wing of the Republican party to-day represents their spirit and will in the principles for which it stands.

The Insurgent Program

Two charges have been made against the Insurgents by the Regulars and by the special interests which they represent: first, that the Insurgents have no constructive program and are merely out on a political head-hunt, destroying everything they can, and giving nothing in return; second, that the Insurgents are disloyal to the Republican party. These charges, coming as they do from men who have been seriously interfered with, either politically or financially, by the Insurgents' recent activity in both houses of Congress, are not viewed by the public with entire confidence, nor has the public failed to see that the program of the Insurgent leaders is both definite and constructive.

When the Insurgent movement began, Speaker Cannon, by a system of procedure now known as Cannonism, had practically destroyed representative government in the House of Representatives, and, in the Senate, Senator Aldrich had organized a group of Regulars who had accomplished the same result. Within a year after the inception of the Insurgent movement Cannon's power was practically abolished, and the Regulars of the Senate reduced to a pass where they were obliged to accept such Insurgent amendments in the railroad, conservation, and other bills, drawn by the administration, as changed their character from special legislation for the benefit of the trusts and railroads to decent and equitable laws.

Holding that the problem before the country is to keep the government in the hands of the people, and that the present domination of the corporate interests through the Regulars is both unhealthy and contrary to Republican traditions, the Insurgents have started upon a progressive and aggressive campaign to drive the trusts out of politics and minimize stealing under cover of law. If to drive the trusts out of politics, put the powers of legislation back in the people's hands, and save the remaining public domain for the people's use is not a definite and constructive program, it remains for the critics of the Insurgent movement to suggest one that is.

The second charge — that the Insurgents are disloyal to the party — is true or false according to one's conception of what party loyalty consists in. If, as the President and the Regulars assert, loyalty to the party consists in loyalty to its titular leaders even after those leaders have abandoned the principles of Republicanism that the party stands for, then the Insurgents certainly show little or no evidence of this brand of loyalty. But, on the other hand, if party loyalty consists in devotion to the cause of government for the benefit of all the people, which is the basic principle upon which the party was formed and which for years kept it healthy and useful, then the Insurgents are certainly loyal Republicans of the most traditional and approved character.

Principles or Feudal Political Duty

It is a significant fact that the group of Regular leaders who have been traveling about the country in special trains denouncing the Insurgents have never once accused them of disloyalty to the principles of Republicanism. The explanation of this is twofold: first, the minds of the leaders have been filled with the idea that loyalty was merely a personal thing, a kind of feudal political duty owed by the inferior to the superior; and, second, their conception of a political party does not include principles, but embraces only a group of men organized to defeat another group of men in a scramble for office.

One of the chief elements of the strength of the Insurgents to-day is that they have opposed, with determination almost amounting to bitterness, the Regulars' idea that government is merely a party matter. No one can deny, or wants to, that political parties are a fundamental necessity of our republican institutions. But the Regular administration has carried the party idea to its utmost illogical limit, where the party itself, instead of the people, is made the chief beneficiary of the machinery of government. For instance, the President let it be known in January, during the last session of Congress, that, unless the Insurgent members of the House voted the way he wanted in regard to the "administration" bills, he would deprive them of their customary privilege of nominating postmasters in their respective States. It is presumable that in the Presidential mind a clear distinction was drawn between this novel plan of securing votes and the more ancient and ordinary one of buying them. Perhaps the President and his advisers saw some plain or subtle moral distinction between addition and subtraction in the matter of securing legislation. Or, possibly, feeling that it was all for the worthy purpose of holding a Republican majority in Congress, such considerations and distinctions never occurred to them at all. Whatever may have been the moral principle behind this novel proposal of the Chief Executive, the practical one upon which he stood is perfectly

plain: he believed that he was acting in the interest of the party, and that the good of the party justified the act, whatever its moral character. The party idea was the prevailing section of his code of government.

On September 17, 1796, Washington, in his Farewell Address, wrote as follows:

"Let me . . . warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally. . . . The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in all different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. . . . It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration."

On November 19, 1863, Lincoln made an address in which he expressed his idea of duty without emphasizing the "party idea."

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us . . . that we here highly resolve . . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

On January 22, 1909, Theodore Roosevelt, in his message on Conservation, said:

"The first of all considerations is the permanent welfare of our people. . . . The nation, its government, and its resources exist, first of all, for the American citizen. . . . The highest value we know is that of the individual citizen, and the highest justice is to give him fair play in the effort to realize the best there is in him."

And on March 18, 1910, President Taft summarized his standard of government in a speech before the Rochester Chamber of Commerce as follows:

"This is a government of party. If it is not a government of party, we might as well go out of the government business."

In 1854, Lincoln, in his great debate with Douglas, formulated the principles of Republicanism as they have never been formulated before or since. He said: "What I do say is that no man is good enough to govern another man without that man's consent. I say this is the leading principle, the sheet anchor of Republicanism." It is impossible to conceive that Lincoln's idea of Republicanism would appeal strongly to Regular leaders like Aldrich, Cannon, Wickersham, Ballinger, and Root, who have been so industrious and efficient in bringing about a condition where the great business interests are certainly often strong enough, if not good enough, to govern us without our consent. And yet these same men continue to insist that they are the real dyed-in-the-wool Republicans, and that the Insurgents are lacking in party loyalty. In the whole political history of the United States there is no clearer case of what Lincoln called "the wicked calling the righteous to repentance."

Fifty years ago a Republican who maintained a machine in the Senate for the benefit of the cotton interests of Massachusetts would have been read out of the party as vigorously as to-day Insurgent Republicans are read out of the party for protesting against the maintenance of a machine for the benefit of New England manufacturers. Fifty years ago a Republican Executive who indorsed such men and recommended their leadership to the public would have been as severely censured by his party as to-day the Executive has censured the members of the party who have opposed the Aldrich and Cannon machines. Fifty years ago, when the Republican party was thinking as hard about how to perpetuate government by the people as it is thinking to-day about how to perpetuate itself in office, no man, however high, would have dared to denounce a Republican because he proposed to maintain the integrity of his party by exposing the treachery of a public servant who refused to protect the people's interests. In the days when the Repubican party had living principles and was moving toward a great end, its leaders would have understood the difference between rocking the boat and bailing it out. To-day it is considered disreputable to tell the truth about a Republican official who has been unfaithful to the people.

The Antiseptic Qualities of Publicity

This failure of the administration to realize the antiseptic properties of publicity both in high finance and in high politics has been a crushing blow to the people's respect for Republican leaders. It has put the administration and the party on the defensive, and has led even the Regular press of the country to describe the course of the President and his advisers as "government by stealth." Never before in the history of the party, or indeed of the country, have the people been forced to admit that the greatest offices in the government were filled by men who, for political reasons, would stoop to devious methods designed to furnish the public with impressions contrary to fact. The policy of the administration and the Regulars of doggedly resisting investigation into scandals involving the people's business has aroused, in many sections of the country, a feeling half-way between pity and contempt.

No party ever began an administration with clearer principles and a greater public service to perform than the party of Taft. The whole

country, Democrats and Republicans alike, was impatient to help some one to drive the trusts out of politics. No party since 1860 has had such an opportunity to combine service to the party with service to the country. No party in our political history has so completely failed to justify the hope of the people.

Restoration of government by the majority, reduction of tariff, and a vigorous prosecution of the conservation program of the last administration were three things demanded by the country. If, after the election, the Regular party leaders had kept faith, if they had shown that they considered driving the trusts out of politics, tariff reduction, and conservation something more than mere catchwords of campaign oratory, there would have been no divided party to-day. If they had evinced a real purpose to reduce the tariff in spite of the special interests in the East and to save the people's domain in spite of the special interests in the West, and if they had made a real effort to drive the trusts and railroads out of politics both in the East and the West, there never would have arisen an insurgent element to vex the Republican reactionaries, just as the insurgent element fifty years ago vexed the reactionary Whigs.

Causes of the Insurgent Movement

But at the very beginning of the Taft administration a series of reactionary events took place which goaded the progressives into open revolt.

First, the so-called Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate — perhaps the most powerful combination of capital in the United States — needed a Secretary of the Interior indifferent to conservation and favorable to opening up the West, and especially the Alaska coal deposits, to indiscriminate exploitation. Mr. Ballinger was appointed.

Second, the President chose a Cabinet of trust lawyers.

Third, the President publicly named as his adviser on tariff questions, and as the mentor of the administration, Senator Aldrich, the most powerful enemy of downward revision and the most conspicuous and effective ally of corporate wealth that has ever occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States.

Fourth, the administration indorsed the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill as a fit and proper redemption of campaign pledges, although it was practically an upward revision.

Fifth, the Republican leaders drew and presented to Congress a number of bills that were more favorable to the special interests than to the people. Among them was a railroad bill which, if passed as written, would virtually have repealed the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and discouraged competition by effectually preventing any new company from laying a mile of track in the United States. Conservation bills drawn by the Secretary of the Interior were presented which were, on the whole, vastly more favorable to exploitation than conservation.

Sixth, by the dismissal of public servants because they placed loyalty to the government and the people above loyalty to employers higher up, the administration promulgated the doctrine that where the interests of the government and the interests of an official superior clash, the subordinate must side with the latter.

Seventh, the administration has not realized that the people have a right to know how the government is conducted, and has tried to smother scandals in high places instead of investigating them.

Eighth and last, but most important of all, the administration and its body-guard of reactionaries failed to read the signs of the times, and consistently refused to recognize the great progressive movement that sprang from the awakening of the public conscience.

By these effective means Mr. Taft and his advisers have aroused a deep-seated national anxiety, split the party, and established a progressive and aggressive wing known as the Insurgents. I speak with little fear of contradiction when I say that during the last year the Regulars of the administration and of Congress have dealt Republicanism the heaviest blows it has received since the day of its birth. They have set up false standards of party loyalty and official loyalty; they have persuaded the people that truth must be subordinated to party advantage; by concealment they have aroused the suspicion of the country; they have weakened the respect of the people for the government of the United States; they have reduced the Republican party to an organization whose only issue with the Democratic party is the question of which shall hold office; and they have done their best to check the advance of a great progressive movement.

The Insurgents Are the True Republicans

The Insurgents are the true Republicans of to-day, for they represent the principles and ideals of the Republican party which the Regulars have repudiated. A political party or a public man is useful to his country in proportion to his success in fighting for better conditions of daily life for the whole people of the country. History proves that no cause other than the people's cause is worth fighting for. It is no

exaggeration to say that, when the Republican leaders abandoned this cause, a spirit of confusion entered into them, and they ran down a steep place into the sea. From that day all hope in Republicanism as a power for good centered in the Insurgents. They became the real representatives of the progressive party, and the leaders of the progressive movement which Theodore Roosevelt initiated and led.

The quality of being for the people is, in the last analysis, the only sure claim to permanent influence which any organization, whether political or otherwise, or any man, whether political or otherwise, can rely upon. In republican government the will of the people is, and should be, the jealous god of our institutions. The public man who does not realize that upon the will of the people depends the upward evolution of civilization itself is a stumbling-block in the progress of humanity.

The most extraordinary hold which Theodore Roosevelt has upon the people of the United States has been due to their deep conviction that he is with them, heart and soul, in the great human task of social improvement. Mr. Roosevelt has neither piloted the country through a great crisis nor carried to the end a definite constructive program. His one impressive act of constructive statesmanship, the conservation policy, was hardly more than well begun before his administration ended. But, on the other hand, he has two great qualities — an instinctive faculty of understanding the needs and aspirations of the people, and the courage and spiritual intensity to fight for them. Moreover, he was able, unlike Daniel Webster or Stephen A. Douglas, to read the signs of the times and to distinguish between a temporary ebullition of radicalism and the beginning of a national progressive movement.

When Mr. Roosevelt saw that the special interests were gaining a position of domination that threatened popular government, he plunged into the fight with cyclonic energy, and started a campaign of what his enemies called "muckraking," that immediately put the special interests on the defensive. By turning the limelight of publicity into dark places, and by continually restating old spiritual truths, he aroused the people to their danger and prodded the public conscience to a fighting mood. "How small," wrote Charles Sumner, in 1855, "all other practical reforms are at this moment, compared with the overthrow of the Slave Oligarchy." In 1863, while the Civil War was raging, John Motley repeated Sumner's thought when he said that concentration of property in the United States had been instrumental in creating "the Privilege, which it is the business of this generation of Americans to destroy." Half a century later we find another great American, Theodore Roosevelt, urging the people to drive business out of politics in practically the same terms used by Sumner and Motley.

When Mr. Roosevelt's administration came to an end, the progressive campaign was in full swing. But no sooner had the African jungles closed upon the ex-President than a wholesale desertion of Republican leaders from the progressive ranks took place. The forces of feudalism rejoiced openly, returned to the attack, and carried the war triumphantly into the people's country.

The Whig Downfall a Warning to Republicans

Mr. Roosevelt has returned from the jungle. He finds that during his absence, in spite of the Regulars of the Republican party, the doctrines that he preached a year ago have germinated with astonishing rapidity and power. Mr. Roosevelt finds that, following his initiative, the people have thrown down the gauntlet to the special interests. He finds, in short, that a large part of the country is involved in a state of political and moral warfare, with the people and the Insurgents lined up on one side, and the special interests and their Regular supporters on the other. Politically the situation is clean-cut and obvious. The very life of the Republican party depends upon the outcome of the conflict. If the special interests win, nothing can save the party. It will fall as inevitably and rapidly as the Whig party fell fifty years ago. Prompt and courageous action is demanded. This is no time to talk of harmony and party regularity. The experiment of Daniel Webster and the Whig leaders, when they tried to reconcile the irreconcilable elements of the North, must not be attempted to-day if the party is to live. The one chance for the party is to give it leadership that the people will trust and follow — leadership that the people will not be obliged to drag forcibly up the hill of progress. This can be done only by a universal recognition of the fact that the Insurgents are the true Republican party.

If the Insurgents do not become the recognized dominant element of the Republican party; if the word "Republican" is not disassociated in the public mind from machine politics and corporate control of government; if the party is not freed from its false Regular leadership and, above all, from its false reactionary doctrines, its fate at the hands of the young men of America will be the fate of Ananias when he refused to abandon his lie, "and the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him."

THE NEW McCLURE SERIAL

THE attention of the civilized world is focussed to-day upon one question — the ever-narrowing concentration of wealth into fewer and fewer hands. In November, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE will begin a serial history of this great and menacing movement in the United States.

In 1902-4 this magazine published the epoch-making History of the Standard Oil Company. It has been the magazine's purpose since that time to follow that history with its natural sequel — the vastly greater and more vital story of the concentration of control, not over one industry, but over the whole industrial life and the main natural assets of the country. The publication has been delayed by the size and difficulty of the undertaking.

Last spring McCLURE'S secured the services of Mr. John Moody, the international authority on American financial affairs, for the preparation of this series, in collaboration with Mr. George Kibbe Turner. Mr. Moody is known throughout this country and Europe by the standard financial book of reference, "Moody's Manual," of which he was the founder and for many years the editor. He has secured a more popular reputation by his widely known volume, "The Truth About the Trusts." He is the editor of the financial journal, "Moody's Magazine," and the author of the standard annual publication, "Moody's Analyses of Railroad Investments," and of a variety of lesser works on financial subjects. For twenty years he has been in business in Wall Street and in touch with its men and affairs.

JOHN MOODY

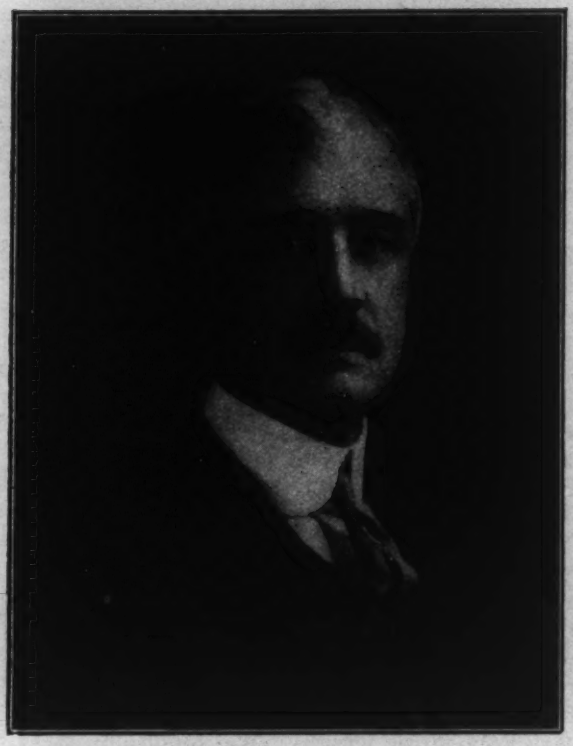
The work of Mr. Turner as an investigator and writer is already familiar to the readers of McCLURE'S. He has supplemented Mr. Moody's intimate technical knowledge with the great amount of special research which is necessary in preparing a work of this kind.

The result is not an attack on any man or group of men. It is a careful and authoritative chronicle of America's part in what is probably the most striking and revolutionary change that has ever taken place in human society. But, more than that, the great but little-known figures of the men who have led this change, the peculiar and unsuspected paths by which they arrived, the tracing of the secret moves in their great campaigns, make the story as fascinating as it is important.

In 1857 John Pierpont Morgan became a clerk in a private banking house in New York City. Through his father, the great London banker, he soon came to direct the tremendous power of English capital on the financial affairs of this country.

In 1862 John D. Rockefeller started in the oil business in Cleveland. Through the monopoly he established over this extremely profitable industry, he and his associates came into chief control of the first great American accumulation of capital.

Immediately after the Civil War, a group of German merchants, trafficking in our government debt with the old money cen-



GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ter of Frankfort, brought to this country the great stream of European money, which they still control.

The story of these three chief financial powers, their growth, alliances, their massing of capital, and their control through it of the machinery and resources of a new and unexploited continent, constitutes the main thread of the financial and industrial history of the United States in the past twenty years. No history of our time could be as vital as this — for this great economic movement of the concentration of wealth and industry affects all our living. Yet none is so little known. Secrecy is a prime necessity of the movements of high finance. Its greatest figures shun publicity, and are very little seen or understood. Even J. Pierpont Morgan, probably the most powerful and interesting individual in this country to-day, is little more than a myth to the general public, so far as his actual characteristics and history are concerned.

In the forthcoming history in McCLURE's both the development and the figures of the great movement will appear: the growth of the House of Morgan — from the day of its great founder, George Peabody; the beginnings of the other great bankers, of Baker and Schiff; the rise of the oil and the railroad kings; and, behind these figures, the never-ceasing movement of concentration of the power of capital over the industry and resources of America.

Every question of the present day, public and private, centers about this. In private life no individual is free from the influence of this movement upon his personal fortunes. Fifty years ago we were a nation of independent farmers and small merchants. To-day we are a nation of corporation employees: directly or indirectly, the corporation controls our living. And, as the corporations grow greater and greater, fewer and fewer men control them, and our individual lives with them.

In politics nearly every road leads back to this one point. The revolt against the change in Europe is the rising tide of socialism; in the United States, the growth of the so-called insurgent movement. The dominant note of the twentieth century is unquestionably to be the struggle for economic freedom, exactly as the fight for political freedom was that of the nineteenth.

It is too early to predict just what ultimate form of social organization that movement will bring. The most important need of the present time is accurate information — an understanding of how far we have gone, and of the forces that are now in motion. It is this fundamental and really new information which will be given in Mr. Moody's and Mr. Turner's series.